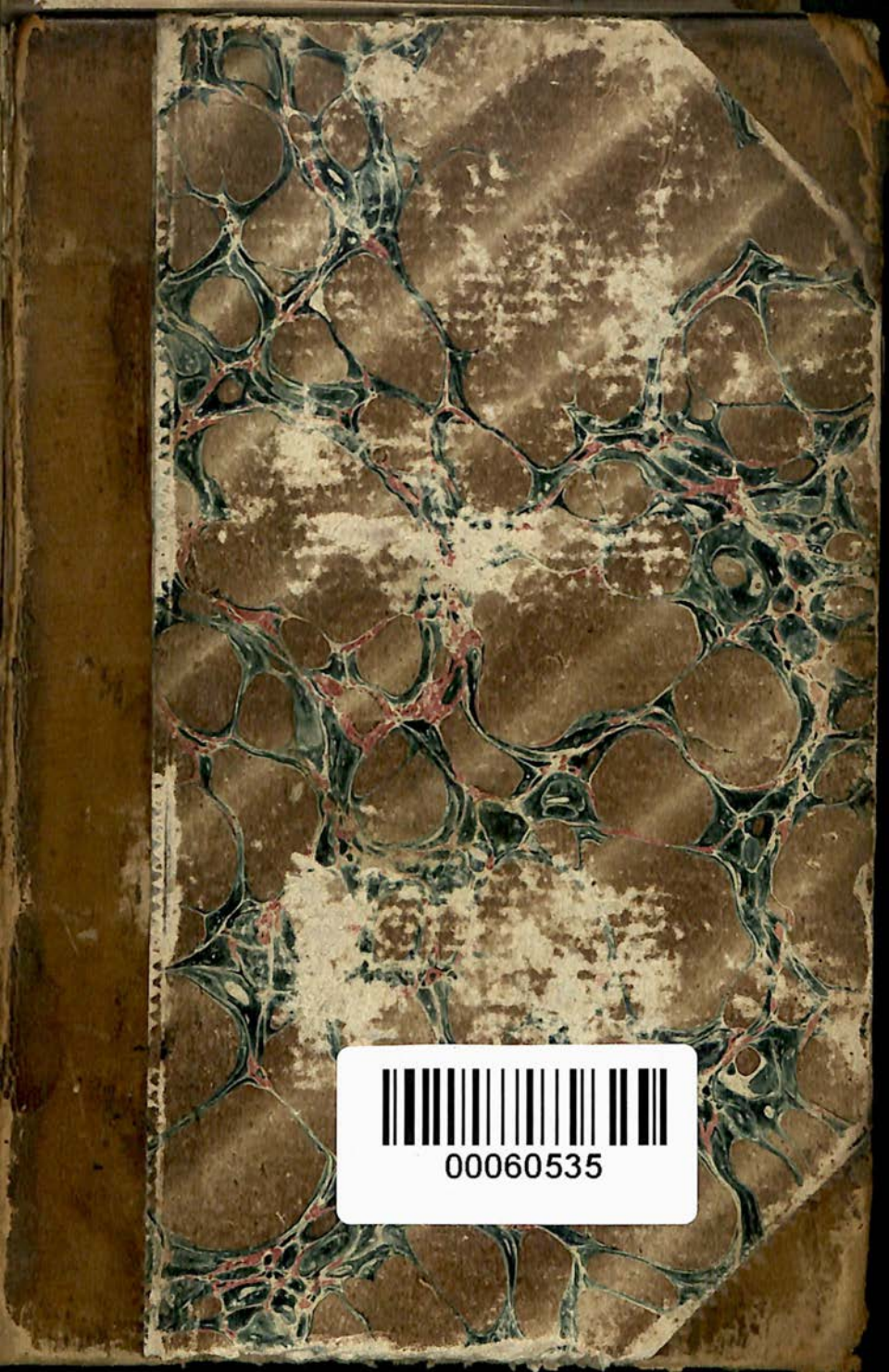
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AFTER THE STORM;

OR,

JONATHAN AND HIS NEIGHBOURS IN 1865-6.

VOLUME I.

AFTER THE STORM;

OR,

JONATHAN AND HIS NEIGHBOURS IN 1865-6.

BY

J. E. HILARY SKINNER,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
AUTHOR OF 'THE TALE OF DANISH HEROISM.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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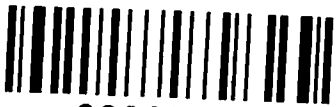
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AND CHARING CROSS.

TO

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

It cannot be denied that the success of the great American republic will give impetus to radical reform in this country; and we are accustomed to associate universal suffrage with radical reform. But I have found that our Cousin Jonathan as a moneyed, educated, being, dislikes universal suffrage. Republican and Democrat of the upper class have told me in confidence that they think there should be something more required of a voter than sane, unconvicted, manhood.*

Here I must pause to settle the meaning of several expressions which will be used in the present work, and for which you might otherwise call me to account:

* Jonathan has had experience of a restricted franchise, since in many States the voter must possess property; and in some—Connecticut, for example—he must be able to read.

Jonathan,—our American cousins spoken of collectively, and with a tendency to imply the ruling section of the country.

Sambo,—an American citizen (*vide* the Civil Rights Bill) of African descent, with a claim on Jonathan for work performed during the last century.

Republican (when spelt with a capital letter),—a member of the political party which brought Abraham Lincoln into power, and which appears to be in two minds about Andrew Johnson.

Democrat (when spelt with a capital letter),—a member of the political party which failed to keep Abraham Lincoln out of power, and which patronises Fenians rather than negroes.

Coloured Person,—much the same as Sambo. Not used in the West Indian sense of half-caste as distinguished from absolutely black; but referring to all darkeys.

I have yielded to the usurpation by which our cousin calls himself "American," and his country "America," in contradistinction to other people and territories on the same continent. You will easily distinguish the political from the geographical term.

Of Reconstruction (the building up again of the South or Dixie's Land*), I can only say that it has progressed with marvellous rapidity. When I arrived in America the conquered Southern States were held down by a force considerably larger than that with which Napoleon set out for Moscow: agriculture was at a standstill; business suspended; and free coloured labour was thought by most Southerners an impossibility. When I left America in the spring of the present year, Dixie's Land was but thinly garrisoned; trade had revived; negroes were working for wages; and a cotton crop of two million five hundred thousand bales was confidently expected.

Of President Johnson I will not say much, as his career is unfinished. He is reputed to be a shrewd, hard-headed politician, caring more for expediency than for principle, but anxious, nevertheless, to do as much justice as he conveniently can.

Jonathan's neighbours, Canada and Mexico, have each a place in the following pages.

Canada may well call for our especial attention. She is the tendon Achilles of British Colonial rule

* So called nobody could or would tell me why.

—the weak point at which our cousin threatens to wound us sorely. My best wish for all parties would be Canadian independence, with a neutrality guaranteed alike by John and Jonathan. More of this in Chapter XII.

Mexico has been given a far worse name than she deserves. Some people have lost money in the silver mines, others have failed to make a fortune in the country which they entered penniless, and many at a distance have been disgusted by hearing of revolutions which they did not take the trouble to understand. Few Englishmen appreciated the grave issues at stake between Juarez and Miramon during their fierce contest, or the Quixotic nature of French intervention when, at length, Juarez had triumphed. I saw nothing in Maximilian's Empire to make me hopeful that it would continue for even a week after Marshal Bazaine and his soldiers should have returned to France.

If Northern* Americans consider that my praises of rebel courage are too loud—though I do not think

* "Northern" and "Southern" in their conventional sense; no allusion to South America.

that they will, for they admit that the "Rebs" resisted them stoutly — Southern Americans may perhaps take umbrage at my strong abhorrence of slavery. To neither section can I abate one jot of possible offence. The Confederates fought like brave men, and, especially at Fort Sumter, they maintained the struggle with desperate energy; but there was at their side a phantom impersonation of wrong which could bring them no blessing. Everything failed and withered that should have ripened into Confederate success; whilst everything prospered with the Federals, however much they might blunder; for justice and freedom were there, as potent, though little-heeded allies.

3, *Dr. Johnson's Buildings, Temple,*
May 29, 1866.

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Obs.—Vol. II. will carry the reader from Memphis to Mexico, and thence to Fort Sumter.

AFTER THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Union triumph — Barnum's museum — Pyrotechnic display.

THE glorious Fourth of July, 1865, deserved unusual honour, because peace had been conquered in spite of every obstacle, and because Uncle Sam had convinced mankind that he would not submit to vivisection.

So thought New York City; so reasoned its enterprising boys and its crafty dealers in fireworks. From day-dawn there were explosions, great and small. Toy cannon, pistols, crackers, and miniature torpedoes were freely used, until November 5th in degenerate England—*temp.* Sir Richard Mayne—would have been positive silence by comparison. Are we not over-hasty in reducing our expenditure of powder

on Guy Fawkes' day? There is a deep-seated craving for noise in the natural man, as shown by tom-toms, royal salutes, three times three, &c. And this feeling in Young America finds wholesome vent on the Fourth of July.

Everywhere stars and stripes! Bunting of the right colour must have been at a premium, for surely so many flags were never seen before. The citizens wore a good-humoured look, proverbial amongst those who win—it was wonderful how popular the winning side had become—and New York was undergoing a phase of dark-blue coats and light-blue pantaloons. Not even Paris when Napoleon returned from Solferino could have shown faces more sun-burnt and determined than were visible in the Empire City. The veterans of Grant and Sherman were crowding back from Dixie's Land with a ragged war-worn appearance, and, greatest change of all, here was a real live coloured soldier! He wore a coat of blue which did not suit his complexion, and was eyed askance by sundry half-hearted Unionists. But his presence in New York was very significant. It convinced me that American telegrams during the last four years were often founded on fact.

Arrived at Union Square, I saw some thousands of people gathered about a platform, where sat Mayor Gunther and other civic magnates, whilst General Sanford on horseback was posted a little to one side. The police were busy with voice and

truncheon urging those who crowded forward to keep their places. Boys had climbed into trees or clung, doubtfully happy, upon spiked railings. Everything was hot and dusty, as on most public occasions in summer time out of England. Now there was a sound of approaching music and a tramping of many feet. Bayonets glittered above the throng of spectators, whilst the leading regiment marched past in column of companies, well-ordered and steady. These New York militiamen were no bad specimens of what a citizen-soldiery should be. Their aspect was akin to that of London Volunteers with a touch of the French National Guard about them. One corps was entirely composed of Frenchmen in red pantaloons and with a tricolor flag. Another contained none but "Dutchmen," as they here call the Germans. Then there came a regiment in grey jackets without cross-belts, the New York 7th, dear to Wall Street and Fifth Avenue.

No cheering had yet been heard, for spectators kept their breath to honour the "boys" from Dixie, and it was not until the boys appeared in sight that enthusiasm was awakened. Here they were at last! Tattered flags, clothes that would have fetched about one pound sterling per company at a second-hand sale, and weapons in excellent condition. Shout after shout rang forth to greet the boys as they tramped steadily past. There was a wild Celtic "hurroo!" for the Irish Brigade, headed by General

Nugent. Another wild "hurroo!" for this same brigade, and yet another for the warlike priests, whose rusty black coats and strong serviceable horses told that they had followed their flocks to battle.

In those loud shouts were drowned the curses of a few gentlemen close at my elbow who muttered that "Irish mercenaries had disgraced themselves by fighting for the nigger." Perhaps some obstinate Jacobites viewed with disgust the safe return of His Royal Highness of Cumberland from Culloden, or some misguided Whigs perused with regret the dispatches of May 5th from St. Helena. Yet the political coach drove on without pause or hesitation.

Is not every New Yorker entitled to damage his own eyes should he so please, although it is clear that courtesy forbids him to imprecate destruction on the visual organs of his neighbour? Then, if so, away with melancholy and silence—the latter especially—from Barnum's in the forum to Jones's Wood without the wall. In Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, on the ferry-boats which cross the East river or the Hudson, at Jersey City and Hoboken, in every district and suburb of the great American metropolis, there was holiday-making on the afternoon of the Fourth. Public dinners were being eaten, and patriotic speeches were being delivered at many points. Washington had its official receptions and salute-firings. The gay world of Saratoga entertained Generals Sickles, Schofield, and Kilpatrick with a

splendid banquet. At Gettysburg battle-field the foundation-stone of a monument was laid by Generals Meade and Howard. At Boston stout old Farragut was feasted along with Anderson of Fort Sumter. In the conquered cities of the South there were processions or mass-meetings for the coloured people, and good cheer for the Unionist garrisons. But at no place in the triumphant North or in the broken dispirited South was the festival which called Americans together more fully honoured than in New York. Patriotism curled up in smoke-clouds from many a "lager-bier" saloon, and detonated along many a footway. It was cracked and brassy from incessant repetitions of "Hail Columbia!" when found with bands of music; and somewhat inarticulate about the Bowery grog-shops. Here an orator told his audience that the "American citizen would run faster, sleep sounder, dive deeper, and come up drier than any other hoss under the blue arch of heaven." There a party of Fenian brothers indulged in dreams of "ould Oireland's restoration," accompanying the same with strains of "Yankee Doodle;" whilst flaxen-haired Teutons, although enthusiastic for Stars and Stripes, did not forget to ask in chorus, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

And yet, unless a stranger had on this day seen Barnum's Museum, he would have missed the Prince of Denmark in the play of Hamlet. "Barnum's" *was*,—alas, that the past tense should be necessary!

—an American institution.* When I remember that nine days afterwards the museum was destroyed by fire—that many of its living wonders then perished miserably—there is something impressive in the recollection of how gorgeous a funeral pile the emperor of showmen had unwittingly prepared. Sardanapalus would have owned himself outdone could he have visited Barnum's with a prophetic eye and beheld all that thirty-five cents entitled him to see. From garret to basement there was curiosity piled on curiosity. Great pictures hanging outside conveyed some notion of what was within, and flags of every size fluttered above the building. What were its neighbours in comparison?—St. Paul's Church, with leafy trees and shaded grass; the Astor House, an imposing block of masonry, but more like consolidated law courts than an hotel; the City Hall, unworthy of such a city. There was nothing in sight to fill the place in the public estimation that Barnum's occupied. Although a private speculation, the museum was national in its style of catering for everybody's amusement and instruction. Allow an expert cracksman six companions and thirty minutes' time to plunder the Brompton Boilers, ten minutes at Madame Tussaud's, twice as long at the British Museum (stuffed animal department), and an hour for removing some choice specimens from Regent's Park Zoological Gardens; then take a few articles

* A Barnum museum has since been opened at another spot.

from the Polytechnic, with a lecturer to explain them, and collect all the human oddities on view in London. This, with an orchestra, shooting gallery, refreshment room, and theatre, would give you a tolerable imitation of Barnum's on the Fourth. But so miscellaneous an assortment would require a master-hand to arrange and classify it. Barnum would be wanted to give you a genuine American museum!

I paid my thirty-five cents and entered amongst a crowd of returned veterans. They were fresh from the morning's parade, or rather from the mid-day meal, and had as much liquor on board as they could conveniently carry; yet, barring a certain degree of joyous familiarity with all present, the "boys" were well-behaved. Upstairs we scramble and into a room where spectators are tightly wedged. Professor Hutchins is exhibiting his powers of lightning calculation. I notice with pleasure that the Professor has not aged since 1860, and that rows of figures are added up with a marvellous elbow flourish as of yore. Next we have "phrenology elucidated," which irresistibly brings to mind the subdued excitement of Polytechnic evenings. Then Barnum's is itself again, as the Nova Scotia giantess, a lady eight feet high, draws herself up with a vast good-humoured smile. The young Circassian and the monster fat woman now claim attention; but although gratified at seeing these freaks of nature, and "feeling," as one of the

soldiers says, "that we are getting someways through our thirty-five cents' worth," I miss several old favourites. Where are Eng and Chang, those inseparable natives of Siam? Where their respective families? How fares it with Calvin Edson, the thinnest of human beings, in spite of a "voracious appetite?" Can he still repeat poetry by heart? Lastly, where is the "Human Nondescript," or "What is it," who resembled so greatly an idiotic negro, but was, we were assured, of a race hitherto supposed to be extinct? Are Barnum's protégés shortlived? Do they seek, like domestic servants, to better themselves, or retire with ample fortunes, as it is expected that General Tom Thumb will do some day? I fancy that the Mammoth Baby of former years is now starring it as the "giant boy," and that the poor "Human Nondescript" has gone where physical deformities are for ever laid aside. It matters little to a gaping and intelligent public to what bourne the wonders no longer on view have departed. Let us be content to see our thirty-five cents' worth, and pass on through other portions of the museum.

Without wasting a minute over third-rate wax-work, such as Baker Street would melt down and remodel, we may watch Houdin's automaton letter-writer, or the glass steam-engine, at work. Then there is a case full of historical relics; from the first American flag hoisted over New York to the playbill

of Ford's Theatre picked up in President Lincoln's box on April 14th. Those who prefer living curiosities may linger round Ned, "the performing seal"—he was saved from the fire to the delight of his friends—may inspect the alligator, or marvel at the happy family. Why will they persist in calling those subdued broken-spirited collections of half-reconciled foes "happy families"? A pair of white porpoises, yclept for the nonce "whales," are to be seen in their tank on the second floor, whilst any number of stuffed birds and beasts may be discovered in out of the way nooks. Barnum's is something unique. A child would enjoy, as thousands of children are enjoying, the waxworks, the giantess, and the seal, whilst a profound zoologist might spend hours before the neglected illustrations of natural history which have drifted into this museum. Who, for instance, but Barnum himself can explain the petrified Indian horse and serpent here exhibited?—the man and horse evidently crushed by the reptile, which has been slain by its victim's poisoned arrows. All of them have died together in a dripping cave and undergone gradual incrustation. "Is it real, or is it humbug?" asks an astonished visitor, and Mr. Barnum replies with a smile, "That's just the question; persons who pay their money at the door have a right to form their own opinions after they have got up stairs."

Coming out once more into the sunny street, I

took a horse-car which was going up town. No question here of contest between the advocates of street railroads and the possessors of private carriages. A western Beresford Hope has not been found to do battle on behalf of axle-trees and springs, or, if found, he has been trampled under foot, and metals have been laid above his grave. Since my former visit the horse-cars have increased in point of number and audacity. Broadway and Fifth Avenue are scarcely free from them, whilst every other thoroughfare running up and down the city has shining rails let into its pavement.

We trotted briskly away from Barnum's and were soon crowded to excess with holiday passengers bound for Jones's Wood, the Cremorne of Manhattan. On Independence-day excuse may be made for overfilling the public conveyances. But Americans always submit to this nuisance with a tameness which is shocking to see. Raise the fare, if you will, adopt any reasonable measure of relief, but do not let those who have paid for their places be annoyed by having other gentlemen treading upon their toes, or be forced to stand up through politeness to the weaker sex.

Having seated myself in a corner, and been considerably squeezed by a stout man with a basket who stationed himself before me, I had leisure to while away the stifling journey by conversation with a young soldier at my side. He was a cripple, the twentieth cripple whom I had seen that morning,

and he carried his crutches as cheerfully as though they had been croquet mallets.

"Been wounded long?" said I.

"No, sir, not longer than January last. We had a skirmish in front of Petersburg, and my leg was broken. It seemed as if it might have come right, but the surgeon whipped it off whilst I was asleep."

"How do you mean? Asleep with chloroform?"

"That's about it," replied the soldier, with a husky laugh. "They found it easier to slice away when each case was brought before them than to give the boys a chance of growing better. Surgeons aire much like other folk, and want to hurry up their work. There was a comrade of mine that had an idee he'd be wounded some day, and was fearful of losing his limbs without cause. He gave me fifty dollars to carry for him just before the big fight at the Wilderness. 'Now,' said he, 'if I get a hole knocked in my skin, you give the surgeon that's looking after me them fifty dollars, and beg him to save every bone if he can fix it.' I promised I would, and then came the battle. My comrade was hit in the arm and leg. They took him to the rear, and it warn't for several hours after that I could get leave to visit him. Five hundred dollars wouldn't have saved his limbs then, for they were both taken slick off. 'Wal, sir, you've been smart about it,' said I to the surgeon. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'guess we have. Both sides uppermost with care won't do here. We've

hard work to get through at any price.' And he was right, sir. The amount of arms and legs they had taken off was quite surprisin'."

My neighbour with the crutches then mentioned how much kindness he had received from the medical department, albeit they were so ready to amputate; and he spoke highly of the chief surgeons attached to his division. "But they dew say," added he, with a droll look in his great wide eyes, "that doctors ain't fond of war, because it does killing wholesale, and makes their retail business seem almighty mean."

"Uncle Sam will take care of that lot!" exclaims our conductor briskly, as the cripple hobbles down a side street. So he ought, and liberally too, for the lame soldiers have helped him to a most signal success.

Such a crush before the City Hall, fireworks exhibited to a delighted crowd, and the evening oppressively hot. My ticket of admission to a good place was about as useful as though it had referred to the pit at Covent Garden. Who could penetrate that surging mass of humanity, and what did the outsiders care for tickets or for those who held them? Rockets went whizzing up high in air. Roman candles and Catherine wheels were expended with reckless prodigality. It was not quite so good a display as one sees on the *fête Napoléon*, and decidedly better than an average effort at Rosherville. There were cries of approval in all languages to greet the

more sparkling developments. What wonder that many tongues and accents should be heard, for New York contains more Germans than there are in Frankfort, and more Irishmen than dwell in Dublin; Italians enough to man all the hand-organs that Mr. Babbage ever heard, with sufficient Frenchmen to people another Leicester Square. The hurrah, in various forms, mingles with the *hoch* and the *viva* as a grand pyrotechnic crash lights up the sea of human faces for one moment, to leave blank darkness and a knowledge that the fun is over. I retreat to my hotel, have a pair of boots stolen by an evil-disposed loafer—moral, put not out boots to be cleaned on such a night—and can hear the banging of toy cannon, or an occasional vinous shout of merriment, until slumber supervenes.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMPIRE CITY.

Brown stone fronts — Heraldic devices.

On the next morning New York awoke to its usual business. No crackers were heard along the pavements, and acres of star-spangled bunting had been furled. Wall Street occupied itself with the "7-30 loan," or dealt in the root of all evil at 40 per cent. premium. There were heavily-laden drays plying between ships and warehouses, and King Dirt sitting enthroned in every thoroughfare by the water-side. Scavengers were scarce, or the Corporation was indifferent. I saw it stated that New York cost more to govern than London, and the result would have been encouraging to a friend of Anglo-aldermanic rule.

Whatever democratic institutions have done for America, they have not prevented a reproduction in New York of the crime and the poverty familiar to most European cities. This same civilization which

destroys the noble savage after forbidding him to run wild in woods, must have something scorching about its footprints that quickly makes a heap of ashes for the modern giant to stand on. Should Salt Lake City contain some day a million of inhabitants, will not paupers be found in Utah? Will not the beating of one wife become a Mormon recreation?

How can I do justice to New York in a single chapter? Shall I epitomize its merits by calling it a "bully* city"? Or give you a list of its exports and imports, public charities, and omnibus lines? Shall I invite a committee from Longacre to visit Central Park and observe the elegant light-built carriages which may there be seen? Or shall I call upon you to weep with me over the decadence of New York fire companies? Superseded by regular firemen, those gay pugnacious volunteers have passed away; but they were terrible in their time of power. I remember witnessing an extensive fire down town in 1860. Before we casual spectators could quite realize that anything was the matter, half a dozen companies charged headlong into the street, struggled resolutely for a front place, set their engines to work, demolished some houses which were "bound to go," rescued a score of inmates, and thrashed everybody, including the police, when they interfered. It was over before one had grown weary of watching, and

* So Quince, of Athens, "What say'st thou, bully Bottom?"

the companies had a free fight, in which blood was copiously drawn, ere they returned home right merrily.

Most English people entertain the erroneous idea that domestic seclusion is unknown in America. Great caravansaries with marble floors and troops of nimble waiters are thought to be the only home of Jonathan's nomadic children. They live in public, and die early through "bolting" meat three times a day. Such is the popular belief. Yet these Americans of long journeys and large hotels will reside quietly for ten months of the year in their brown-faced town mansions, or in their wooden country houses. Half their *exigeant* ways, when they travel in Europe, are put on to show Old Worldlings how a republican can live; the other half may be credited to their ancestor, Mr. Bull.

Apropos to country houses in the Eastern States, I once asked a fellow-passenger "How it was that Yankees could remain quietly among fields and fences?"

"Sir," said he, "when the American takes to a quiet home he beats your countrymen at that, as you all confess he does in most things. He gets to be more prejudiced, less progressive, and quite as old-fashioned as any English squire. I guess he'd go out gunning after foxes, as your people do, if he'd no particular value for time."

My informant may have over-stated his case, but

there are thousands of solid yeomen who do remain amongst fields, and remain there moreover with profitable result.

In New York City the private dwellings can be counted by miles. There are not only the grand residences of the Fifth Avenue, and the dingy tenements about Ninth and Tenth Avenues, but street after street of comfortable well-built houses, such as would average from fifty pounds to a hundred pounds a year rent in London.* Houses which somebody occupies, too, as witness the tubs of family rubbish waiting on the pavement before them until dustmen be forthcoming. Who has caused that rubbish—cabbage-stalks, broken bottles, and the like? It is evident that domestic life has votaries in the Empire City. See, a perambulator turns the corner! Will it make for some hotel, or claim connection with one of these inhabited houses? Ah, the nurse has paused; she steers past a dust-tub and runs into port. Then this house, at least, has babies belonging to it, a clear case of domesticity. Presently, I am myself entering a brown-faced side-street dwelling. The drawing-room is neatly furnished, with pictures on its walls, and books on its tables. We converse upon different matters. A stranger's mistakes respecting Americans afford us one topic, with laughter at the notion that they all live in hotels. Then I hear how difficult it is to secure good servants, and

* They are let for twice as much where they stand.

from wages we drift into politics. "Is the city well governed?" This question leads to mention of newspaper articles, and I quote the 'New York Herald.' For the hundredth time in America, I am told not to believe the 'Herald.' "It gives foreigners an incorrect impression of our country," says my host. To which I make answer, interrogatively, "Just as the —— does in regard to England?" "Something quite different and much worse!" is the reply. Howbeit the said New York Herald, although frequently abused by Americans of every party, is eagerly devoured throughout the States. Can it be possible that the Herald stands towards literature as Barnum to museums, or the London, Chatham and Dover, to railways? Mr. Gordon Bennett's publication is strong, successful, and reckless. It has correspondents in all quarters, and obtains full telegraphic news no matter at what expense. A story is told of one of its staff who, wishing to keep the wires employed until he had gathered "further particulars," telegraphed the 'Book of Job,' and then continued his profane narrative. I do not desire to puff the New York Herald, which sounds its own trumpet with sufficient force, but, when Englishmen hear of its style they are apt to underrate its position. The Herald is no trumpery print, supplying food for mob orators. It is, as Americans say, an "almighty fact," and deserves some notice in treating of the Empire City.

Raymond's 'New York Times' and Horace Greely's 'Tribune' would be put forward by a large class of citizens as the true representative newspapers of their country. These publications are respectable for their consistency, and for the able articles which they contain; but, as well compare the wild steed of the desert to the disciplined charger, as the Herald to its above-named cotemporaries. A foreigner, taking up Gordon Bennett's paper, is sure of being startled. Perhaps he will find a suggestion that the Corporation should forthwith suffer capital punishment as a caution to office-holders, or an editorial calling for immediate vengeance on England. Nothing is spared. The Herald dashes right and left, says things which no one else would venture to say, and circulates a hundred and fifty thousand copies daily. An outside observer may reasonably ask, Where are the Americans who agree with the Herald's politics? I have sometimes thought that nobody quite agrees with it, but that it rests upon a changeable go-ahead sentiment peculiar to the United States. We have heard, in reference to a great English newspaper, that it does not lead public opinion, but follows the same. Now, if this be also true of the New York Herald, what strange guides it must possess, and towards what unknown bourne may it not eventually be dragged.

"Sensation" is native to America, and exists there in greater strength than it has yet secured

with us. True, we announce victories and defeats in large type, we print our placards with coloured letters irregularly placed, and advertise our books. Only six-and-thirty years ago Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd discussed whether an author could let advertisements vulgarize his name! Since then our best literati condescend to be blazoned forth in characters a foot high. So, sensation has done no harm to that department. Our novels are, perhaps, more abruptly horrible than they used to be; but, after looking into that unsensational work, 'The Castle of Otranto,' I am inclined to believe that what they call the rose is smelling as sweetly by another name. But, despite Dion Boucicault's plays, and the Divorce Court, and the increased size of newspaper headings, we have acquired only a smattering of sensation as it is understood by Jonathan. The New World retains an unequalled faculty for producing and enjoying marvels. This gives scope to such papers as the Herald, itself the most marvellous of Western productions.

CHAPTER III.

AN AMERICAN WEDDING.

No chance for Cousin Felix — A chat with Horatio.

WITHIN a few hours' journey of New York, among trees and flowers, where the great city might be pleasantly forgotten, I found myself a wedding guest! No ancient mariner with glittering eye had detained me *en route* to hear his tale, and steam had made the distance from town appear less than it really was.

An auspicious occasion of this sort is always twice as agreeable in the country, which is not "a mistake" when weddings are concerned, whatever it may be at other times. Country air and the absence of a criticizing rabble go far to compensate for not having St. G**rg*s H*n*v*r Sq**r* brought down by rail along with Gunter's breakfast. But stop! I am letting English associations intrude upon a foreign scene. This is not a marriage in high life according to our standard, for no duke is present to give away the

bride. The interesting event takes place beyond Gunter's domain; and we are in a land which looks to Delmonico as its prince of good cheer. Set any American to discuss the French *cuisine*, and, ten to one, he will cite Delmonico's as the establishment at which that science is brought to perfection.

The country air is charming, though somewhat warm when compared with our English climate. Gunter is far away (so is his mis-spelt namesake, Mayor Gunther of New York), and we have plentiful natural beauty around us. The garden is thickly shaded, whilst there are winding paths in the shrubbery which lead to a murmuring stream. Over yonder field of tall Indian corn are obtained glimpses of wood and water, a lovely foreground with mountains to complete the view. Some white-sailed sloop glides across an opening between the trees, or a railway whistle comes faintly on our ears. We are within a populous cultivated district, but Nature around us is so grandly developed that no human handiwork can make her unpicturesque.

Here is a race for you! Rail *versus* paddle-wheels! and not so very far from equal! The train of long-shaped cars darts forward at considerable speed, leaving clouds of dust behind, whilst that huge upper-decked, light-coloured craft moves steadily on, sending up a gush of spray from her sharp bow. Now the train has paused at a station, and the steamer sweeps ahead. No dust, no rattle

for her passengers; what wonder that they are numerous? See, the train is recovering itself, and probably wins ere they reach another station. Twenty miles an hour and a flood tide cannot quite keep pace with railway impetus. Well would it be to have a G. E. R. express spurred up by such competition.

It may occur to British readers that the neighbouring peasants are busy with triumphal arches for our bride to pass under. This, however, is not the case. We have a lovely view, a pretty garden, and the merriest of parties assembled therein; yet tenants and retainers are nowhere to be seen. The wealthy yeomen who live near would stare at being asked to an outdoor feast if others sat within. They do not feel affronted at receiving no invitations, for they are conscious of lacking social polish. But if they come at all, it must be with what diplomatists term a "favoured nation clause;" they must share with the most favoured. No blame to English labourer tenants for liking to be feasted, nor to Yankee peasant proprietors for standing above it! I wish most earnestly that we had not so many hungry people in some of our rural districts.

Arches there are certainly none in this blithe wedding programme, and they will not be missed, since the ceremony takes place at home. One has just a tinge of regret that rich and poor should not mingle in a common feast; but the village blacksmith

sends his compliments and a request for some cake to dream on, and the butcher, who has looked round as usual, guesses that "they're going to have a time!" Every one is smiling and cordial, although there will be no roasted ox nor flowing ale.

After briefly alluding to what is omitted, I come to one of those things which are done. Croquet flourishes greatly! The fair young bridesmaids and the gentlemen who have returned from Grant's army play with equal zeal. Hard rules are imposed on a stranger, who is moreover croquetted with vigour into remote corners of the lawn. Was ever game so delightful as croquet? If Mr. Jacques invented it himself, why is he too modest to avow the fact? If another deserve such credit, let his or her name be at once revealed! *Her* name I say, advisedly, because the game is just what a clever girl would have hit on who had outgrown cricket with her brothers, and found that billiards required you to stay in doors all day. We ask no questions about Jacques, or Cremer, but enjoy several struggles for the championship of the lawn. The clergyman will not play, although he looks on goodnaturedly at those who do. Presently the sky darkens, a few drops fall. "*Regnat!*" exclaims he, with old-fashioned jocosity, striding towards the house. I follow him, and we talk of churches in England and America. Mr. —— tells me how hard it was for the Episcopalians to re-organize their establishment after the revolution of

1775. They were obliged to act very cautiously, as the same sort of difficulty then hindered them which had embarrassed the Romanists in England a century before—people associated their faith with ideas of foreign domination. "But now, sir, we are fully established as a branch of the Episcopal church, and are also considered loyal citizens. We have made a few alterations in the prayer-book, disusing the Athanasian Creed and substituting for your prayers for the Royal Family a short petition for the President."

Thus much I have said on matters concerning more or less directly the happy event, yet not a word of the event itself! Know then that American law does not require marriages to be performed before noontide. This croquet and those glimpses of a lovely view are between breakfast and luncheon. We take it easy, spending a pleasant day as becomes wedding guests. The shadows are lengthening, and there are bright tints in the western sky, when all being ready we assemble in the drawing-room. I will not describe that bonny bride, nor her manly consort. If men generally come home from the wars to be so married, they may account themselves lucky. It is a simple service—our own, with part left out—and the group of coloured servants filling the doorway lends a somewhat unfamiliar aspect to the gathering. Tears are shed; the homely-featured black nurse presses forward to shake my hostess by

the hand, general congratulations follow, and we adjourn to the supper-room.

Here is the critical moment! Will they extinguish themselves by speeches, or maintain a masterly inaction? I watch with anxiety. The eldest guest moves in his seat. Now surely will come "the bride and bridegroom," to be answered, in much distress, by the happy man. Not an attempt to rise by anybody! The supper is disposed of, and we enter another apartment for the cake. Ha, my friends, you're about to speak! What would a wedding be without its emotional breakdowns? The bridesmaids, too, they must be proposed; it makes them look so arch. Still not a word, whilst that plateful of small cakes is distributed amongst bachelors and spinsters. A fortunate youth of seventeen, who has secured the hidden ring, blushes at being told that he will marry within the year. We are actually playing croquet again during the bride's preparations for departure, and nothing has been said by way of rivalry to Cousin Felix. Americans adhere to cake and cards, but they frequently drop speechifying. I will not seek to excuse such conduct, for every possible institution connected with a wedding should be religiously preserved. Cake, the greatest of them to begin with, cards, speeches, champagne, and old shoes, to follow in their proper order. If one custom must go, let it be the extorting broken-sentences from those unused to public speaking; but

there is no need to make a wedding less traditional in its observances. We are getting sadly practical, and should cherish our faith even in white satin favours and in the men with cotton gloves from round the corner.

I instigated the throwing of ancient slippers after the carriage which bore away our bride and bridegroom. It was an open carriage, with three seats. So a couple of friends, who wished to catch the same train, were taken up by the happy pair, and they drove off together with a glow of purple light doing duty for "the sunbeam mellowed by painted glass" which would, in fiction, have played round the bride's head when she uttered those irrevocable words. No chariot and post boys,—more deviation from English forms—but a hearty unaffected start in life that it is refreshing to see. And they will travel in a car with fifty other people, where Lady Alexandrina Crosbie's bonnet would have been quite safe. A different view of the honeymoon to ours, though quite as reasonable. There goes the train which bears them away; we can see its lights glimmering along the waterside, and we stand watching until the mosquitoes, with combined forces, drive us from the verandah. A bright moon has risen above that loftiest hill-top, making the morning's landscape reappear like its own ghost in a silver veil; and flitting fire-flies show clearly in every shaded spot. Now passes a first-class hotel from fairyland, stowed upon

the deck of a Cunarder cut down ten feet. It is the New York night-boat, which leaves gurgling ripples to spread over the water and break against the shore long after she has gone.

I was driven to the station, when my turn came for going, by a coloured man who served in the stable department—to call him the coachman would convey an erroneous notion of his aspect. He held himself bolt upright, wore thick moustaches, and was innocent of anything approaching livery. His degree of black blood was not sufficient to make him darker than an Arab, but there was clear token in his woolly hair of what Americans call "colour." He was, to use an expression satirical in some mouths, though events have given it substantial meaning, "an American citizen of African descent."

Ere many furlongs had been travelled, and before quitting the grounds of my hospitable friend, a dead snake was seen at the roadside. "Yes, sar, I killed him," remarked Horatio, pointing to the reptile. "Tell you I'm more scared at a snake than most anything on earth. I always kills 'em right away!"

Horatio had been in the army, and served as sergeant of cavalry under General Thomas. He narrated the circumstances of his enlistment for three hundred dollars bounty, and described various incidents of the Western campaign. The Union soldiers were paid sixteen dollars a month, and received large allowances for clothing besides plentiful rations.

"Tell you," said Horatio, "it warn't bad times, only for the guerillas. [*Pronounced gorillas.*] I'm wuss scared of a gorilla than anything on earth, 'cept snakes, and, by Gum! I killed 'em right away when I got a chance. See, sir, we cullud troops didn't dare be took prisoners for fear of what them Rebs might do to us. Once they caught me though, and if a stampede hadn't come soon after, I think really they'd have made an example of this boy."

"How did you escape?" I enquired, willing to hear more.

"Why, see, a considerable stampede cleared the enemy out of that section, and as I ain't over dark and had a uniform just like the regiment that took me, I slipt away and persecuted my journey to head-quarters through the woods. Hadn't gone far when I met a contraband* skulking unbeknownst in a little thicket. See, sar, them poor contrabands war scared out of their lives between our boys and the Rebs. They'd been told that 'mancipation meant runnin' hot needles through their tongues, and they knew so little they'd believe anything. Wal, this contraband hollered out, 'Don't'ee fire, massa, I'm on your side!' 'Which side's that?' said I, going up to him. He seemed sort o' fixed, and looked hard to see what uniform I wore. Then he got a good sight of my face, and knew that I must be a Federal, so he went that ticket double-quick. Said I, 'Just show me the way

* A southern slave.

to our camp.' He in a confused ignorant sort of way, scratching his head to give himself confidence, answered, 'Look here, you, sar. Dere bin so much fightin' up an' down, de last month, I don't know whar nobody is. Reckon I've gone mad with changin' about from Massa Linkum to Massa Davis ebery udder day.' And so," said Horatio, "I came back as I could, and was a long time at that. It warn't no use explainin' 'mancipation to a mad nigger."

Our conversation now turned upon weapons, and Horatio listened to my account of the lance with interest. He had never seen this formidable agent for shortening human life. It is curious that the arm which has decided a thousand battles, which was carried by Greek phalanges, by knights of the Middle Ages, by Sobieski's Poles, and which is still used in the armies of Europe, had no part in the great American war. A breech-loading carbine, a sword, and revolving pistol were sufficient for the Yankee dragoon. He seldom charged home, but trusted rather to the heavy fire which he could deliver, and was frequently dismounted to skirmish through underwood. He was a practical modern soldier, the creature of modern weapons, and had little about him of the *beau sabreur*. I would not willingly see our Life Guards changed into mounted riflemen without helmet or cuirass, yet we must be careful that other nations do not get hold of thirty-two-shooters before we shall have adopted sixteen-shooters. These new-

fangled fire-arms, when they fulfil their purpose, are dangerous to all who serve them as targets.

Horatio had been wounded three times, and had a pleasant recollection of his surgical attendants. "See, sar, they made no difference for us cullud men, but cut right on most scientific. It warn't bad, tell you, being in hospital, though I was glad to join the boys again."

Whilst he was speaking we had reached a railway crossing, and as no gates or signalmen hindered our advance, we passed over. The road here made a bend, running parallel to the rail for some distance, with nothing between, so it was disagreeable to see a train approaching us at half-speed. Round went our horses, plunging right in front of the engine. Horatio reined them back on their haunches, until there was room for it to pass. Then the terrified animals set off side by side with the train, and would have jammed themselves between it and a slanting wall where the road crossed the railway-track. But again they were strongly curbed, until we bumped amongst some timber which lay near the wall. Another spring, when the train had gone by, placed us on our proper course. The light-built carriage, though strained in its fore part because the front wheels refused to lock under, had not capsized, and Horatio, holding in the frightened horses with an iron grip, leant back gracefully to exclaim, "Wal, now, if that ain't ridic'lous!"

CHAPTER IV.

UP THE HUDSON.

A fine river, with floating palaces thereon.

I SHALL not easily forget my first sight of the Hudson. It was an evening in the summer time during that eventful year which saw Garibaldi land at Marsala, and Abraham Lincoln elected President. New York Bay was crowded with yachts and steamers, an immense multitude of people lined the shore, and, as the Great Eastern moved slowly past Staten Island, she was greeted with loud cheers, and with discharges of cannon; Captain Ericsson had been warmly welcomed when he arrived in a very small ship, and now we came in the largest ship ever built. So New York was all astir. How the people waved their hats and handkerchiefs! how Mr. Murphy, our pilot, shouted and gesticulated! There lay the broad river with a city on either bank, its mass of shipping cleared to one side, and hundreds of gay streamers waving in the hot sunshine. I had climbed to the fore-

topsail-yard, and sat looking over the magnificent scene below me—Staten Island, soft and fertile, covered with villas and gardens, Long Island, with Greenwood Cemetery and the houses of Brooklyn, Manhattan Island, bearing its New World Babylon, acre upon acre of roof and chimney, with flag-staff or church spire showing here and there above them, and a corner of New Jersey which rises beyond Jersey City into lofty cliffs called the Palisades. Astern of us was the Narrows, or principal channel for navigation to seaward, flanked by Fort Lafayette. Ahead was the Hudson curving out of sight between Manhattan and the Palisades. Smoke rose into the clear air from furnaces on shore and from innumerable steamboat funnels. There rolled across the water a many-voiced murmuring of human life. Hammers sounded from some places, music could be heard in others, and engine-whistles, bellowing rather than screaming, came mingled with the beat of steamboat paddles and the ringing of bells.

Such had been my introduction to the Hudson, and to revisit it, was like going again to a favourite opera with keen anticipation of its well-remembered beauties. Could any vessel be cleaner or better of her kind than our river steamboat in 1865? The signal was given; the wheels turned slowly at first, then faster and faster, as we shot into mid-stream and strained forward with our great mechanical heart throbbing until every timber quivered.

Since Fulton tried his first steamer in 1807, there has been steady progress in the development of everything connected with inland navigation. The typical schoolboy of twelve would be staggered if Mississippi statistics were forced upon his young mind, and he might suffer quite as much as any reasonable teachers could wish by being compelled to master the arithmetic of the Hudson trade. I will not inflict either the one or the other upon you, but merely point out, that, although bearing the name of the same great explorer, the Hudson river has nothing to do with Hudson's Bay. Does not that schoolboy smile ironically and feel inclined to give the latitude and longitude of a dozen Arctic discoveries? Of course we all know that the Hudson or "North River," on which stands New York City, is not under the dominion of an intelligent fur company, but flows through regions where the grand old experiment of republican government is being tried, and tried with considerable success.

Whatever government had swayed the fortunes of New York State, the Hudson would have inevitably become a parent of first-class steamers. It leads to the unsettled back country, where farms can be bought cheaply, to the lakes and to the Far West. A restless energetic people desired to reach these places, and they called for larger faster vessels with every year that passed. So it has happened that North River boats are models of speed and

comfort. Such craft as the 'St. John' and the 'Dean Richmond' are peculiar to America. They are rivalled by the line which is worked through Long Island Sound, and by a few Lake or Mississippi steamers, but they stand at the head of their class. These upper deck monsters are unknown in Europe, and have been copied in Asia on a very limited scale, though, with Californian influence daily increasing, the Yang-tse-Kiang may soon have a fleet of them. Europe has none, chiefly because she possesses no rivers of sufficient size where there are people with sufficient energy to build floating palaces. Englishmen have been given a tiny saloon packet, the 'Lord of the Isles,' on Southampton Water, and a more powerful vessel of the same sort plying to Gravesend; but, for genuine upper-deckers there is no opening in our tight little island. Monsieur Crapaud has rather less excuse, and, as to Rhine navigation, I leave it to the travelling public to explain why Rhenish steamers are allowed, in spite of common sense, to be ship-shape and Bristol fashion. Perhaps the Czar may intend to give his subjects a Volga line of Americanized craft—why should he not?—and issue tickets *viâ* Astracan and the Caspian to the Oxus and Kokand Central Railway Terminus. Russia has apparently some such design, and well may Anglo-Indian hair bristle at the bare suggestion. But we may leave His Imperial Majesty Alexander II. to civilize Tartary, with-

out fear that he will do it too quickly. He is not a Connecticut Yankee, and has a very difficult country before him.

I took post on the upper deck, forward of the saloon, in the steamer 'Chauncey Vibbard,' when, as before observed, she had shot into mid-stream and commenced her voyage. New York was left behind, the Palisades were passed, and we were in the Tappan Zee. Towns and villages could be seen dotted along the river banks; sloops, with snowy-white sails, tacked from side to side against a light head-wind; whilst barges were towed in slow procession by snorting tugs. Coming from the heat of New York it was delightful to spend a day both cool and breezy. We did not envy the railway passengers who were carried forward rather faster than ourselves, for they had to put up with choking dust. In the steamer there was comfort and tranquillity. People could sit on the forward deck, where the wind was strongest, and listen to the fluttering awnings and the rush of our sharp bow through the water; they could lounge in the handsome saloon, get shaved in the barber's shop, "licker" at the bar, or seek the more sheltered repose of the after-deck. An excellent dinner was served in the lower cabin, for which only one dollar was charged, and, as baggage was "checked through" to Albany, the voyager, free from care, might roam where he pleased about the ship. We were advertised to

complete the hundred and sixty miles in about nine hours, including stoppages, so that a speed of twenty miles an hour must have been attained by the 'Chauncey Vibbard,' and she did not blow up. Think of that, ye Rhenish slow coaches! Even a river-side railway, nay, two of them, may be competed with, in boats that can make such time. Yet size and accommodation are more to be desired for sight-seeing than mere speed which leaves us no time to read our guide-book. My pleasantest trip on the Rhine was not by steam at all, but in a pair-oar boat from Strasbourg to Rotterdam.

In a few hours we passed many places of note on the Hudson. Sunnyside, where Washington Irving lived, and West Point, where United States officers are educated. The scenery round West Point is very fine, and the reach of river which is entered upon after quitting the highlands offers a delightful view. Immediately to the left, on a sloping hill-side, is Idlewild, the residence of N. P. Willis, than who few have wielded a pleasanter or more graphic pen. Below Idlewild is the entrance of the little river Moodna, and, further up, on the same shore, is Newburgh, a thriving town, once General Washington's head quarters. I remember visiting the house which the liberator had occupied, and being shown, amongst other relics, a bayonet that had, as the inscription beneath it stated, "killed an English officer." Was he stabbed in leading a desperate

charge? or despatched whilst defending his regimental colours? Poor fellow! he doubtless hoped to achieve some higher fame than that of "the man whom the bayonet killed."

We touched at Newburgh pier with the skill in which American river-pilots excel. A tinkle of the signal-bell informed those who watched the machinery that she was to be "slowed." Then there came a rattle of guiding chains from the wheel-house, planted for'ard above the upper deck. They put the helm hard-over, and signalled "stop her." Our speed was instantly checked; another tinkling of the bell, and those great paddles turned gently astern. The steamer, with her weight of two thousand tons and her seemingly unmanageable length, was laid alongside the pier-head as a wherry might land at Searle's. Out tumbled the shore-going passengers, and in crowded those for Albany. She was away before many skippers would have made fast, and Newburgh was dim in the distance by the time our freshly-arrived fellow-travellers had taken their tickets at the captain's office.

Again upon that breezy upper deck, where it is as cool as in October, and whence we can leisurely observe the wooded banks, the sloops at anchor awaiting a change of tide, and the little towns baking in hot sunshine. Few pleasure-boats are to be seen, but we must not on that account conclude that Americans have no aquatic sports. They could

hardly be expected to fill their mighty streams with such a shoal of trim-built craft as Richmond or Henley can exhibit; and punts moored head and stern across the Hudson for sturgeon fishing would stand a chance of some hard knocks. But, just as elegant yachts are owned by the New York Club and cricket is played more or less over the continent, so, without being a national pastime, boat-racing has many supporters in America. Yale and Harvard colleges have their contest in six-oared outriggers, with bow doing double duty by steering with his feet as he glances back to see where they are going. An ingenious contrivance makes the yoke bands in these boats work for'ard like the steering tackle of American steamers. A Yankee six-oar crew would think it folly to carry a coxswain, however diminutive; but they could scarcely navigate the Cam upon their principle. I may mention, that, in the Yale and Harvard race (at Worcester, Mass.) of 1865, the winning six-oar did her three miles in seventeen minutes thirty seconds; not bad pulling when we recollect that these men are considerably junior to our University crews, and weigh on an average about a stone less.

The Hudson has its struggles for championship between New York and Poughkeepsie, at which latter place the race of 1865 came off; and where Brocas cads would have found themselves to be inoffensive lambs compared with the Empire City

rowdies, who favoured Poughkeepsie with a visit on this occasion. Some years ago a vegetarian athlete pulled from Boston to New York for a wager, taking with him supplies of grapes and peaches. He performed his distance of more than two hundred miles very quickly, but I forget the exact time. Another enterprizing sculler backed himself to row round Manhattan Island, a course of forty-five miles, in nine hours; though whether he found any takers, I cannot say.

Our swiftly gliding steamer had left Poughkeepsie out of sight and was passing the Catskill Mountains, when an old man who had seated himself near me thus began to discourse.

"You are from England, sir?"

Why should we start and change colour at being discovered to be what we are proud to acknowledge that we are? Yet so it is. Jones, when he enters a Parisian café, is extinguished by the question, "Oh! yes, sare, vat shall you wish?" and the present writer, who has tilted back his chair, opened his copy of the 'New York Herald,' and assumed the stern independence of democracy, is somewhat annoyed at being unmasked.

"Yes, sir," I reply; "I am from England."

"Then," continues the old gentleman, "you will be astonished at this country; it is a prey to faction."

"Indeed! you surprise me. Every other citizen

with whom I have conversed speaks of America as leaving Europe half way to insignificance!"

My companion now explained his views on State rights and other matters, blaming the Government bitterly for its war policy, and predicting anarchy as the result of emancipation. I listened with respect to what he said, for the old gentleman seemed quite in earnest although events had weakened the position which he defended.

"That's a d——d Copperhead," whispered some one at my elbow, when the friend of State rights moved away; "and if the boys heard him he'd be pitched overboard."

Perhaps he would, and so see his theories on mob law come true with startling rapidity; but I am glad to miss such a spectacle, as the offender is a pleasant spoken old fellow and has snow-white hair. It is not many years either since his opinions were held by a whole boatful of Northerners with whom I conversed on this very river. The war has wrought a vast change in public sentiment, and emancipation has become a Union watchword. So it happens that those who oppose themselves to the current of the popular will are considered traitors, and receive the name of the copper-head snake, which bites without giving a warning rattle.

The Catskill Mountains are not ruggedly precipitous, but lie in a great round-shouldered mass, looking blue and dreamy. High up, on one of them,

can be seen an hotel, much frequented in the ruralizing season; and this house destroys all fanciful notions that a second Rip Van Winkle may there be sleeping away from human ken. The hotel company would surely find him, and would send him at once to Barnum. Yet, joking apart, these mountains are very fine. They form the principal feature of the Hudson scenery for fifty miles before we reach our destination, and are visible, not only from Albany but from the high ground near Troy, a couple of leagues further northward. The river is hereabouts dominated by railway bridges and deserted by its ocean tide. At Troy it becomes blocked with lumber rafts, whilst the loss of its tributary, the Mohawk, reduces it to small proportions.

At Troy! What names they have in America! The index of a gazeteer, sown broadcast, might produce such a crop. Frankfort, Rome, and Syracuse, may be visited during a single morning, and innumerable Franklins or Fayettevilles struggle for notice with the Portsmouths and Worcesters that speak a kindly recollection of Old England.

Troy is a manufacturing town, whose hammers thump incessantly, and whose smoke darkens the air above it. No thought of Homer, or his translators, troubles the industrious Trojans. Their hero has been defeated, but he was only a stalwart pugilist, Heenan by name, and found no bard to sing his overthrow. Albany, the State capital of

New York, is more of a social and political centre than its classic neighbour; but even at Albany few summer travellers remain longer than they can help. The State Legislature is not then in session, and tourists have a world of watering-places before them. Nauseous draughts, with dull surrounding country, at crowded Saratoga. Draughts still more nauseous, with pretty scenery, at Sharon Springs. And scenery, without the draughts, at Trenton Falls. Then there is Lake Champlain and steamboat communication with Canada; Lake George and the Adirondack Mountains, dear to American sportsmen. Or those who will go a little further for natural grandeur can easily reach Niagara by the New York Central Railway. Albany is, in fact, a starting-point for many delightful excursions, and would be the key to all New England if war were waged in that region.

There are historical memories associated with some of the places that I have named which attest their former strategical importance. Lake Champlain has witnessed more than one obstinate naval engagement; first between the English and French, then between the English and Americans, when, having conquered our rival's colonies, we lost our own. Lake George saw the victory of Montcalm at Fort William Henry, and the massacre by which that victory was disgraced, whilst Saratoga is unpleasantly suggestive of a British force laying down

its arms in the open field. Had Burgoyne been opposed by modern Saratogans, instead of rebellious Continentals, he would have suffered an equally complete disaster. The fair visitors would have made him captive, and then the natives would have plundered him.

I did not hurry on to any of these historic spots, but remained for some days at Troy with an excellent friend of mine. Trees growing thickly round his garden shut out the iron-works immediately below; though, from the upper windows, we could see over Albany and the Hudson to the Catskill range. Need any man wish for a pleasanter retreat after superintending such Black Country labours as were carried on under my friend's direction? But he was anxious to do more than lodge his guest comfortably, and arranged a trip to the Cohoes Falls, on the Mohawk, which are within a short drive of Troy.

Off we went, in the lightest of open carriages with a pair of fast trotters that made nothing of the distance. Down through the streets of Troy, where a horse-railroad jerked and strained our wheels, rumbling over a covered bridge to the other side of the Hudson, and winding about among railway-stations, canals, and cotton-mills, until I lost all sense of locality and should not have been surprised to see New York or Philadelphia open out before us.

The ladies were staunch Republicans in their

sense of the word, and would not listen to my account of the venerable old Democrat on board the steamer. They called him "a Copperhead," which led to some discussion about party names, and I was asked to explain the difference between a Liberal Conservative and a Moderate Whig; as also, why Englishmen had been hostile to the United States when that country was fighting for freedom? Literature now took the place of politics, and English authors received praise which my sprightly companions had refused to English statesmen. "How delightful was Dickens, though he did perpetrate 'American Notes'! and what pleasant reading there was in Dr. Livingstone's work!" If this deponent "wrote a book about America he would be sure to make the people talk dreadfully Yankee, because he thought he had got hold of the right American accent, which was quite a mistake, for real Americans spoke just like English people, only they were more careful in pronouncing their Hs and Ws!"

The Cohoes cotton-mills are clean and well-nigh picturesque in appearance; whilst operatives with a taste for wild rocky scenery can enjoy the sight of a waterfall whenever they please. We put up our carriage at the Cataract House, a small tavern standing close to the Mohawk, and descended by a steep pathway to the river-level. There was very little water coming down, but the cliffs looked bare and grand,

worn into chasms by winter floods, or smoothly rounded where they had been exposed to more gradual influence. A fall of eighty-six feet in a river at least eight hundred paces wide must be magnificent when that river is full. As we saw it there appeared three or four distinct streams tumbling over the cliff on to a desolate expanse of rock. Only at one point did the river fall into deep water, and gurgle swiftly away.

We wandered across the rocky plateau picking our way among pools and runnels until we had reached the foot of the cliff and were near the principal cascade. I observed a fisherman seated upon a narrow promontory beside the deep water, and went up to examine his spoil. Several eels, a perch, and half-a-dozen bream-like bass, lay near him. Basket he had none, but slew the prisoners with a stick to prevent their escape. A beautifully coloured sun-fish was now jerked out, and while I admired its shining corpse, the fisherman having put on another worm, landed what seemed to be a barbel.

"We have such fellows in the Thames," said I, wishing to communicate an interesting fact.

"And I have caught plenty of them there," he replied.

"Then you come from the Old Country?"

"Rather fancy I do."

"Is it better times here for a working man than in England?"

Piscator hesitated ere making answer. There was evidently some pleasant souvenir of his early home, or some recent vexation in his new one, combating the sentiment which would otherwise have been uppermost. At length, when the hook had been re-baited and the line cast in afresh, he gravely uttered this matured opinion—

"A precious sight!"

CHAPTER V.

MUSTERED OUT OF SERVICE.

Rough diamonds — Lake Champlain — Sergeant Warren.

Not only in the large cities of the North but in every country township were Federal soldiers to be seen during those summer months which followed General Lee's surrender. It is estimated that on May 1, 1865, President Johnson had nine hundred and eighty thousand men under arms, of whom one hundred and ten thousand were coloured troops, whilst the larger part of the whole force consisted of volunteer regiments. The Confederacy having been conquered, there remained nothing for this immense Federal Army to do, and it was disbanded with a rapidity unparalleled in modern history. Brigade after brigade went north upon the different lines of railroad, until the ordinary traffic became as nothing compared with the special conveyance of military detachments. The corps were taken to their head quarters in the particular State where each had been

raised, were received with public congratulations, dinners, balls and speeches, obtained their arrears of pay, and were mustered out of service.

These American regiments which thus disappeared into private life consisted of volunteers supplying the levies demanded from the various States. No regular soldiers of the United States Army were discharged, but, on the contrary, a bounty was offered, together with thirty days' furlough, to volunteers who would enlist in the regular service. It would puzzle any one to explain the formation of the Federal armies by comparing them with English troops similarly named. So long as we speak only of professional soldiers there is no difficulty; but the words "militia" and "volunteers" have a special meaning with us, which is not quite what they bear when used by Americans. Like that indefinite expression "rifleman," used as a distinctive term when all troops carry rifles, "militia" has, in England, a less stylish sound than volunteer. Yet our militiamen are voluntary wearers of red coats for twenty-eight days a year, or, if such regiments were recruited by ballot, as they will be in time of need, the most respectable persons might become militiamen. Then, again, regarding volunteers, the whole British army is composed of men who, liquor apart, have freely enlisted. American volunteers receiving pay and serving in the field were but regulars engaged for a short time and enjoying certain privileges, whilst

American militia, when embodied under that name, are usually of the quality we assign to volunteers.

There is great elasticity in the United States system of raising troops. Those who lightly threw aside their ordinary employments to try what soldiering was like and to defend the Union, who struggled for years against sickness and defeat, until success rewarded their efforts, and who retired quietly from the scene when no longer needed, would come out once more by hundreds of thousands if America called for soldiers. Western freedom and prosperity tend to reproduce the condition of nations under patriarchal government. Every man may be reckoned as part of the army of reserve. It is only an unsound state of society, where the rulers are worthless, or the people are discontented, or where both these things exist together, which requires a sword in every tenth man's hand to rule the other nine. I will not say anything about the pride which Britons may feel at being able to trust themselves with arms, form a magnificent volunteer force, &c., lest I should plagiarize upon a host of leading articles and after-dinner returnings of thanks; but it is a comfort that we can, like our transatlantic cousins, display a patriarchal elasticity for self-defence.

The boys were mustered out of service and every train had its quota of discharged veterans, with knapsacks and bronzed faces, loud speech, and strange stories to tell, proceeding to their respective homes.

Many who had adopted a civilian costume displayed the metal badge of their corps, and many others who were without such mark could be recognized by their weather-beaten features and easy carriage. I have spoken of seeing returned coloured troops, but these were not numerous, as a great proportion of such regiments was retained under arms to do duty down South. In New York the arrival of soldiers was incessant. Some came by sea, but most by the railways to Jersey City, and thence across the ferry to Pier No. 1. They landed near the open space by the Battery and marched up town in full campaigning guise. Pet dogs ran behind many companies, whilst adopted contrabands, acting as water-carriers, trudged in the rear of others. The veterans cared nothing for appearance, but strode forward, beneath the hot summer sun, in wide-awakes or straw hats, as fancy suggested. A few detachments had bands of music, and, where music was wanting, the buglers relieved each other, French fashion, in a lively *fanfare*. Regiments known in the city were of course more warmly greeted than strangers passing through. The Irish Legion, which returned soon after the Irish Brigade, found itself among enthusiastic friends; so did other bodies of Federal troops. Heavy losses had been sustained by some corps. The New York 52nd regiment, for example, came back less than three hundred strong, having had on its muster rolls, during the war, two thousand six hundred names.

There were great numbers of veterans sent through Albany and Troy to the different Eastern States and the northern part of New York. At Troy I found myself amongst a regiment of stalwart Vermonters, newly arrived from Washington. They marched gaily into the railway station with a band at their head, formed line from one end of the building to the other, and piled arms. Then civilians gathered round, asking the soldiers for news of absent friends. "Where was Colonel Slick's regiment?" or, "What had become of the 500th New York?" Short answers were alone vouchsafed—"Guess the Colonel's bin a gineral and got killed." "Never heard of the 500th New York. Which corps was it in?" Some bystanders recognized old acquaintances in the regiment before them, and hands were cordially grasped, as, "Bully for you, old man!" was met by enquiries about the folk "down to hum?"

A dark-featured officer was particularly merry. He stood by the regimental flags, one of which I was told that he had helped to save in a moment of great danger, and mercilessly "chaffed" those who surrounded him. There seemed at first a contradiction to American prejudices in seeing that swarthy face above an officer's uniform, but the high cheek-bones and straight hair spoke plainly of Indian descent. His ancestors might have been famous sachems, and taken the scalps of many Yengese.

The boys were in a cheerful mood, varied by touches of ferocity where too much liquor had been imbibed. Twice or thrice scuffles, commenced in fun, grew earnest as blows were given; and the spectators drew back alarmed when weapons flashed out and laughter was exchanged for imprecations. I noticed that the officers took all this coolly. They would step amongst their men, pushing them asunder like troublesome children, yet arrogating no authority in manner. Once an indignant veteran, who swore that he had done for many better men than his offending comrade, refused to move aside when pushed, and even threatened his officer. He was instantly tripped by some lover of discipline, getting a heavy tumble, whilst the lieutenant strolled away, with the remark, "You shouldn't have talked like that in Virginia, but its most over now."

Several popular airs were played by the brass band, winding up with "Old John Brown" and "Hail Columbia!" All was ready for departure; each company mounted its allotted car, and there was whistling and bell-ringing as they rumbled slowly out of the station. Men who had lingered behind engaged in conversation, or had visited neighbouring bar-rooms, came panting after the train, and could be seen climbing on to its hindmost platform, as the engineer drove slowly to give them a chance.

In a thriving little town of Vermont which stands upon the shore of Lake Champlain were returned

volunteers who awaited their discharge. There was a camp near the town, and thither the boys betook themselves every evening according to order. But, during the day, they showed their threadbare uniforms in the streets and about the hotels.

It was near sunset. The lake stretched calmly away to right and left, resembling a section of some mighty river; the Green Mountain range behind us was covered with low drifting clouds, and the Adirondack peaks loomed tall and misty on the western horizon. Gleams of yellow light shot through the cloud-banks amongst which the sun was sinking; the dust lay in heaps upon every roadway, only requiring that some carriage should pass to make it rise with choking volume. I had been watching a small boat which was far out upon the waters, and wondering how long her wake would remain visible, when my shoulder was roughly slapped, and a friend, newly made at the hotel, exclaimed, "Wal, mister, you'll be late for supper if you enjoy them nat'ral beauties much longer." The speaker was clad in dusty, tattered garments, and wore a black wide-awake riddled with shot-holes. His metal badge would have shown him to be a Federal soldier, even had dust and rough usage completely obliterated the colour of his uniform. Sergeant Warren had been seated next me at dinner, when we freely exchanged ideas upon military tactics, and he had become so well disposed towards me that he acted as cicerone for an hour in

the afternoon. I was not therefore surprised at his taking interest in my prospects with regard to supper.

"Come on," said he, "the boys will leave nothing for you and me if we don't hurry up." So hurry up we did, and supped along with men in every stage of undress uniform, if I may use such a word to describe gradual declension from United States soldier's garb to civilian costume. One had a brown holland coat, here called a railway duster, and regulation pantaloons; another, fancy continuations surmounted by a military frock-coat, and so on. Many of the "boys" were boys indeed; veterans of nineteen and twenty, whose beardless faces had been burnt to a rich nut-brown colour by Virginian summers, and whose thin, wiry figures lacked the breadth and weight of maturity. Side by side with such young soldiers were men advanced in life who had been tempted by liberal bounties to enlist. They wore an expression less pleasing than that of the youngsters, whilst their oaths were more frequent. Then there was a class of genuine Yankee adventurers, well represented by my friend Sergeant Warren. His age could only be matter of the vaguest conjecture, as he might be anything between twenty-five and fifty. A pair of slight moustaches and an imperial of a few dozen particular hairs gave him a military finish, but he would have come out just as well, after shaving, as a preacher or a steamboat captain. His bold grey eyes shone with intelligence, and his figure, though

rather tall, was slimly built. A few inches more round the chest and a greater width of shoulder would have made him a fine man to look at. He evidently possessed influence over his comrades, and when some of them spoke rudely to the Britisher, Warren put a stop to it in the manner of—enough! ye all know of John Brent. "Sir," said he, addressing one who declared an inability to distinguish between a d——d Britisher and a d——d Reb, "jist you step out with me for five minutes, and I'll convince you that there *is* a difference, leastways in this gentleman." The objector was silenced, and afterwards told me that Warren was a smart man. "Means what he says, mister! Darned if he don't!"

Our after-supper chat in the verandah, where a crowd of veterans assembled, was not interrupted by any necessity for convincing people that a Britisher differed from a Reb. We listened to stories of the war, and speculated upon the probability of trouble in Mexico, without touching on the Canadian question.

Sergeant Warren merely observed, when Canada was mentioned, "Wal! guess it's got to come some day, but there ain't no hurry. We shall have a petition, all in good time, from your aristocracy, headed by the Prince of Wales, to let England share our national greatness—you to preserve your institutions, but to sail under the Stars and Stripes, with another star added for John Bull."

This sally of wit produced loud laughter, with

cries of "Good! that's so!" and "Bully for you!" American humour is dry and peculiar. What other nation could have invented the plate-glass which it took two boys to see through, or the oyster so tame that it would follow its master up and down stairs?

An officer was pointed out to me as he passed the verandah where we sat, and I learnt that he had been first over the intrenchments at Petersburg. Wounded through both cheeks, he had remained for some time in hospital, but was now sufficiently recovered to return home for the mustering out. Other officers who came in sight, were briefly described as "considerable of a man," or "nothing to count;" whilst one found so little favour with the boys, that they said he might as well have "let his coat and pantaloons go on duty without him." Remembering that most of the subalterns and many of the captains had started for Virginia with musket and knapsack, I was not surprised at their being sharply criticized by former comrades. What struck me was rather the tone of respect with which, as a class, they were treated.

Sergeant Warren explained how promotion had gone in his own corps.

"See, mister, we none of us knowed much about soldiering when the war began, for Injin fighters and Mexican heroes war scarce in the ——th. We had to go right on and do the best we could. Somebody was bound to be officer, and they got the rank by interest. Then came the killing off, and when new appointments war made, boys that had done well

had a chance. Take 'em as a 'hull, our officers aire about the smartest critturs in the regiment. We volunteers haven't the discipline of regular United States infantry, as to saluting every darned lieutenant that passes you, but what's saluting worth, come to get one side of a snake-fence with a lot of Secesh skirmishers on the other?"

The veterans told me of their hunts for food in Southern farmyards, and showed small prizes which they had brought away. One had a photographic album, filled with likenesses of rebels great and small. Another boasted that half-a-dozen silver spoons were stowed in his sack. Very few would own to having taken money, and they denied that their corps had committed personal outrage upon the inhabitants. "The worst I ever did to any rebel woman was making an old gal down Lynchburg way trade her watch for mine," said a small Unionist, who looked about eighteen.

"And that was wrong of you," broke in Sergeant Warren. "The President had forbidden trade with rebels."

"Wal, my watch had the inwards out of order, so she had a bad exchange. Warn't that enough?"

Warren looked grave. "Tell you, boys," said he, "thar's been some dreadful suffering among them proud Southern families, and it's hard times for any people that have a war in their country." The audience assented.

"Division of property is what I say," remarked

an elderly soldier. "Kimmed to a house with the mistress crying before a drawerful of money. She called out to me not to take the dollars. So I said, 'I'd count them right away and she should keep half and I'd take half, and that would make all smooth between us.' Wal, there were a hundred dollars in gold, and I took fifty. Guess *that* war fair!"

To a question regarding the merits of their different generals, I received answers which did not by any means agree. Sheridan was placed next to Grant by some, although the majority considered Sherman their second star. Amongst commanders of less note each volunteer had his hero—Fighting Joe Hooker, Thomas, and Kilpatrick being mentioned with hearty praise. It was allowed that General Lee was very skilful, whilst Stonewall Jackson had evidently assumed a place in history so far as these rough historians were concerned, and was honoured beyond all other Confederates. I found that Andersonville and the cruelties there practised upon Federal prisoners occupied a larger space in American minds than I had supposed before leaving Europe. Great bitterness was exhibited against rebel politicians and stay-at-home Southerners, such as guarded the Confederate prisons, but of their enemies in the field the veterans spoke most cordially.

"Why, if they'd been more numerous, darned if I don't think they'd have whipped us," said Sergeant Warren, "for it's easier to keep where you're sot than to go where you're told."

Of coloured regiments, the men spoke without showing a trace of that contempt for "darkeys," so common in the Northern States a few years since. It had been seen that, whatever his deficiencies, the negro could display animal courage, and, measured by the gauge of public opinion, which makes courage stand for so much, the negro had gone far towards proving his position as a man and a brother.

It had been ordered that any soldier who chose to pay six dollars for the rifle which he had carried might keep it on being mustered out of service. A large number of men paid for this privilege, wishing to retain the companion of their marches and battles. "There goes Dick Johnson," said my friend the Sergeant; "he's bought his rifle to hang up to hum. So have five others in our company. They feel a sort o' fondness for the piece that's bin rubbin' their shoulder down in Dixie. Them rifles will have gone out of fashion before we've campaigning again on this continent, but they'll be jist as good for telling long stories over."

"Then you give up all idea of enlisting again?" I suggested.

The Sergeant's grey eyes twinkled merrily, as he made answer—"See, sir, I'm going to open an hotel somewhere in this State when I can find capital to begin with. If it succeeds, they'll have to give a high bounty to get me to the army again."

CHAPTER VI.

A CHANGE IN FASHIONABLE OPINION.

Port it is, sir! — Starboard! Aye, aye, sir, starboard!

THOSE who declare that the scenery of the United States is monotonous should make some of the excursions from Albany mentioned in a previous chapter. Half a dozen watering places would be within easy reach, and at any of them the traveller might not only enjoy pleasant society, but might see how Americans do not live when they are at home. He might if only his purse were long enough, go to Saratoga and take part in a score of fashionable pastimes.

Never was the place so madly merry as in 1865. One large hotel had been reduced to ashes, which made the street near the railway station somewhat dreary. But other hotels were flourishing, and the trains brought new swarms of excursionists to fill every hole and corner in the ugly village. Prices were fabulously high. A man might hope to get

shaved, have an hour's drive in a carriage and buy a cigar, for a pound sterling—but nothing more! Saratoga did not want poor people, and took a very effectual means to keep them away. Great was the flirting, and the dancing, prodigious the consumption of champagne! Officers returned from the army, with wealthy merchants from east and west, met "shoddy" and "petroleum" in eager rivalry. If the officers could afford to stay long enough, they were sure to win, as they deserved, the greater share of ladies' favour; while he who carried an empty sleeve or a scar upon his face was a lion in Saratoga.

The races of this season were unusually good, and I regretted that I had not time to wait for them. Talking of horse races, there is no doubt that what concerns sport is making rapid progress in America. The grave Puritan spirit of New England, which objected to trivial amusements, has been overborne by the modern demand for relaxation, even in New England itself. New York State has exhibited cosmopolitan eagerness in such matters, and Saratoga was always gay.

One great difference did I observe between the Springs in 1860, and in 1865. Southerners had formerly been the leaders of fashion at this and other summer resorts in the North. Their elegant equipages and profuse expenditure made them conspicuous in the eyes of the most careless lounger; whilst on looking beneath the surface and learning

who governed society, it became clear that Southern influence and opinion had deep root amongst well-dressed Northerners. So it was at the Saratoga of 1860. But when five years had passed, secession and war had rooted up the old associations, fresh names were held in honour, and fresh families displayed their wealth. The planters of other days were killed or ruined, society had abhorred a vacuum, and their place was supplied by oil and shoddy. What did it matter to Saratoga, viewed as a village hungering for spoil, to whom its mineral waters were given? There was no falling off of custom at the hotels; no abatement in the demand for carriages to drive to the Lake.

I spent a pleasant week at that hotel, now lying in ashes, during the by-gone period of Saratogan life. We had prominent men from both sections of the country staying in the house, and one evening in particular, when some strolling musicians performed before a group of laughing guests, there were citizens standing side by side convulsed with merriment, who have since been deadly enemies. They were then persuaded that, although differences of opinion existed between North and South, no bloodshed need be feared. Poor human foresight! I have often thought of that evening when telegrams announced some desperate battle in Tennessee or Virginia.

During my former stay we had not any heroes to adorn the Springs whose achievements were more recent than Buena Vista and Cherubusco. Civilian

notabilities were fêted in default of men of the sword; a distinguished foreigner, especially if he were English and had a handle to his name, was the most desired acquisition at ball or picnic; whilst native captains and colonels, unless real West Pointers, counted for nothing. When tired of Mexican glories people went a few years further back, and spoke with freshness of events in 1812. It was some time since the last war with Great Britain certainly, but was not Winfield Scott a veteran of that war, and did not the Lieutenant General in his vigorous old age serve as a reminder of what had been? Many advocates of peace principles thought that armed strife amongst civilized communities would in future be prevented by arbitration. To support their theory they pointed to the short duration of the Italian campaign of the previous summer, and to the fact that no foreign power meddled with the struggle going on in Sicily. Nations had grown too sensible for fighting! A few bloodless overturnings of monarchies by the people were alone needed before mankind should enter upon a millennium of progress and prosperity. Fashionable circles were not given to abolition principles. They faintly believed in a disappearance of the "peculiar institution" at some distant day, and never dreamt of civil war as possible under any circumstances. Who could be safer or more moderate than Mr. Buchanan? At his retirement from office, Senator Douglas would doubtless succeed him, and Douglas was sound about the "institution." It was a pity that some hot-headed

young Southerners should excite themselves respecting that Illinois man, called Lincoln, for society did not intend that he should become President. And all this time a storm was brewing which was destined to burst over the United States before another season brought fashionable idlers to Saratoga. Buena Vista and Cherubusco were to be eclipsed by battles nearer home.

That was a grand standing point for Americans in 1860. The census had been taken and showed thirty millions of blacks and whites in the Republic. There was an insignificant debt and a standing army of only twenty thousand men. The pony express had been started to California and a column of troops had brought the Mormons at Salt Lake under Federal authority. East and West, North and South, there was prosperous commerce. Though the telegraph cable, which lay under the ocean from continent to continent, would take no messages, science had triumphed in another direction by bringing out so vast a ship as the Great Eastern, and friendship with England was to be for ever cemented by the courteous reception of the Prince of Wales. Thinking men could see that slavery must some day be dealt with, but they hoped to defer the question until the Free States of the North and West should have utterly outgrown the Slave States of the South, or until the Southerners should become convinced that free labour was most profitable. Efforts were made to check the

spread of the "institution" to Western territories. Kansas and Nebraska were to be free soil, slavery should be shut up in its present domain, where it might gradually flicker out as the planters exhausted their soil or changed their opinions. Such was the plan of moderate law-abiding citizens in the Free States. A safe and practical plan, we must admit, though with nothing enthusiastic or noble about it, no grappling with difficulties or upholding right for the sake of right. It deserved to fail, though its failure was curiously brought about by the very people who had better have let it succeed.

The South has suffered terribly and has been overthrown after a struggle of four years; but fatal as was its miscalculation of strength, sad as have been its losses, the slave power acted consistently in striving to gain an independent position and to secure its share of the Western wilderness. Of course Mr. Davis was shortsighted, those men who fail always are. Julian tried, in vain, to re-establish the ancient worship of the Empire and to give their former vigour to the legions of declining Rome. Yet Julian was an able ruler and the best general of his day. To defend slave institutions in this century is as much a turning back of the tide by human hands, as it was, when Julian reigned, to keep heathendom against christianity. It would indeed have been hard to reconcile the creation of a great slave-holding republic with other features of our time, when Russian serfs have at last obtained their

freedom, and Turkish ryots are *impracticably* protected by treaty.

Jefferson Davis was wrong. His treason did not prosper, and men dare to call it by hard names. But putting aside those broad principles which make a championship of slavery resemble the efforts of Mr. Gibbon's pet reactionist, there was courage and genius in the slave-holders' rebellion. They saw more clearly the strength and progress of Abolitionists than did easy-going Northern merchants or pleasure-seekers at Saratoga. They felt, that, with Abraham Lincoln's election, their cherished system of life was seriously threatened. It had come to this: either the South must wait patiently to be reformed when its enemies were ready, or must make a bold effort, break the old bonds of Union and force back the tide of opinion which seemed about to flow over it unchecked. History will decide where President Davis committed blunders, and will pronounce upon the Fabian tactics of General Lee.

It would seem as though when Europe began to feel sure that the Confederates must win, their doom was sealed. The best blood of the South had gone into the ranks, giving fearful energy to an assault by Southern troops and indomitable obstinacy to a defence. But a year's fighting had not ended the struggle; the chance of marching on Washington had been lost, and an exhausting drain of the best

Southern blood had begun. If we look to the other side, we see that a year's warfare had enabled the North to shake itself together, forming an army of disciplined troops and equipping a powerful navy. Washington city was securely fortified; Maryland held down by force; Kentucky overrun; Missouri conquered. Naval expeditions had seized many important points on the Confederate coasts, and Admiral Farragut was within a few weeks of taking New Orleans. So much at the end of the first year. If it is added that a Federal blockade had been established, sufficiently strict to raise three-fold the price of everything down South; that the 'Trent' affair had blown over without causing England to abandon her neutrality, and that Abolitionists began to have the Union feeling at their backs; a year's contest will be seen to have ruined the hopes of the Southern leaders. They could always have returned into the Union on condition of waiting to see their institution flicker out and abiding by the will of the majority. But a proud race, accustomed to carry arms and to rule over slaves, would not submit. They fought on during three years within a constantly narrowing circle, and, whilst the fiery youth of the upper class remained in their ranks, frequent victories were gained. At last, however, the Confederate regiments dwindled away, their favourite generals were killed or wounded, and they had no resource save in levies of

poor whites, who would usually desert, and of negroes who could not be trusted.*

The North grew stronger and stronger. Each defeat roused it to fresh exertions, whilst Union feeling became closely linked with emancipation. Incompetent generals were thrust aside; heavy public debt was incurred. "Our Union must be preserved," said the nation at large; "And slavery be exterminated!" muttered the Abolitionists, in tones which became more imperative with each succeeding month. Both objects were gained, though not without woeful slaughter. To a foreign looker-on the first of these objects may seem almost worthless beside the second, but it struck Americans very differently. They were led into the abolition of slavery by what, for them, was the paramount necessity of re-union. Perhaps St. George killed the dragon, not because of Sabina, who with a red cap on her head might stand for freedom, but on account of some secession which had taken place in the worthy knight's family as to whether the dragon was harmful or no.

And how stood North and South when those five years, with their century of change, had passed? Saratoga could boast its gayest season in the summer that witnessed the wholesale mustering out of service. Newport was equally full. Every steamer bound for Europe carried a crowd of wealthy travellers,

* It was not until the eleventh hour that the Confederate Government resolved to arm Sambo.

who had left their business prospering behind them. The railroads and canals of the Northern States were burdened with valuable freight. Immigrants arrived by thousands; new territories were settled in the Far West, while the pony express to California was to be superseded by a line of rail and telegraph. There was plenty of crime it is true, twenty thousand arrests being made in the Empire City alone during three months of 1865. There were also many desolate homes from which soldiers had gone to the war never to return, and many wounded men limping through the streets of Northern cities. But the North was marvellously prosperous. It had, without wishing to do so, speculated in its own paper currency; and, when gold fell from "280" to "140," that currency doubled in value. The poor nigger, kicked about from party to party, had been jokingly called "irrepressible." Now the really irrepressible thing was Yankee prosperity. Captain Semmes had damaged Northern trade to a certain extent, and a corner of Pennsylvania had seen the stern work of Gettysburg; but to talk of bloodshed and desolation in regard to the North was delusive. Those bronzed soldiers, whose presence changed the outward aspect of New York and other places, might have come home from a contest in Peru; and the sight of coloured men in uniform, which of itself marked a great transition, might be explained as a compliment to Horace Greeley; for the Northern cities showed no trace of war.

Yet there was not so smooth a prospect as in 1860. A vast section of the country, which had increased the census of that year, whence sprightly ladies and polished gentlemen had thronged to Saratoga, and where the negro had been supposed to fill up his leisure hours by composing Ethiopian serenades, was now completely beggared. It, too, had natural resources, but they were for a time rendered useless. War had fallen heavily upon the Southern States. Poverty and hunger had followed their desperate effort for independence, whilst their social system was disorganized by the change from slave to free labour, and the flower of their youth had died leaving sorrow throughout the land. We heard that people were begging for rations in one county, or had taken to the woods as guerillas in another. A gloomy picture was given of the state of things down South; and "reconstruction," although steadily pushed forward by President Johnson, had not by Midsummer done much to ameliorate the distress of the Confederacy. It was painful to know that the idle apprentice who had lived upon other people's toil was so severely punished, whilst his industrious neighbour, who had worked for himself, received more than a merited reward. Had not the former acquired his vicious habits from English ancestors? and had not the latter connived at wrong-doing through many money-making years? But such is the broad rough justice of history. I have always felt sorry for those

particular wicked Counts and gay Countesses on whom the guillotine descended. Their class had misgoverned France, preparing the way for revolution, yet they were no worse than generations which had gone quietly off the stage. Unhappily for them the crash came in their day; that was all. So with the Confederates of 1861! And these, moreover, strove against their fate with an energy that well-nigh secured success. It was not Legree, we may be sure, who gave spirit to the defence of Charleston or to the onslaught at Chancellorsville; but Shelby and St. Clair, the generous masters, who, when they reflected upon their position, were half ashamed of holding slaves! "Old Stonewall," the hero of the South, was only drawn into rebellion through devotion to his native State and had no faith in the divine right of slavery; while General Lee, whose talents so long upheld a sinking cause, disbelieved in the institution which that cause represented.

The idle apprentice was banished from Saratoga during its carnival time after the return of peace. Former fashions were flung aside, and former modes of thought were entirely forgotten. Instead of the respect with which "F. F. V." had been used to signify "First Families of Virginia," those initials were now almost a term of reproach. Slaveholders, not Abolitionists, must be burnt in effigy, for which sort of change there is always a Tony Fire-the-Fagot at hand; and the South, that had once seemed so

near, was looked at through the large end of the telescope until it appeared to be very distant. A nightmare of doubt and reticence was removed from the public mind, no subject was under taboo, no institution too "peculiar" to be discussed. People felt relieved at having tried conclusions with the South, and could see, with the acuteness of after wisdom, that a war had been inevitable. Greenbacks had risen in value, trade was flourishing, why should not the great watering-place run riot in all manner of extravagance? I remained there but a short time, and yet more life was to be seen in that period than in twice as long a stay five years before. I could only wish, that, if Sharon Springs were proportionately amusing, it had been my fortune to follow the course of a previous journey and go thither from Saratoga.

Sharon was a charming retreat, and there is no reason why it should have changed its character. Ten miles driving from the Palatine Bridge Railway-station brought me to the wooded valley where are springs so unpalatable that they would make any place famous. The village lies high and has cool bracing air; but as I did not visit it in character of an invalid, neither its nauseous fountains, nor its refreshing breezes occupied much of my attention. Sharon's chief interest consisted in the near neighbourhood of Cooperstown and Lake Otsego, the scene of more than one of the Natty Bumpo novels. Young

Deerslayer roamed over this country, and won his name of Hawk Eye in the woods near Otsego. Long afterwards he is found, as Leather-stocking, beside the same lake; whilst, in another tale, Mr. Cooper makes Eve Effingham reside in his favourite district. When I returned after a trip to Otsego there was music in the hotel. Some pretty Spaniards from Havana, whose papa had brought them north for the summer, sang very sweetly. There was no need to trouble about its being one's duty to drink sulphureous draughts, or to understand the songs which were sung. An hour of ease and contentment might be passed, listening contentedly to the music, whilst thinking of dear old Natty Bumpo. Modern boys have migrated westward in the exciting pages of Mayne Reid, but give me those wonderful shots with Killdeer and the smoke from the Lenapi wigwams for the poetical prose of forest life!

CHAPTER VII.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS WHEN THE BELL RINGS!

Brazen tallies — Sleeping cars.

ARE there proportionately more disasters by rail in America than in England? Does not our stolid temperament with a high rate of speed set off against their gross carelessness with a lower rate of speed? I ask because I want to know, and shall feel much obliged to any one who will collect statistics for me.*

As to the relative comfort of English and American travelling, we have faults on both sides. Would that a score of directors could be sacrificed as a propitiatory offering, and our systems amalgamated with the weaker parts left out. English carriages are free from draught, and each compartment is a cozy den for six or eight passengers. American cars, though draughty and public, secure you, by their open con-

* He must prepay his letter, and be careful that it is not over weight.

struction, from the risk of *tête-à-tête* journeys with gentlemen who possess loaded canes. So far the question is one to be calmly discussed, but what words can convey an adequate impression of Jonathan's advantage over John in getting his baggage "checked through," thereby escaping our national portmanteau hunt and carpet-bag fight.

It may have been your lot, dear reader, to lose some favourite coat, or some pair of boots which had just begun to be comfortable: You may have sought compensation, and found it after long delay, though I fear that you were obliged to confess to, having forgotten to see your luggage labelled. Jonathan is better prepared against disaster than you will consent to be. He paints boldly on his box a name and address in full, as—

"JONATHAN G. SLICK,
"SLICKVILLE, CONN."—

and this is a great help should anything go wrong. Yet the strength of his position lies in checking through. His luggage *must* be labelled (with a brass label attached to a leather thong), and when once the brazen tally is in Jonathan's pocket, he can smile at fortune's fickleness. No anxiety for him at way stations, no shouts of "Hullo, porter! that's my luggage, where are you taking it to?" Our cousin may forget that he has a box, until a week or two after his arrival, then remembering its

existence, he may send for it as though the same were booked in an English cloak-room. Who bears the brazen tally wins the box; and authorized baggage agents pass through the cars when the train approaches any large town to contract with Jonathan to deliver his portable property at hotel or private dwelling.

An English cloak-room! Ah, there we have thee, worthy cousin. We are not so "backwardation" as to be rivals whom thou canst safely despise. Railway cars in America have certain comforts which our rolling stock may lack, but English stations and the expense at which Mr. Bull holds the even tenour of his permanent way, should methinks command thy respect. For a community of unequal wealth, wherein rich and poor have their different methods of regarding a dollar, it would not be amiss to provide three classes of cars. Mr. Bull does so without considering himself degraded. Is he wrong? or is thy republican pride, worthy cousin, a little bit foolish?* I discovered, down in Carolina, that a negro had railway privileges which a "mean white" did not enjoy. Both we will suppose counted the money spent on travelling, yet, whilst Sambo who might only ride in the coloured car paid four dollars, Whitechap, who might ride where he pleased, was

* The difference of price between fast and slow trains often to be found in America, and the emigrant cars upon some lines, do not much improve the illogical system of one class for all comers.

charged five dollars and a half. Now it chanced, in my hearing, that a representative of the dominant race endeavoured to obtain a four dollar ticket. He was short of funds, and could not afford to be particular:—"We only give those tickets to coloured men," said the official tartly, and Whitechap rode first class against his will. Are the poorer blondes of North and South to be denied a railway equality with Sambo? Jonathan, how sayest thou, when the question is put in this form?

One point for us in regard to variety of classes; one to our cousin for his delightful Bradshaw. The American book is called 'Appleton's Guide," and should be bought by a stranger immediately after landing. It has an illustrated cover, a map, and a table of contents. Then comes a portrait of some distinguished railway personage, with a biographical notice. Then a dozen pages of railway intelligence, reports of lines in progress, and tabular statements showing cost of construction. We learn that thirty-five thousand three hundred and sixteen miles of railway have been completed in the United States, at a cost of about two hundred and eighty million pounds sterling; as also that there are in the States more than sixteen hundred miles of city horse-railways. From these heavy figures, especially that sum of two hundred and eighty millions sterling, we rally with a bound, on Appleton's next page, where is the beginning of a novelette, "to be continued"

in the following number. Racy anecdotes and jokes of more or less merit lead us forward to serious business. Now we have small maps facing time-tables, and larger maps spreading over two pages. There is something to catch the eye at every step, though Appleton has left all thought of fun behind. He tackles his subject with dauntless resolution. Here is the principle of arrangement freely translated:—

LEAVE.			ARRIVE.	
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.
2·0	7·0	London Bridge ..	11·6	6·4
3·4	8·0	New Cross	10·14	5·22
5·26	9·45	Forest Hill	9·12	4·17
6·13	10·50	Sydenham	8·4	3·8
7·8	11·15	Crystal Palace ..	7·0	2·5

There is an index of towns and cities towards the end of the volume, with steamboat and other advertisements bringing up the rear. 'Appleton's Guide' is, assuredly, one point for Jonathan.

Sleeping cars taken together form another point; or, taken separately, as is most consistent with individual experience, they form a succession of bright particular points. Our cousin obtains refreshing sleep whilst he is borne forward at twenty miles an hour through the darkness of night. "We've been druv to that invention, sir, by the stupendous size of this country," was Jonathan's remark when he heard me praise the sleeping car. And certain it is that for American distances our plan of sitting up all night, with occasional naps of half a minute, would

prove insupportable. The sleeping car is your real ship of the desert, which enables men to traverse many weary miles without sinking under fatigue. Its interior, when fitted for night work, is like the cabin of some very narrow vessel. Tiers of berths occupy either side, with a passage between them. There are curtains hung before the berths, and a wash-room is usually found in one corner of the car, so that, if "booked through" on a long journey, the traveller can improve his appearance when he awakes in the morning slightly dishevelled. I will not assert that railway slumber affords perfect rest; one is apt to feel as if one's head had slipped off the bolster and had been lying too low, yet it is a great luxury to sleep at all. Nor do these sleeping places prove inconvenient obstructions when daylight has come. They are cleared away, like hammocks on board a man-of-war; frames and mattresses are ingeniously stowed close under the roof of the carriage, leaving just seats enough for the number of sleepers that it will accommodate.

There is a charm about the American freedom from restraint by Companys' servants, and the liberty to commit any amount of suicides. No locking in of passengers like dumb driven cattle. If the train should unaccountably stop, and passengers expect to be run into by an express that is over due, they can get out at their own discretion and satisfy themselves of what is the matter, and jump in again upon hear-

ing the cry of "all aboard." On this very journey which I am making to my friends in New England we break down abjectly in mid career. The train stops among thick growing trees without a sign of human habitation near, the narrow single track running like a path through the wood. I have been conversing with an Illinois farmer, who views the Eastern States as a "poor stony section, only good for ship-building and notions." "By thunder," says he, "if we ain't stopped! Let's get out and look round a bit." This suggestion is generally acted upon, and a small crowd assembles near the snorting engine. The engineer calmly examines his broken machinery. "What's the matter?" I enquire. "Oh, nothing," he replied; "she's done this same afore; 'spects they'll be obliged to git her regular fixed up or there'll be a worse smash some day."

A box of tools is produced; the engineer, conductor, and fireman set to work with a will; the passengers give what help they can, and a rough mend is effected in no time. They drive in a wedge at one place and screw on a nut at another, until the engine is fit to proceed. Our conductor now raises his voice to a stentorian "All aboard!" and the engineer goes ahead, slowly at first, that gentlemen may be able to regain their seats.

Jonathan's locomotives fitted up with bell and cow-catcher, with huge lantern placed in front, and deep-toned whistle to sound a warning, are un-

equalled in their way. It must not be supposed that having cow-catchers is a preparation for illegal cattle-lifting, or that the catchers are faithful hounds employed in this service. They are but strong grated beaks, which protrude several feet in front of the engine, and are meant to toss aside any stray cattle that get upon the track. For American lines are seldom fenced off. They have, not our gates and signalmen at level crossings, but trust to the instinct of self-preservation in the public at large and to notices placed conspicuously before wayfarers by carriage road. Sometimes a notice will be phrased very briefly, as "Mind the Engine!" or will expand into "Look out when the bell rings!" whilst the more lengthy and comprehensive sentence, "Look out for the cars when the bell rings!" is all that you can expect as a friendly hint to those concerned. And wayfarers do look out, insomuch that very few of them are killed.

Without urging upon our boards of directors that signal-posts and gates be henceforward abandoned, wooden sleepers left without sufficient ballast, and Mr. Bull allowed to get in and out at pleasure, I would suggest an experiment. Let every mail-train which leaves London after nightfall be provided with an extra first-class carriage for the benefit of human sleepers. We might either improve upon Jonathan's idea, as has been our wont with other importations, or might continue for a while to copy the American model.

CHAPTER VIII.

YANKEE-LAND PROPER.

A country gentleman without a gamekeeper—The "Hub of the Universe."

THAT break down in the wood not being repeated, despite the roughness of the repairs there contrived, we soon reached the station near which my friends reside. A carriage was waiting for me, a few words of hearty greeting were exchanged, and I found myself rolling towards Waterville with a well-remembered lightness of springs and recurrence of holes in the road. There were men and waggons red with iron-ore, deeply rutted tracks branching off to the iron-works, and other signs of mineral as well as of agricultural wealth; agricultural industry would be a better phrase, for the Illinois farmer was right, New England is rather a "stony section."

My friends live near a lake about a mile wide. Beyond their residence is the straggling village, which changes its name further up, and becomes the centre of the township of Stonehenge. It is a hilly

country around, with peaks of considerable height and picturesque glens within an hour's drive, and not far away there is a cataract, which out of America would attract general notice.

The host himself is a quiet elderly man with little about him that we associate with the words "New England Yankee," though he is a staunch Unionist and thoroughly national in his mode of thought. He is no wire-puller,* yet his position and character have earned for him the first offices in his native State. Having never resided abroad, and only once travelled for a few weeks in Europe, Mr. Howel has not any foreign gloss to conceal his Yankee origin, nor does he pretend to be more than a plain New England country gentleman. Should my friend see and recognize this inadequate sketch, he will admit himself to be provokingly unsketchable. Not tall, raw-boned, and nasal, as are many Americans, nor yet a half-civilized millionaire as some are, Mr. Howel avoids oaths and swagger. He may boast that his father and grandfather held land in the township where he now lives, and he may reasonably hope that his son will hold the same land after him. Why should he not feel like a squire in one of our English counties?

A squire, and no talk of sport? A country gentleman without one solitary gamekeeper? Yes, such is my friend's condition. America has produced some-

* Intriguing politician, or, generally speaking, a Punch and Judy man of the political show.

thing new out of the ancestral stock, something less fiery than the cavaliers of Virginia, and less sportsmanlike than our landed gentry, but which we did wrong to underrate when calculating the chances of the civil war. Citizens like Mr. Howel kept the Union together.

It is curious to find free-trade scouted by go-ahead Yankees, when *we* have abandoned protection. If one quarter of what has been said and written about "unshackled commerce" be true, then Jonathan is quite wrong, and trying to travel the "back-track." Possibly there are no absolute truths in political economy, so that what holds good between country and country, does not apply between continent and continent. Each hemisphere ought, perhaps, to be bottled up separately, so as to develope its resources of all kinds.

In most of the townships around Waterville—a "township" is here a territorial division like a parish with us, and need not necessarily contain any houses —the price of land has doubled during the last thirty years. Cleared farming-land now costs from 12*l.* sterling to 20*l.* the acre, so you will easily understand why immigrants proceed at once to the West. There they have better wages than in the Eastern States, whilst land is actually given to them.

Except for the arrival of a few domestic servants, the Waterville community has received no addition for a long time. It has sent its increase far

and wide in search of fortune, but those left at home form a population less mixed and shifting than is found in newer settlements. These country-folk cannot see themselves in the perspective of a glance from Europe. They feel in most ways like long-established, old-world citizens. Though grizzly bears still exist on the same continent, these are utterly left out of the calculations of Waterville yeomen; and even the civil war has resembled a struggle in some foreign country. Sunday after Sunday the grave congregation has met at the church door; no alarm has sounded through Stonehenge township; and if it were not that wounded soldier-boys have returned home and that President Lincoln's picture is seen hung with black on many a parlour wall, there would be nothing to tell of the great events transacted elsewhere.

Boston is more the capital of this district than is New York. The "Empire City" lies nearer to Waterville by half a day's journey, but the "hub* of the universe" may claim to be the centre from which their village opinions and politics are reflected.

The streets of Boston as I see them on arriving in a glow of summer sunshine, are gayer than is customary with Boston streets. Many returned soldiers lounge in bar-rooms or stroll along the pavements, giving something of that military aspect observable about this time in New York.

* Centre of a wheel.

There is no secession sympathy down East. I am now in a place thoroughly hostile to the Confederates. "They thought that we couldn't fight and we've shown them that we can!" is a sentiment very noticeable in Boston, and one which overlays the mere triumph of Union principles. Shop-windows contain caricatures of Southern celebrities, and an immense supply of patriotic songs. It is a great moment for New England! The slave-holding power despised the Yankees, and Yankees are extinguishing slavery. Northerners were once tarred and feathered in the South if they talked of negro rights, and now there are to be coloured schools at Richmond under Northern superintendence.

It is not far, measured by horse-railway, from Harvard University to Boston City, but there is distance sufficient to rescue the city from that apoplectic stagnation which characterizes the unlearned surroundings of seats of learning. Boston has a life of its own, a busy commercial life, less speculative than at New York, and less overflowing with raw produce than in the larger places out West. Snug long-established firms are more the rule in Boston, just as literature there holds the place usurped by fashion in the Empire City. Give me, if I must needs dwell between the two, a home in Boston, and a yearly visit of six weeks to some luxurious New York hotel.

Luxurious hotels?—aye, there's the question! Have American hotels, upon the American plan, anything

more than a show of luxury about them? Take for granted the marble floors, wide staircases, and elegantly-furnished rooms, which bid high for popular favour, is a man any better off for sojourning in such a palace? He can walk through it feeling awed at his own extravagance in helping to pay for so much splendour, and there his enjoyment ends. He has no individual existence. The proprietors have contracted to board and lodge him for so many dollars a day. A bedroom is provided and meals are laid upon the table at stated hours; but the hotel guest has no power of ordering his dinner when he wishes for it, no influence whatever upon the great machine that ministers to his daily wants. The wizard who has produced this palace requires his patrons to move within narrow limits, or to pay forfeit on their excess. Everything is "extra," save only what we Europeans call "extras." Attendance is not charged; either smoothly as waiter, coquettishly as chambermaid, or humbly as boots. Quality and variety of dishes do not affect the week's bill—your wizard can afford to give costly viands. But meals are paid for, whether eaten or no; servants stare as if doubtful of the stranger's reason, should he ring for them under any pretence; and all refreshment partaken of in private rooms costs something in addition to the stipulated amount for daily board. Does this constitute such complete luxury as Americans fondly suppose?

CHAPTER IX.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

An old skipper's story — The Tip-top Summit.

BOSTON is very like an English city, but before you get far on the road to Portland you will find yourself in a region of completely foreign appearance. There are plank-sheathed houses and rough timber fences, stunted pine-trees and rocky soil. It is a wonder how civilisation ever took root thereabouts with so little to encourage the labour of the husbandman. Yet we pass comfortable homesteads and thriving towns, whilst there is an amount of passenger traffic which shows that people have the wherewithal to purchase railway tickets. At one place a live donkey is seen drawing a cart. My fellow-travellers are greatly amused. I tell them that, with us, the humble animal in question, although never seen when dead, is common enough when living.

But to regain our track per Eastern railroad. We reach Portland in due time, and, from Portland, I start upon the Canadian Grand Trunk line, which,

like some perverted stream, here wanders through alien territory.

A Canadian Grand Trunk car is essentially an American car, as is the engine of bell and cow-catcher an American engine. We travelled on through Maine and New Hampshire with blue-coated passengers returning home from the war, and a Yankee news agent of persuasive 'cuteness. He was a boy in years, but worth a man's wages any day. What availed speculations about an *intercolonial* line which should unite the British Provinces, with a harbour open during winter-time, and make Halifax instead of Portland their Atlantic terminus? Who would look at the monotonous acres of pine trees, the fields full of stumps, and the snug homesteads which such fields supported, when temptation to buy, not a farm, but some trifling luxury, was constantly before him? That boy must have chartered half a baggage-van to convey his stock-in-trade. Favoured by the construction of the train, he would pass nimbly from car to car and offer each passenger a newspaper with "latest intelligence." Next came books and magazines, distributed, as an advertisement, by the boy on his way down, and collected on his way up, save such as had attracted interest and were purchased. Literature "played out," our busy attendant brought boxes of dried figs, a quarter dollar per box, the neatest little things possible, cakes of maple sugar, packets of lozenges, baskets of unripe apples, nuts, saucers

with raspberries ready sugared, and many other knick-knacks. He urged no one to buy, and would not abate his price a single cent, but tried to catch every passenger at some weak point, and succeeded in doing so with all whom I could see. The present writer, after standing firm against apples and lozenges, and asking in vain for a sandwich, was conquered by one of the dried fig-boxes on its second appearance. This boy's attention was not distracted, as is often the case with his class in American trains, by having to hand round iced-water; for here the water was in a large jar, fixed half-way down the carriage, which passengers could tap at their pleasure into a glass placed conveniently beside it.

From whatever cause arising, the "universal Yankee nation" is beyond a doubt addicted to "sweeties." No people can boast a larger amount of solid produce in corn and beef to reward their labour, if we take Yankee in the European sense and couple the Western States with New England proper. But, although in good hotels and private houses, the lolly-pop *pur et simple* is out-weighed by wholesome fare, yet in railway refreshment-rooms, village stores, and on the cars, as above described, I have found little save kickshaws, more or less nauseous, to comfort a hungry traveller. Here let me pause, as food books are the nuisance of our age. Tourists will persist in narrating what they had at breakfast before the ascent of the Worcestershire

Beacon, or what "mine host gave us for supper when we landed at Cowes." Novelists, too, by way of tinging their fancies with reality, are apt to make the hero and heroine eat heartily—"appetizing chapters to read whilst you are waiting for dinner," as an unromantic friend of mine says.

Whilst the industrious boy was tempting us with his varied assortment and our train was somewhat leisurely devouring space, we entered upon the mountainous frontier region of New Hampshire. This region has traditions of Indian fights in the early days of settlement, for Kentucky's "dark and bloody ground" deserved its native name no better than did the now thriving counties which surround the Agiochook or White Mountains. In point of numbers engaged, these battles did not amount to much, but they were stubbornly contested, as when Captain Lovell lost half his band and killed twice as many red-skins as that band had mustered of pale-faces. Now-a-days the war-whoop and crack of border rifle have made way for more mirthful sounds. White Mountain excursions are to New Englanders what visits to the Lakes are to us. First class hotels abound in the Agiochook valleys, and several lines of railroad bring yearly a crowd of pleasure-seekers.

At Gorham station on the Grand Trunk, just ninety-one miles from Portland, I alighted and took coach for the foot of Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountain range.

These American coaches are relics of a bygone system which still preserve a little sphere of usefulness all to themselves. With us, in England, omnibuses and flys supplement the railway communication, but in America, the light-built omnibus, or lighter hack-carriage, cannot convey Jonathan's ponderous portmanteaus over country roads. He has been reputed to travel with a valise incredibly small, and he does, should smallness be his aim. Yet certain it is that no one possesses more unmanageable articles of luggage to supply his heavy marching order. So it happens that to and from the hotels in large cities and at nearly every way station on the railroads, ply heavy old-fashioned coaches, which are about the most substantial vehicles on the western continent drawn by horseflesh, always excepting military gun-carriages.

A handsome coach of this kind, with a team of six greys, was presently bearing me along with other passengers towards Mr. Thompson's Glen House, which stands at the foot of Mount Washington. A forest track in tolerable repair enabled us to make good headway, although it was up hill for the whole distance. I had wished to sit outside and enjoy the sunset view, but there was no place to be had; and, in compensation, I met a most agreeable inside passenger. A hard, keen-looking old man, whose face was weather-beaten into the toughness of parchment.

"This coach and its middle seat with leathern back would astonish them in England," said I.

"May be, sir," he replied. "Guessed you hailed from that section on first sighting you." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "I've only been once in England, and it was against my will that I went."

"How, sir, as a prisoner?"

"Ay, ay, that's about it!"

"Your experiences must have been very interesting, for it was sharp work in 1812."

My companion looked whimsically grave as he replied—"A man is often laughed at for giving his own figure head a simple washdown, when he might fresh paint any one else's. A few conceited critturs have spiled the personal narrative business, which is a pity, I dew think."

After this we fell talking of the scenery, the roughness of the road when it got out of repair, and other travellers' topics. Our driver pulled up and collected his dollar fare from each passenger, in something of the amateur highwayman style. Then away went those six spirited greys, and my neighbour slid into his yarn of 1812 without further apology.

"No sooner had the war begun, sir, than we at Salem concluded to have out a few privateers; and as I had taken to the sea for a profession, why, what more natural than to ship myself aboard one of them? She was a little craft, schooner-rigged and no more than sixty tons. We had forty hands aboard, all

told, and one tremenjous big eighteen-pounder gun on a swivel amidships. It was too heavy a piece for such a vessel, and a long six-pounder would have done for our work quite as well—we didn't go out to fight, but to take prizes—but this big eighteen-pounder was the only cannon to be had for love or money, so our captain was forced to take it along. He was a smart man, the captain, and clever at that—American clever, sir, which you call good-natured, I'm thinking. Wal, we had only a small vessel to cruise in, and we knew that many of the English merchantmen carried ten or twelve guns, indeed the first prize brought into Salem had mounted twenty-four nine-pounders, twelve on a side like a regular sloop o' war, but then she had only six-and-twenty souls aboard, all counted, for the British Government took every man they could catch for their navy, and merchant craft war' forced to go to sea short handed. It was this fact we calculated on, and we meant, if a large prize came in our way to hook hold of her and board her, never mind what armament she carried.

"Our cruise was lucky in the beginning, we took four colonial vessels and recaptured three American. These had reduced us to twenty-seven hands, when, one morning on the Banks,* having sailed for some time through a thick fog, it lifted, and showed us three British ships close aboard. There was a seven-

* Banks of Newfoundland.

gun schooner and a twelve-gun brig, and a twenty-eight-gun sloop. Of course we made all sail to git clear of them, and, finding that the sloop overhauled us steadily, we tried to heave our big gun into the sea. But the tackle shifted, and one of the trunnions druv through our deck, jist inside the water-way, so there was this useless eighteen pounder listing her down till its muzzle trailed in the water.

"At last the British sloop came alongside, and poured in a discharge of grape, which cut away most of our running rigging and brought our colours down on deck. After firing some musket-shot at the enemy, we war' sent below, and John Bull, jist to show that powder warn't scarce with him, gave another dose of grape, and piped all hands to repel boarders.

"'Have you struck your colours?' sings out an officer through a trumpet.

"'Wal!' says our captain; 'Guess we have; but if you wants to fire agin, don't let that sarcumstance hinder you!' He was ryled you see, sir, at their havin' fired once already after the colours war' down, and, when we came up on the sloop's deck as prisoners, he says to the young lord that commanded her—

"'If yew Britishers aire so d—d scared by a Yankee privateer, best make tracks at once, for yew might meet a 'hul Yankee frigate some day!'

"'Silence, sir, go for'ard,' says my lord, while the other officers they kinder grinned, for it seems they

thought him over-anxious. Wal, to Halifax we went, captain and men messing together as prisoners, it bein' a British custom at that time to make no distinction for captains of privateers which mounted less than four guns. But our skipper had had his word with the live lord and didn't care whar' they put him.

"Four months war' we kept at Halifax, and then we war' shipped, along with other prisoners, aboard a transport that was returning to England. A hundred of us went, with a promise of being hung on reaching British soil. The enemy had taken some of their subjects serving aboard our vessels, and six of these men were to be executed as an example, so President Madison replied by picking out twelve English prisoners and threatening to do the like with them. The hostile Governments had made it twenty-four, then forty-eight, and, when a hundred of us Yankees were put aboard the transport bound to Spithead, it was supposed that we should all pay forfeit if our countrymen carried out their latest threat. A fine sea-worthy craft the transport was, almost as large as a seventy-four, with a lower deck which had accommodated a battalion of red-coats. She made what was called a fast passage, though our clippers would laugh at it now—thirty days out, sir, from Halifax to Spithead. Had the food been good we should have had a nice time, but they had taken every pound of good bread out of the ship and put rotten stores aboard. The captain was real

sorry to see his flag so disgraced. 'My lads,' said he; 'I've a wife and nine children, so can only jist git along, or else I would buy something fit for you to eat; but I and my crew will share this rotten bread with you, till such time as we make the English land.' Now, sir, they had chosen out a hundred Yankee boys of under twenty-five, so there was no leading hand among us, but the oldest chap spoke out for the rest. 'Cap'n,' said he, 'we prisoners conclude to make no complaint, seein' its all fair and hearty between yew and us;' and though one died of the food going over and others war' brought very low, no complaint did we make. It was a sight I tell yew, when the first boat-load of wholesome bread reached us off Portsmouth in England.

"As to hanging, both Governments kinder backed down, and we prisoners suffered nothing worse than two years' detention at Sheerness, on a hulk that had been taken from the Danes. I could see the smoke of London, but never visited the city. The next place they took me to was Plymouth, from which, when peace was declared, I came straight back to America. That, sir, is how I came to travel to England against my will, and I've always been friends with your people since, when any of them have chanced to steer the same course as me."

We finished our forest drive, and drew up at the door of the Glen House immediately after the old sailor's story had ended. This hotel, with its clear-

ing of a few acres in extent, its stables and offices, stands like an oasis in the midst of primeval woods which cover the surrounding hill-sides. Eight miles off is Gorham Station, with a couple of dwellings upon the road thither; but, in other directions, the distance to any settlement is considerably greater. The hotel proprietor, with commendable enterprize, provides, during summer, a staff of waiters, an excellent *cuisine*, a bar-room, hair-dresser's shop, and posting department. His guests are well lodged and boarded; there is telegraphic communication with all parts, from a small bureau railed off near the hotel door; and so completely is everything arranged, that, although when I arrive two hundred visitors are staying under Mr. Thompson's roof, we are not inconveniently crowded. Supper being over, some ladies and gentlemen have a dance in the principal corridor, whilst others, strolling into the verandah, watch the fading of salmon-coloured clouds over the hill-tops and the coming out of twinkling stars as evening deepens into night.

I have sought this verandah and am looking towards Mount Washington's summit, which shows out boldly against the sky, when the veteran of 1812 addresses me.

"A fine prospect, sir," says he; "those hills are even grander when half seen than in the glare of day-time."

"Yes," I reply; "and the woods look gloomy and

mysterious. How strange, that, in a century at most, your backwoodsmen should have driven west, or exterminated, not only those luckless red-skins, but all the wild animals of the forest, and left that forest like a dead thing with the moving living principle gone."

"Stop, sir! Hold on thar! You're wrong in thinking that them woods air' entirely deserted, and, what's more, you're doin' as Englishmen generally will about this country—you're building up a big theory before gittin' your facts all square."

"Then there are beasts still lingering amongst these hills?"

"Wal, that's what I meant when I told you to stop. Why, sir, 'tis but two seasons ago that I was coming on a fine evening like this up yonder track from Gorham, when I sighted a tall stout-looking figure standing in the middle of the road. I walked on, thinking nothing of bears, until the stranger turned round and gave a low growl. Presently a pair of cubs shambled across the track and took to the woods on the other side. The old she-bear retreated after them, coming down on all fours as she fell into the line of march."

I heard many things about the White Mountains during the next morning, was told how the Alpine House proprietor, although his chief establishment is at Gorham, had cut past Mr. Thompson and opened a "Tip-Top Summit House," on the highest point of

Mount Washington. I heard also how a company, under charter from the State of New Hampshire, had constructed a carriage-road to the said tip-top summit, and that a telegraphic wire was stretched beside the road, keeping mankind in communication with the Summit House as with Thompson's Glen House five thousand feet below. Would not our Alpine Club recoil in disgust at the notion of such a civilized mountain, even if grizzly bears roamed at its base instead of mild honey-loving vegetarians? I will spare the feelings of Switzerland and her friends, nor induce that brave Swiss boy of song to arouse himself in anger, with terrible yodl-odl-odls. All details of the proposed railroad to the Agiochook summit shall be shunned; for, if constructed in America, why not in Europe? and fancy porters shouting, "*Mer de Glace!*" "*Mer de Glace!*" "*En voiture pour le sommet!*"

What a district it is! The White Mountains are, indeed, far smaller than the giants of Switzerland, and have no region of perpetual snow; but they are larger than anything of the kind in Great Britain. It is only in ages of historical existence, in wars that have raged around them, and bygone heroes who sleep upon their sides, that Carnedd Llewellyn or Ben Lomond are superior to Mount Washington of New Hampshire. As a native farmer expressed his geological creed, "There was so much spare land in that section of the State that it had to be sot right

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up on end to keep it out of the way." Within thirty miles by twenty, there are fourteen peaks of more than four thousand feet above the sea; seven peaks of more than five thousand; and the monarch himself—Mount Washington—can boast a height of six thousand three hundred feet. "Yes, sir," my informant added, "this is a remarkable country. Our hotels and our saw-mills can't be matched in creation. It must make you Britishers feel badly to see us so located!"

Having learned all about Mount Washington at its foot, nothing remained but to make the ascent. A little toll-house is passed immediately after leaving Thompson's hotel, and here thirty-two cents must be paid to the Road Company, then upward, and upward, by a gradual and well-built carriage way, through thickly-tangled woods. I was not fortunate in the weather at this period, and got thoroughly drenched by the time that four or five miles had been completed. The trees gave place to bushes, the bushes to tiny shrubs, and these in turn were succeeded by blank stony desolation, not presenting huge pieces of rock in way of chasm, or precipice, but a chaotic heaping up of great rough stones which covered the surface of the mountain. The wind grew furious. No umbrella, although mine was Sangster's patent upon Fox's paragon frame,* could withstand its might; and when

* A fact which purchasers of Mackintosh will do well to remember.

at length in mist and cold the Tip-Top Summit House became visible, I was glad to take shelter by a glowing stove, with knowledge that they had plenty of blankets on the premises. A dollar and a half for a bed and the same for each meal is not exorbitant, when we remember under what difficulties this little hotel is maintained, and that, during eight months every year it is left to take care of itself, when the Alpine House landlord withdraws his "Summit" garrison to a milder climate.

All through the night there is howling wind and pattering rain. I recollect with satisfaction that our wooden roof is chained down, for otherwise away it would go to a moral certainty. With day-dawn we have some abatement of rain, but thick clouds still envelope the Tip-Top Summit and rush past before a steady north-west gale. "Beyond having it rather cold, we might be anywhere, sir!" remarks my next neighbour at breakfast, and a spirit of despondency prevails among the T. T. S. lodgers, when, on a sudden, the clouds disperse, bright sunlight shines over the jagged rocks of Mount Washington, and other peaks, almost of equal height, appear like islands above a rolling vaporous sea. Lower sinks the mist, until only the valleys close at hand are hidden from us; whilst a distant landscape of immense extent becomes clearly visible. In one quarter we can see the boundaries of Canada, in another there is some large lake, which fringes the horizon like a sheet of

silver. "What d'ye call that pond, Captain?" asks one of the tourists of an habitué who is placidly smoking. "Wal," replies this individual drily; "that is about the largest puddle yet invented." Our cicerone here interpolates, "Atlantic Ocean, gentlemen, seventy-six miles distant in a bee-line!" And we look at this strip of salt water with redoubled attention. I remember being told by a down-east skipper that he had sighted Mount Washington in winter-time, as a white speck ahead, before he had made any other land, and when the summit must have been a hundred miles from his ship. Whilst we looked at the far-away prospect which had been so quickly revealed, there was a stronger gust of wind and a greater dispersion of the clouds. Valleys and hill-sides, rock and forests, with many a clearing and many a sheet of water, were displayed for a few moments flecked with light and shade. The grand old hills were blue and sharply defined, the mist had rolled itself out of sight, save where it still clung round the skirts of Mount Washington. For ten minutes we had a lovely view, then the wind gave a fiercer scream, fresh masses of vapour swept along before it or descended upon us, everything fifty yards off was in an instant shrouded from sight, and the vision that had seemed to come at the touch of an enchanter's wand was gone, as though the genii of the ring thought that we had seen enough.

From the Glen House to Gorham station was a

drive of considerable bumping and jolting when taken in a light waggon with three companions and four ponderous boxes. At Gorham I took train for Quebec and was rattled away towards Her Majesty's dominions past rocks and pine trees, through the glow of a yellow sunset and the calm starlight which succeeded it.

I took train! What a relief it would be did custom allow a traveller who writes in prose, to imitate Childe Harold and sink that ever recurring *ego* by alluding to his personality as "the Childe."

CHAPTER X.

OUR ANGLO-FRENCH COLONY.

Early settlers — The auctioneer — Sachems in council.

Poor Jacques Cartier, the pilot of St. Malo, was not more fortunate than other early navigators. Dreams of distant empire won from the swart barbarian, of discoveries that should open new paths to commerce, and of a grateful country rewarding the discoverer, were doomed to disappointment. Cartier died, worn out by hardship and exposure, sickening with hope deferred. He had sailed from Brittany when the gay court of Francis I. cared little about forming agricultural colonies. Spain, the hated rival, had found gold in the Indies, and had plundered heathen monarchies at the cost of taking a second-rate city in Flanders. But of what use to well-bred persons was a desert with a fine river running through it? If Frenchmen wanted rivers, had they not the Seine? Thus, for nearly a century that expedition of two sixty-ton luggers from St.

Malo was barren of result. Then Champlain followed where Cartier had begun; Quebec was founded on the site of the Indian village of Stadacona, and Montreal on the island named Mount Royal, by the first explorer when he reached it in his canoe.

A French colony sprang up on the St. Lawrence about the same time as the first settling of Pilgrim Fathers in New England, and very soon the two races of white men, with their Indian allies—Algonquins and Hurons for the French, Iroquois for the British—were fiercely contending for territory and scalps. Their contest led to no definite result through several generations, except that, like a dwarf campaigning with a giant, the savage was enfeebled both by victory and defeat, suffering more than his share of the blows which were given and received. By the time that the British colonies had been united into a continuous line, that New Amsterdam had become New York, and William Penn had founded "the Keystone State," there was a considerable French settlement in Canada.

Quebec had 7000 inhabitants and Montreal 3000, when Evangeline and Gabriel left the village of Grand-Pré. Along the St. Lawrence there were seigneuries and military posts, with skilful hunting and unscientific farming, plenty of priests, and, *grâce à Dieu!* no heretics. It is idle to conjecture what might have been, had La Rochelle, instead of St. Malo, despatched colonists to Canada; had the Hu-

guenots landed at Quebec, as did the Puritans at Plymouth, and a new, untrammelled life been given to the transatlantic Frenchman. France had not, in the seventeenth century, any more than in the nineteenth, a government which would let things drift when they were difficult to tow. Bigoted paternalism afflicted her then, as enlightened paternalism, in the opinion of many, afflicts her now. The Andrés, Bouveries, and Lefevres went to England, carrying their talents and energy to a foreign sceptre. Other Huguenots took refuge in Sweden; others in New York; whilst impoverished noblemen, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned, and peasants of the simplest kind, were left to people "La nouvelle France." When we remember how small was the French population in this region, and with what a severe climate they had to deal, it must be admitted that they showed native vigour of race in striking root there at all.

Canada was not so much a colony in its early days as a station from which to attack the English and to explore the unknown wilderness. The French understood how to conciliate their Indian allies, and, being upon the highway of inland navigation, they pushed far beyond their European rivals in Western discoveries. Trappers and *voyageurs*, half-castes and converted aborigines, assisted their missionaries to reach the most distant tribes. French forts were established in rear of the English possessions; one

French settlement controlled the St. Lawrence, another was at the mouth of the Mississippi. It seemed possible that between these points a chain might be stretched which should confine King George's subjects to the Atlantic coast, and give France a Western empire over what now is Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri. But such a dream could not be realized without great forces, and France was so hard pressed in Europe during the time of Voltaire and Pompadour, that she could afford small succour to her generals in the New World. "We cannot take thought of the stable when the house is on fire," said a French minister of that day to some Canadians who petitioned for assistance. So it happened that the fleur-de-lys withered in America before the red rose of England, and that the rose was, by an odd coincidence, choked with political thistles soon afterwards.

The conquest of Canada could not be averted, for Pitt had resolved on it, who seldom resolved in vain. But that conquest was quickly followed by the revolution which deprived England of her thirteen colonies; and Canadians, who had served under Montcalm, lived to repulse Montgomery from their capital. When he fell, on the cold winter-night that saw his daring enterprise frustrated, it was France which regretted the death of Wolfe's old soldier, and England which rejoiced in the safety of Quebec! Everything had changed hands; Lafayette was the friend of Washington, France the cordial ally of America,

and King George retained little of the Western continent beyond what had owned allegiance to King Louis twenty years before—from which we may draw the moral, that it is wise to conquer your neighbour's territory betimes, so as to have something left if your own dominions chance to rebel.

A hundred years of British rule have witnessed the increase of sixty-five thousand *habitans* to seven hundred thousand. There are now more than a dozen French newspapers published in Canada, and scores of handsome shops in the Lower Canadian cities over which French names appear. These people must have possessed the respectable quality of multiplying in no common degree. Americans themselves, without immigration, would not have done so much, in the same period, to raise their number. Yet, though there are now tenfold more *habitans* than when Wolfe's victory changed the allegiance of their ancestors, Lower Canada has, for all that, a mixed population. Some villages and whole country districts are purely French, but other districts are filled in great part with English-speaking settlers, who may also be found carrying on business in the cities. Between three and four hundred thousand of such settlers dwell in the Lower Province. They, too, own handsome shops and publish newspapers, whilst they are more conspicuous (in proportion to the census return) than their Gallic neighbours, from having the Mandarin language and the nationality of the Home Government to back them.

Here I had better stop short of committing myself to bygone Canadian politics. Enough has been said to indicate the development of our Anglo-French colony. Why dig up the buried hatchet, and trouble you with mention of M. Papineau, and the riots at Montreal, and the union of the provinces? Suffice it, that when the *habitans* were exposed to the danger of being outvoted by Upper Canada, guarantees were given them which have been hitherto respected; that the united administration has worked with reasonable harmony; and that at this moment Lower Canada is as loyal as any of Her Majesty's foreign possessions. Sir Etienne Taché declared his belief that the "last shot fired for British rule in America would be fired by a French Canadian." So it may, if any powder be destined to burn about the lowering of our flag at Quebec. But, meanwhile, there is an amusing variety of thought and conversation produced by the mixture of race, which none save the most narrow-minded Saxon would wish to forego. You look from the car that bears you rapidly over Grand Trunk sleepers, and see gibbet-like frames, with this inscription upon them, "Railroad-crossing." Now is it not a relief to have the same idea conveyed in other words—"Traverse du chemin de fer"—upon the same gibbet? It is as good as reading 'The Tale of Two Cities,' and makes you feel as if you knew a great deal of French. Then with those monotonous civic placards, which announce to the denizens of

a certain ward that they must "forthwith pay their rates," how enlivening to have a translation in the next column. Self-taught genius need but work at bill-sticking to acquire a smattering of a foreign tongue. A foreign tongue, indeed! We recognize no such distinction in Lower Canada. Members of Parliament may use whichever language they prefer to rely on. Cabmen bully their patrons in both alike. Every verbal formality, from the Governor-General's speech when he opens a session, to the policeman's colloquy with a midnight inebriate, is translated in its second edition. "Allez, allez, donc!" says the policeman experimentally, and finding that his remark produces no effect, he glides into, "Come, now! get along with you!" The lingual proficients of Calais and Boulogne would here find worthy competitors, whose power extends beyond recommending the "Hôtel d'Angleterre" to "milord," and declaring that "that other one, bad house." Your clever Canadian is far ahead of this.

I remember watching an auctioneer in St. John's, near Montreal, who carried on business by using English and French at the same time. He would put up some article for sale, with, "Now here goes this valuable lot!—*Venez, messieurs et mesdames!* Will any one make an offer? Thank you, sir! *Trois écus pour ces chaises-ci! Mon Dieu, c'est le vol! Merci bien, Monsieur Jacques.* Four dollars bid! The chairs actually going at one pound! No, *sirr!*

Une autre fois pour vingt shillings. Allez, allez donc, mes enfants. Won't nobody say four and a quarter? *Ces chaises sont très-bon marché à cinq écus.* I've thoughts of buying them myself at thirty shillings. *Quatre écus trente sous!* thank ye, ma'am!" and thus he continued, over various small pieces of property during more than an hour, his tongue never flagging, his readiness in either language seemingly unshakable. To render this odd jumble more obscure, there was, as the reader will have perceived, a constant variation from Canadian to United States currency, and back again. But, strangest thing of all, no person present evinced surprise at the auctioneer's duoglot utterances, or appeared to be confused thereby. The crowd laughed and joked, lounged up to see and lounged away when it had seen, as crowds will; whilst some talked English, some French, without noticing to whom their criticisms were addressed.

The real entrance to Canada is not by Grand Trunk Railway from the White Mountains—the route traversed in our last chapter—nor yet by Lake Champlain and the line from Rouse's Point to Montreal, but straight up the mighty St. Lawrence, from Cape Gaspé to Father Point, and from Father Point to Quebec. This is the approach which gives a stranger the grandest impression of North America. New York harbour, though beautiful, is comparatively small, and Boston Bay is wanting in high background

to give its many islands due effect. The St. Lawrence has beauty, size, and background combined. It has been my good fortune to enter Canada by steam-ship from Liverpool, and I recommend every traveller who wishes to enjoy a fine sight, provided that he travel in summer time, to adopt this course. For particulars of freight and passage he must apply to those whose interest it is to inform him. But let me say, in justice to the Canadian steamers, that they offer liberal terms and treat their passengers well.

Out of the fog-banks of Newfoundland, with an iceberg to be seen on one side and a whale, which somebody had sighted, but which would not blow a second time, to be looked for on the other. The fog, rolled into fleecy white clouds, still caused our captain some anxiety. He wished for a breeze of wind to keep things clear, though he had little doubt of making land before sunset. A tall black sugarloaf dimly seen above the clouds was pointed to as Cape Ray. Desolate mountains, with snow lying in patches upon them, became visible on our starboard bow. The sugarloaf grew more distinct, a shelving point stretched from its base into the sea. There was a village with sailing craft moored before it, and a boat propelled by sail and oars coming to us with all speed. Our engines were stopped, a gasping of steam sounded as though some lion without his front teeth were trying to roar, and we assembled on deck to watch the coming boat. Now for the purser, with

his tin case surmounted by a red flag full of the latest European intelligence. That tin has been intrusted to him on behalf of the American Associated Press. There is an agent on shore in yonder village who will telegraph by submarine wire to Nova Scotia, whence our news will reach every western city. Had we not made the land, but steamed past it by soundings or dead reckoning, the purser's tin would have been thrown overboard to take its chance, and five dollars reward have been paid to the lucky fisherman who found it. News must be had, and whilst telegraphic wire is creeping through British Columbia to join the Russian system at Behring Straits, or being coiled in the hold of the 'Great Eastern' with a view to more direct communication, we, in the Canadian steamer, are assisting in an old plan, carried to its highest perfection—a lightning flash on both shores, but a floating creature to bear despatches across the ocean. There is no resisting these scientific gentlemen, however, who wish to rob a ship of her news-bearing privilege. Our position, as we lie vaporously gasping, while the tin case is handed down to the boat from shore, is that of the thirteen miles an hour Brighton coach when railways first appeared upon the scene. The steamer has astonished everybody and annihilated an immense amount of time and space. Now she will be superseded for news-bearing by a power that can annihilate still more. It is a comfort to lovers of ships that these have carried

tidings of the civil war from beginning to end, and that "latest by the Africa" or "by the City of Baltimore," when thousands were waiting eagerly to hear of Grant and Lee, gave steamboat lines their turn of public notice.

We cross the Gulf of St. Lawrence by night, and next morning are off Cape Gaspé with Anticosti like a blue haze to the northward and a fleet of timber vessels scudding past us before the hot land-breeze. It has been chilly weather on the Atlantic, though the month is June, but here our wrappers and overcoats can be thrown aside. Every gust from the shore along which we steam brings an odour of trees and flowers, of fir-cones and new-mown hay. There is a straggling village presently to be seen, which begins where the mountains of Gaspé trend back a little from the coast and continues for three hundred miles to Point Levi opposite Quebec. Now Anticosti disappears. There is an interval with land on our port-side and only water visible to starboard. Then we fairly enter the river, and see mountains on the northern horizon. Green waves tipped with foam dash against our bows, for it is blowing hard. More timber vessels bear down upon us, straining after one another as though a vast commercial regatta had just been started. Curious samples are they of sea-going craft. Saucy barques, that were clearly built for something better; brigs, which seem predestined to get waterlogged before reaching Europe; and regular

traders, full-rigged and flat-floored, whose skippers have a firm belief in lower stun'sa'ls.

What a touching sight is a ship under canvas! Graceful and lifelike by day, ghostly in the hours of darkness with the moon shining on her white sails, or with only starlight to show where she sweeps forward. Our night on the river is not calm, but we enjoy the weird aspect of passing merchantmen, and speculate as to how early we shall arrive at Father Point.

Steaming on, with the river somewhat narrower, we have left the terminus of the telegraph and the terminus of the Grand Trunk, and the mouth of the Saguenay, behind us. There are mountains on the northern shore and fertile meadows to the southward of our course. That straggling village of three hundred miles in length has become more densely peopled, its church spires more frequent, and its farmhouses larger. There are towns which occasionally break the line with a mass of human interest gathered at one spot. Coasting craft ply in all directions. It is a fresh, animated scene, where nature has done much and man but little, yet where his presence, his scratches on the earth, and shipbuilding and erection of houses, contrast pleasantly with her primeval grandeur.

Jacques Cartier must have found the St. Lawrence oppressively big and solemn, and been glad to light upon Stadacona, though it only contained Indian

wigwams. Past the Isle of Orleans, until Montmorenci Falls can be seen as a white streak against the cliff which they descend, we steam on into an open reach of the river, and Quebec lies before us. Its citadel at the summit of the rock, its tin-roofed houses and steeples, make it unlike an American town. There are the Union Jack waving from a flagstaff on that highest bastion, and a group of soldiers in red, and *habitans* working on the timber barges or driving their long narrow carts. All this may be considered an Anglo-French concern with which Jonathan has not yet had much to do.

Thus should Canada be entered, yet, having so come, I was not sorry to arrive a second time by the railway through Maine and New Hampshire. Those White Mountains were well worth a visit, and although the run between Richmond and Point Levi offers little of interest, especially when performed in a sleeping car, one may dream of the Chaudière gold region near at hand, and possibly invent a machine for crushing quartz. The time of my visit found Quebec very hot and dusty, denuded of its ordinary society, which had gone, in Canadian phrase, to the "salt water," and full to overflowing of American tourists. They came down by the night-boat from Montreal, landed impatient for breakfast, satisfied their hunger, hired a waggon, drove to the principal places in the vicinity, snatched a hasty dinner, and returned up stream by the boat at 4 P.M. This was

the general rule, with exceptions in favour of more leisurely beings, who rested overnight at Quebec, and either returned westward on the following afternoon, or proceeded to the Saguenay. It was a harvest-time for hackmen — here called carters. Bargains with the American tourists could be made that a resident would have spurned, and I found no protection in my British origin, for all strangers were imposed upon alike. I was advised by old hands to offer my patronage publicly to the lowest bidder, and let the carters bring each other down by competition. They tell of a gallant officer in the Rifle Brigade that he worked this plan with such success as to drive to the citadel every day for nothing. Whether you obtain as favourable terms, reader, or be compelled to give half a dollar for your conveyance to the citadel, you should go and examine the armoury, if you care for such things—forty thousand rifles are stored there. Glance at the soldiers lounging about, small and trim and upright compared to my military friends of Vermont. Then lose no time in wondering how a shell would splinter on that rocky terre-plain, but go to the flag-staff bastion, and arrange your eye-glass if you are near-sighted.

You can look over the river to Point Levi and the rising ground where earthworks are being thrown up, or, turning slowly to your left, see the Isle of Orleans, with a branch of the St. Lawrence flowing on either side, the houses near Montmorenci Falls, and the

wide plain northward of Quebec dotted with villages, and shut in by mountains of picturesque outline. One opening amongst them is unsurpassed in its effect of hill within hill, and its variety of light and shade on the purple cones enclosed by taller neighbours. You can look down, if you will, upon the roofs of the Lower Town and the decks of the shipping in port. That screw-steamer anchored in mid-channel is not, as you might suppose, a little craft employed in colonial trade. Observe the Norwegian barque astern of her, and judge the steamer better. It is H.M.'s troop-ship 'Himalaya,' of three thousand tons — the most successful transport in the service. If you were not perched on this rock, but pulling alongside of her in a row-boat, she would seem rather imposing. Durham Terrace, the fashionable promenade of Quebec, with its boarded surface and its pair of Sebastopol cannon, seems to be close at our feet, and the music from the Governor's Garden may be heard as distinctly as though it were played in the bastion where we stand.

Nor are these places in the Upper Town so far from us as to make seeing or hearing from them anything wonderful. Cross the ditch, descend the glacis, and a few paces more will bring you to the Governor's Garden. Of course, it is not really his, but belongs to nursemaids and small children, lovers who are not too shy, and strangers wishing for a shady seat. The monument in the Garden is simple. It

need offend no one, and yet it sums up the great historical incident of Quebec. On one side they have written Wolfe, on the other Montcalm.

Between the Prescott Gate and the Grand Battery is a ledge of rock where once stood the handsome Parliament House of Lower Canada, and where has been erected, since this last was burned down, a brick building which its admirers would call "unpretending." The position is good. Although less elevated than some parts of Quebec, it yet commands an extensive view, and lies far above the chimney-pots of the Lower Town; but, as a post-office, not a legislative assembly, is intended to be its future occupant, no architectural embellishments have been allowed to the present building. Here the Canadian Chambers, under orders to proceed to Ottawa, found temporary shelter, and here I saw His Excellency Lord Monck open the summer session of 1865.

August 8th was a lovely sunshiny day, with a strong breeze of wind to keep the weather from becoming oppressively hot. Those who had tickets of admission took their places in the Legislative Council Chamber or Upper House soon after two o'clock, whilst many of those who had none gathered outside to see the Governor-General pass, and to hear the salute fired. A number of policemen were in attendance, with the look of having been recently reprimanded which they all wear in Quebec, and with keys to turn the fire-plugs hanging like bayonets in

their belts. There were soldiers of the 7th in scarlet, and of the Rifle Brigade in green, with a party of blue-jackets from one of the ships of war in the river. Those citizens who stayed outside had, in fact, plenty to amuse them. Inside the building it was rather hot and very dull. A room of moderate size, with a gallery running round three sides, and a canopied throne on the fourth, received beauty and fashion until it was suffocatingly full. Yankee tourists were "on hand" to stare at the vice-regal pageant; officers in uniform surrounded the throne; members of the Lower House came crowding in when summoned, and His Excellency read a speech to the assembled legislature. Such ceremonies are stiff and formal anywhere. Speaker and listeners feel that they are enacting history. They have to perform a part with dignity, and are proportionately ill at ease. A great despot may, indeed, give vent when he chooses to startling novelty, but a constitutional sovereign has not even the satisfaction of uttering his own words. Lord Monck read the ministerial statement in a clear loud voice. He alluded to the calling together of Parliament on special business of importance. A mission had been sent to England, and that mission had now returned; reports of its proceedings would be laid before the House; the American civil war was happily over, and increased trade might be looked for, whilst amicable relations would be maintained with the great Republic. He told the Lower Chamber

that it would have financial matters submitted to its consideration, and he announced that volunteers were no longer to do duty on the frontier; at the same time passing a high encomium on the manner in which this force had come forward.* Lastly, was mention of the Federation scheme of which Her Majesty had twice spoken favourably from the throne. Having thus performed half his task, Lord Monck proceeded to read the same speech in French, after which he rose and left the House. More cannon were fired, the National Anthem was played, and the troops marched away to their barracks. Canada had her Parliament sitting.

This was a time when many grave questions occupied men's minds throughout the United Province. A coalition ministry was in office pledged to the Confederation scheme—confederation that would make one powerful country of all the British possessions in America, and that might counteract the designs of annexationists. Canada was to shape her own future and become fit for independence. She was to be guaranteed by England for a while, and hence the mission to London to which Lord Monck alluded in his speech. With confederation would come, it was hoped, a purchase of Hudson's Bay territory, an intercolonial railroad between Canada and Nova Scotia, and a system of public defence that should reorganize

* The volunteers were again summoned before many months had passed to meet a Fenian invasion.

the militia. So much for the aims of colonial politicians. Their programme seemed well-devised and patriotic, though difficult enough to turn grey the hair of every one connected therewith. New Brunswick was reported to be hostile to confederation; the Hudson's Bay Company wanted too much for its land; and a railway to Nova Scotia would cost more than Canada could afford to pay. Shaping your own future is no easy task, however well the notion may sound. "The future is before you, my boy," says John Bull, patting his stripling on the back; "take her, and be happy!" And the stripling is bothered by friends who wish him to play at office-hunting, and by a rude young republican who flings reciprocity at his head. "Take her, and be happy!" forsooth! Why, the Canadian beaver must get to work in earnest to deserve such a prize, with annexationists and others hanging on to his tail. Master Stripling, to whom we likened the province politically, must cheer on his industrious beaver to hew down forests, and build cities, and collect the wherewithal to pay for independence. Reciprocity is as yet an imperial affair. Notice that a treaty will terminate on a particular day passes between Washington and the Court of St. James's, but our stripling not being of age may leave his parent to deal with the young republican; only, then, he must take care lest he be lured away by promise of commercial advantage, and sigh for a partnership in the firm of

Samuel Jonathan and Co., which stands so temptingly just across the street.

Why should not party strife be termed "a game at office-hunting," without any disparagement to party men? You, gentlemen, wish to save the country; so do we. Your course will be guided by prudence and moderation. Of a truth, we pull in skiffs of the same pattern, for these qualities are our especial study. It is, perhaps, unfair to give an administration the credit of all their acts, since much may be due to the influence of gentlemen on the other side. Yet this kind of unfairness I cannot help committing when I attend the debates of the last parliamentary session in Quebec.

Messieurs Brown, Macdonald, and Cartier, with others, held office as a coalition ministry, Sir Etienne Taché being their premier. Sir Etienne died, and his place was filled by Sir Narcisse Belleau, Mayor of Quebec during the Prince's visit. I have not studied their antecedents, but I find the ministry proposing a broad comprehensive policy and I take their side without hesitation. Mr. Macdonald—J. A. not J. S., for there be two Richmonds of that ilk in the field, —is a brilliant debater. His appearance slightly reminds one of Disraeli, as do his opening sentences; but there is something characteristic in the speech that follows—"'tis John A. himself!" as a Canadian whispers to me. I have quitted the Legislative Council, where an honourable member was deliber-

ately replying in French to what another honourable member had deliberately stated in English, and I am seated in the Speaker's gallery of the Legislative Assembly. The Speaker occupies a high chair facing his gallery. There is a mace upon the table before him, and pages seated on the dais at his feet, ready to carry any message for members of the House or to hand documents from place to place. No envious lattice work conceals the presence of the ladies, who are accommodated in the same gallery as other lookers on. At Westminster would such an experiment be unsafe?—as our younger representatives might let their thoughts be distracted from business.

We have plentiful warmth of discussion in the Assembly. J. A. Macdonald, Attorney General for Upper Canada, and M. Cartier, Attorney General for Lower Canada, are hotly engaged with the Opposition leaders, Messieurs Holton and Dorion. Mr. Holton is solid of aspect and speaks in a manner to carry considerable weight. He makes some good point, at which there is laughter from the left of the house, M. Cartier rises to reply. Small, but well made, he has an unmistakable air of energy about him, and, without losing his temper, retorts bitterly upon the honorable member for Chateauguay. This skirmish ended, there is a pause, filled up by unimportant remarks. Then Mr. Dorion makes an attack upon whatever it is that the Government propose;

his fluent utterances winning repeated applause from the Opposition. . . . . What matter though they pull different ways? Canada has Sachems who are worthy to be heard in council, who can conduct a parliamentary debate in parliamentary language. If you wish to shuffle out of your colony, John, during the next decade, and, mark me, you might do worse, these men have stuff in them to make a nation, only let that firm across the street give them a chance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

A steamboat voyage — An iron bridge.

THE Quebec Volunteer Artillery made a pleasure excursion to the Isle of Orleans. Each gunner brought his lady friends, so that our little steamer was alarmingly crowded; but who cared for forty minutes crush with a rustic holiday in anticipation?

Arrived at the Island we spent an hour or two in strolling round amongst its well-shaded villas. Then came a banquet served up in a temporary summer-house roofed with branches. We had dancing and foot-ball despite the hot sun. Real dancing, and genuine kicks, with soldiers from the camp hard by, and sailors from one of Her Majesty's frigates to rush and tumble among the volunteers, until we sighed for that American currency known as "shin plasters." Now darkness came upon us. There was a call for music, and a child of ocean sang a deep-voiced and lugubrious ditty as Jack delights

to sing. Then we had "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue," with other patriotic pieces. Yankee airs were rigidly excluded, and "God save the Queen" sounded loudly over town and river as our tired holiday-makers returned to Quebec.

If a stranger should have so little walking power as to be obliged to drive, his drive will consist chiefly of going up or down a steep hill. From the lower to the upper town is a cruel tug for your horses, whilst on descending the same road you will feel as though the carriage were about to turn a somersault. Better be content to sit on Durham Terrace and listen to the bells and bugles. You cannot have a finer prospect anywhere, save from the citadel just above, and noises in Quebec partake always of brass and bell-metal. Salutes are occasionally fired, which, with railway whistling at Point Levi, form exceptions to this rule of noise; but they are outside the town, so I need not have noticed them. Inside there are church bells and the bugle-calls of the garrison, to take the place which thumping hammers or rumbling cart-wheels hold elsewhere.

From Quebec by river-steamer, is a first stage towards three thousand miles of inland navigation. The boat for Montreal starts punctually at four o'clock, so that there are several hours of daylight for enjoying the fine views which constantly open upon us. We pass the mouth of the Chaudière, lose

sight of New Liverpool church, and advance over what seems to be a long narrow lake rather than a river. Here is a timber raft, towed slowly round a point where the current is very strong. The raftsmen with their huts and canoes, great sweeps and coils of rope, appear well provided for their enterprise of guiding the floating island, though they do let steam help them to clear the dangerous places. There is a brig under the opposite bank looking like some small fishing-boat. If yonder cliffs were brought within reasonable distance, instead of having such a stream between them, they would make striking river-scenery. It grows dark after a long continuance of twilight. The setting sun has lingered upon the villages of the southern bank and made their church steeples with metallic sheathing glow like diamonds. There have been sunken rocks on both sides, round which the water gurgled, and trees or spires standing out against the bright sky on the northern shore. A splendid sunset, with masses of richly tinted cloud hanging over the forests and mountains that fringe the great unreclaimed wilderness; a sunset that made everything look beautiful, has given place to a clear starry night.

On we glide, free from noise and dust, able to sit upon the upper-deck for'ard in a cool breeze produced by the steamer's motion, or to seek the more sheltered after-deck where some Americans are singing "Old John Brown." Music we have in plenty.

There is a piano in the saloon, on which different amateurs perform operatic selections, and a couple of fiddlers on the main-deck, who play jigs and reels. Lastly, an itinerant ballad-singer stands by the companion stairway pouring forth strains in which "*l'amour-re!*" with stress prolonged indefinitely, is the most noticeable feature.

I do not keep watch, so have only a vague impression that we pass several lighthouses and stop at more than one landing stage. A few passengers rise early to get the first glimpse of Montreal, others slumber on in their state-rooms knowing that there will be ample time to perform at a toilet after they arrive. Sunrise upon the St. Lawrence is bright, though a little cold even in August. Lug-rigged barges are moored along the bank, with their crews asleep, and only an occasional dog to bark at us from the top of a cargo of wood fuel. The river is pure and blue, being here beyond all mud-stirring influence of tide. An island in the middle, a cluster of houses on our starboard bow, steeples and towers, factory chimneys and public buildings, with a hill behind them—these things develope rapidly before our eyes as we advance. The hill is Mount Royal, while the towers and steeples appertain to the city thereafter named. This is the Victoria Bridge, largest of railway structures, our Britannic Tubular's strapping younger brother. There are the Canadian ocean steamers at their wharf, to which they will bring your goods

from Liverpool, though you must land at Quebec. Montreal, with its imposing façade, glittering in sunlight, the foremost city of Canada, and the centre of provincial trade, is before us.

Eighty thousand people dwell beneath the shadow of Mount Royal, Irishmen who elect Mr. McGee, and Frenchmen who send M. Cartier to Parliament, with English and Scotch holding a balance between them. There is the French cathedral surmounted by lofty towers and forming one side of the principal business square, into which runs Notre Dame Street, the Broadway of Montreal. Our Agnlican cathedral stands in St. Catherine Street near the exhibition building, and close to a perfect nest of religious edifices. Among them is a large church, whence, as I first approached it, the congregation was streaming. Detachments of soldiers from different corps were being formed to march away, and civilians of all kinds came forth in leisurely fashion.

"Sir," said I, addressing one who lounged against a wall, "is this an English, or a French church?"

The lounger fixed his gaze sternly on me, and replied: "You're wrong in your guess, devil a bit of a church is it at all, leastways an English church. It's an Irish cathedral!"

After delivering this rebuke he was silent. I am disposed to think that my interlocutor was a predestined Fenian brother. He may not have known it himself, but, with such unfriendly stress upon "Irish cathedral," what else could he be?

Montreal city was there before the bridge, and ought not to suffer any eclipse on account of its great engineering marvel. The city can boast more pretty faces than almost any other of the same size, has a theatre where, in August last, Charles Kean was performing, and hotels that will let a traveller gently down from high prices and luxury to low prices and comfort. No reasonable man wishing for a town residence in Canada could object to a house in St. Catherine Street, Montreal, if he had money enough for his wife to spend in the tempting shops of Notre Dame Street. But other cities are as good as this, whilst no bridge is equal to the Victoria Bridge.

A succession of iron troughs resting upon stone piers—so the work appears from a steamer about to shoot the central span. From the top of Mount Royal there is only something very lengthy and odd-looking to be seen stretched across the river in a straight line. You must go through the bridge on foot to appreciate it properly. Railway folks at Montreal are very courteous to strangers, and you may be as lucky as I was in having some one at my side to explain how things were managed when they struggled against ice floes and a seven-knot current in making their coffer-dams. We had left the thermometer at 85° in the shade, which made it refreshing to talk of ice; and then, what a change of atmosphere on entering the bridge! Cloisters are nothing to it. A dim utilitarian light steals in

through ventilating chinks; but, compared with the outer world, it is quite dark. The place where we entered becomes a spot of brightness that might be a dab of white paint, and a hammering somewhere in front gives us the sensation of being inside a beaten drum. Arrived at the central span we pause. Here are visible two spots of brightness, as we look down an incline, either way, from the greatest elevation. By a ladder, planted in a hollow metal buttress, we ascend to the top of the bridge, and obtain a moment's glimpse of the river rushing smoothly beneath, and of the rapids, not far above, in which its waters are broken and foaming. This outside position is so hot that we quickly retire within the tunnel.

My companion describes certain railway improvements. He is a practical man, who has risen by industry and talent to a position of authority on the Grand Trunk Line. Some years ago, when still in England, he worked for the London and South-Western Railway Company, and can well remember its secretary of that time. It is pleasant to me to hear him speak warmly of Wyndham Harding as a friend of the labouring poor—a friend who would help them when he could to better their condition. How strangely one lights upon these common memories, which bring thoughts of those who have been long at rest, but whose good deeds live after them!

The Victoria Bridge weighs about a ton per foot,

and is seven thousand feet long. It is exposed to great changes of temperature (as much as 160°), so that the contraction and expansion of iron is here fully exemplified. Mr. Ross, chief engineer of the work, has kept careful watch upon every variation of weather, as affecting his charge, and, without troubling you with calculations in which the ten-thousandth part of an inch holds an important place, I may mention that the greatest variation in the length of the bridge is about three inches. "Only three inches!" you will say; but Mr. Ross knows how much mischief such a crack might do. He has provided rollers beneath the ends of the tubes and left a certain amount of play in the riveting, so that the huge body can shiver in January and burn in August without damage to its iron constitution.

CHAPTER XII.

CANADIAN DEFENCES.

That man does well who retires upon a moderate independence.

THE best defence in the long run will be an independent flag and a guaranteed neutrality. We need not fear but that Canada can take care of herself so far as filibustering expeditions are concerned, whilst it is very doubtful whether she could be protected against an organized Yankee invasion by all the power of England. Let her then be independent as soon as possible; let her federate with our other North American Colonies, or, if these should decline the honour, let her stand alone, and wait until the North-West territory shall have been developed. Every succeeding year witnesses an increase of wealth and population in Canada. Every year brings hardy labourers to the districts north of Lake Huron, and to the yet more remote settlements which lie westward of Lake Superior. Fur-trading is daily superseded by successful agriculture, and men begin to speak of the

mineral resources on the British side of Lake Superior as quite equal to what has been already opened up on the American side. It is hoped that Vancouver's Island and Fraser River settlement will give Canada such a foot-hold on the Pacific, as California has given to Jonathan, and that before twenty years shall have passed away there will be a continuous chain of colonized townships from ocean to ocean. Within thirty years such a result is almost certain. Our frontier would then require the whole of her Majesty's land and sea forces to render it defensible, whilst Jonathan would perhaps have become a giant alarming to think of.

An independent flag and a garanteed neutrality will at once relieve Canada from Yankee jealousy. It is not the growth of his stripling neighbour which causes watchfulness and irritation on the part of Jonathan, but it is the presence of Mr. Bull, the sound of English bugles and the sight of scarlet uniforms. I am aware that many Yankees indulge in "tall talk" with regard to Canada, yet I doubt the existence of a national desire to appropriate the Province: its seizure is always treated of as a blow against England.

Supposing three points to be worth consideration in this matter: first, the good of the Canadian people, as most concerned; secondly, the good of the English people, as conscientious tax-payers; thirdly, the thwarting of the American people, as ambitious

individuals. The first point requires that Canada should not be made a battle field on which Sherman might march long distances and Butler exercise military sway. The second point is one of expense. Why should we spend money to do our Canadian friends a very questionable service? We had better pay something handsome by way of quittance, arrange their bargain with the Hudson's Bay Company, complete their intercolonial railroad, deepen their canals, and wish them a pleasant journey. The third point relates to Jonathan. Why should his ambition be fostered by a prospect of whipping Mr. Bull upon easy terms? Why should he have the chance of fighting us under circumstances which would render our success next door to a miracle? Rather let Canada become independent. John will find it cheaper to pay down even ten million sterling as a farewell gift, and escape his annual million of payment, with possible contingencies. Jonathan will be willing to agree that Canada shall remain neutral whatever may happen, and so secure himself complete repose on his northern frontier.

As to the immediate defence of our colony whilst it remains subject to Queen Victoria, there is one comfort which I gladly offer you. A war between England and America is not just at present very likely to break out. Fenians and fisheries may threaten to disturb the peaceful intercourse of the Anglo-Saxon cousins, but neither side wishes for war. John has

plenty of other occupation, and though Jonathan's destiny may be manifest, the ruling party in the United States is not inclined to foreign warfare. The Fenians have little or no influence at Washington, as things now stand, for their sympathies are Democratic and Congress has an immense Republican majority. The fishermen are likely to be satisfied without need of bloodshed, and this tranquil prospect is a better defence to Canada than five additional regiments at Quebec.

If you insist on coming to physical means of repulsion, I cannot offer you a cheering picture. Of course I hold as a true born Briton that

1 Englishman can thrash—$1\frac{1}{8}$ American,
$1\frac{5}{16}$ Frenchman,
$1\frac{1}{4}$ German,
and others in proportion.

But Canada is a large district to hold against Yankeedom, on the 1 *v.* $1\frac{1}{8}$ principle. Rush into a patriotic extreme, say, for the sake of argument, that our boys in scarlet will meet and overthrow their boys in blue, as 1 *v.* $4\frac{1}{2}$; even then it would be a hard struggle to resist such an army as was mustered out of service by Jonathan in 1865. The Confederates, who fought desperately, could not resist it, though they had fully 1 *v.* $4\frac{1}{2}$ on their side.

Now Canada is under especial disadvantages by reason of her severe winter. We could only communicate with our troops during the summer campaign, and when sheets of ice had blocked up the St.

Lawrence Jonathan would still be free to reinforce his armies by railroad. Depend upon it, if we drift into such a struggle, we shall either repent our folly or be obliged to take both hands to the sword, fling away every thought of economy, raise half a million of soldiers, and fight harder than we fought against the first Napoleon. It will not be a limited liability undertaking—the possible grapple between John and Jonathan.

What Canada can do at this time towards her own defence was clearly stated by the Honourable J. A. Macdonald in a speech which he made last autumn in the Canadian Parliament. After describing the defenceless condition of the Province prior to 1862, he gave an account of what had since been done towards forming an efficient force of militia and volunteers. There were now, he said, eighty-nine thousand militia-men enrolled and ready for service, though as yet untrained in the use of arms; whilst of volunteers there were twenty-five thousand, fitted in every way to fight side by side with regular troops. You will perceive that Canada might well hope to maintain her independence against any band of lawless marauders. She could, moreover, defy the attack of foreign nations other than Uncle Sam, and make herself respected amongst natives and settlers alike, throughout her fair north-western inheritance. But neutrality will be the only effective shield along her southern border.

The problem of Canadian independence is to be

solved within a very few years. If the leading Canadians themselves have energy and purpose enough, as I think they have, to form a national sentiment amongst the people which will assimilate new comers to old inhabitants, after Jonathan's fashion, then Ottawa may become the capital of an empire half as large as Europe. If, on the contrary, our Canadian cousins should falter in presence of Jonathan's manifest destiny, then their absorption is certain. Jonathan will fight them with ideas rather than with cannon; their greatest danger is that of being Americanised. Many reasons which there are now for Canadian antipathy to Yankeedom will diminish in strength as years go by. French *habitans* have little desire to join an English-speaking Protestant republic; Orangemen are repelled by Fenianism; and Conservatives generally prefer the property qualification in Canada* for voters to that universal suffrage so common in the States. These reasons have weight enough to ballast the ship as she clears out of port, and possibly to steady her until she shall have made an offing. It is when French *habitans* and Orangemen shall have come to be outnumbered as ten to one by their north-western compatriots, and the Democratic element have overridden property qualification, that our Canadian cousins must expect a tug for nationality.

* 6*l.* holdings, in towns; 4*l.*, in the country.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FUTURE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

Dollars and shillings — Parliament Houses — Rumours of oil.

WE may avoid a difficult question by not discussing the rival claims of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, to be the seat of Canadian government. Montreal occupies a central position, but its mob chose to destroy the Parliament Houses some years ago, and to pelt Lord Elgin. His policy may have been just and conciliatory, as one party maintained; or sadly mistaken, as was asserted by another. But the Governor-General could not remain in Montreal to be pelted, and retreated to Quebec, where the Government was temporarily established. Canadians agreed that, if Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to choose a capital for them, they would abide by the royal decision, and the Chambers even voted a sum of money beforehand to be spent in erecting suitable Parliament Houses. Her Majesty chose Ottawa, and thither repaired architects and engineers

to convert a little town of saw-mills and timber-trade into a colonial capital.

Leaving Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway, I arrived at Prescott Junction the same morning. The train crosses at St. Anne's a handsome tubular bridge, which unites Montreal Island to the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, just as the Victoria Bridge unites it to the southern bank. St. Anne's has a rapid, at the railway crossing, that was famous in *voyageur* days of canoe navigation; there is a canal lock for enabling vessels to pass this rapid; and a small village frequented by summer visitors. We have only occasional glimpses of the St. Lawrence until near Prescott, where the river can be clearly seen with Ogdensburg covering its southern shore. If legislators and officials are to throng the little station on their way to Ottawa, a larger waiting-room must be added to the present building, and certain steps which lead to the Prescott and Ottawa platform must be roofed over.

Finding that the narrow-gauge train, in which I now took my seat, had first and second class, I secured a ticket for the second, and travelled in company with a party of lumber-men. They were French Canadians, greatly Anglicised, speaking both languages with equal fluency and equal deviation from metropolitan exactness. Of politics they took no heed, assuming that all statesmen liked wearing good clothes and doing no hard work. "Besides," said

one of them; "*ma foi!* the feeding is good among parliament men!" "You're right there," cried a brawny half-Indian-looking fellow; "*Ce ne sont que des mangeurs!*" at which the rest laughed heartily. Annexation they thought all nonsense. "Too much hard work and too great deal snow here for Yankees to wish the Canada." Such was the brawny lumberer's opinion.

An amusing incident distracted our attention from this talk. One of the passengers was discovered to have no ticket when the conductor came round. He was asked to pay, and pleaded inability. Quick as thought the check-rope was pulled, the train stopped, and the would-be traveller was handed out. He looked somewhat astonished at being left to find his way back to the station as he could.

I ought not to mention tickets and paying, without alluding to the confusion of ideas which prevailed at Prescott Junction in regard to coinage. My ticket to Ottawa cost a dollar and a quarter, so I produced that sum in good American silver. "Sir," remarked the clerk, "you will have to give five cents more. This money is at a discount." Now can anything more vague be imagined than to demand a particular sum in foreign money—the Canadian currency is pounds and shillings—and when that sum is produced in the required form, to request something extra for discount? Yet so it is in Upper Canada. Custom makes dollars and cents the standards of

value, whilst commerce has decided that the market is glutted with American silver. At Quebec, where they reckon in shillings and pence, U. S. coin passes at its full value, and there the quarter-dollar has ennobled our English shilling, making it nominally worth twenty-five cents. But this assumed equality with persons beneath him, drags down the same quarter-dollar in Upper Canada to a level of twenty-four cents. Just as words have been shown by Archbishop Trench to have a downward tendency and to assume a baser meaning with succeeding years, so coin is gradually depreciated. The more men use it the less weighty it becomes. Had I been told that my dollar and a quarter were light or spurious, had the pieces been contemptuously bitten through or found wanting by a patent detector, I should have submitted without a murmur. But, as it was, I murmured, told the clerk that he was illogical, and paid him the five cents. It is of no use to argue with railway people; they have a despotic power of refusing you your ticket.

We passed through a country thickly wooded, with clearings only at rare intervals. It was a continuous pine-swamp, from near Prescott to within a few miles of Ottawa. Then we emerged upon the bank of the Rideau, swept round the eastern outskirts of the city, and drew up at some sheds which form the terminus. A large church, with two spires and a mass of building which might have been anything from the

Charing Cross Hotel to the palace of Prester John, had become conspicuous the moment that we quitted the woods. It was strange to find an edifice of such pretension at the end of a journey through country so wild and thinly peopled. No visitor need ask his way to the Parliament Houses, for they can be seen from every part of Ottawa. Up Sussex Street, where stands the Roman Catholic Church with its two tin-covered steeples, where new stores are rising and a new hotel is ready to be opened, go the omnibuses that have met the train. Then, if bound to the central portion of the city, they cross a bridge over the Rideau Canal, leaving on their right hand two forlorn Sebastopol cannon, and, entering Sparks Street, have reached the heart of Ottawa. In Sparks Street is an excellent hotel, where the stranger can deposit his valise before stepping up to look at the Parliament Houses. Prices may be destined to rise in Ottawa, but they charge less at this hotel than at establishments equally good in Quebec and Montreal.

It was a lovely afternoon for making one's first acquaintance with any city. The sun was hot enough to render the shady side of Sussex Street very agreeable, yet on the grass, near those forlorn cannon, a crowd of boys played resolutely at hockey. I stopped upon the bridge to observe the canal locks, which descend through a steep gorge to the river. On one side is a point called the Major's Point,

because an officer of that rank formerly lived there. On the other side is Barrack Hill, where the Major's men were quartered. Their barracks have disappeared, and the commanding situation has acquired the name of Government Hill. Here stands that pile of masonry, which, along with the church-steeples, is seen as the train approaches Ottawa. Public departments are to have their head-quarters in the outlying buildings on either flank of the Parliament Houses, whilst legislation will be carried on in the main structure. I am not an architectural critic, and confess to the weakness of preferring old places that have historical traditions about them and are grey with time, to the best efforts of modern skill, that is to say, of preferring these old places to look at and to visit as a sight-seer. But, for practical purposes, I own it is better to have large rooms and nineteenth-century comfort.

The Canadian Parliament will be sumptuously lodged, and will have its money's worth for the outlay on Government Hill. The main entrance is beneath a square stone tower, as yet unfinished. To the right is the lobby of the Legislative Council, to the left that of the Legislative Assembly, whilst, further down the corridor upon each side, are castellated wings for committee-rooms. Both Upper and Lower House have the same accommodation—lofty halls, with galleries running round them, and glazed ceilings in massive frameworks beneath the skylights in the pointed roofs.

In rear of these halls, close upon the brow of the cliff above Ottawa river, is the circular-shaped library. Politicians at Washington and Westminster have grander accommodation, but in a province whose inhabitants number less than three millions such Parliament Houses show liberality and public spirit.

My footsteps were impeded by rubbish-heaps; blocks of stone lay here and there awaiting the mason's pleasure; wooden sheds, steam-engines, cranes, and every sign of a builder's "plant" occupied the ground in front of the Legislative Palace; plankways led to doors and windows; carpenters were planing and hammering inside; plasterers were mounted upon tressels to get at the lobby ceilings. Matters seemed to promise ill for a house-warming by the next winter, although, when it comes to lath and plaister, much can be done in six months. Some workmen were speaking French, others conversed in dialects of the British Isles. All were as busy as though a special reward had been offered should the work be completed by the year's end. "That's the way to get ahead," said I to a labourer near me, "but the library is rather backward." "Bedad!" he answered with a grin, "them Parliament men oughtn't to want books, or they ain't worth much." There is no gainsaying this philosophy, so I retreat from the discussion and ramble over various obstructions, to a vantage point whence the surrounding view can be thoroughly enjoyed.

Upon a bold headland, overlooking the river, stand the Parliament buildings, whilst Ottawa City, as it now exists, clusters behind these buildings or stretches east and west in straggling suburbs. The water flows past, broad and blue, wider than the Rhine at Cologne. Having stationed myself on the highest part of the Government Hill, a little west of the Legislative Palace, this position of the city is clearly visible to me. It is different scenery from that of Quebec or Montreal; Upper Canadian scenery, in fact. There is but one considerable eminence in sight; the country, far as the eye can range, presents a green unbroken horizon of virgin forest, fringing the log-houses and small villas in the outskirt of the clearings and settlements immediately round Ottawa. Towards the setting sun is a waterfall, which descends with incessant roar, its foam resembling the whitest of breakers upon a storm-beaten coast. A viaduct and suspension-bridge cross my view of the fall, saw-ing-mills and stacks of timber are crowded together on its southern side, where rests the western extremity of the town, and above the fall is a calm reach of river shining like a sheet of glass.

As I look at these things, hammers are sounding busily in the Parliament buildings, for the workmen do not leave off until six o'clock. There is a cool north wind blowing over that one piece of high ground, and smoke curls up from many spots in the forest where clearings are being burned—a useful

custom here, but fancy my lord's agent in England proposing to burn a clearing in the ancestral woods! In Canada the land is not available for farming purposes until its growth of timber has been removed, so down come stately trees without remorse on the part of woodsmen who will not spare them. Vainly might a blanketed red-skin suggest to such woodsmen that these trees had sheltered him in youth. "They've got to be rubbed off creation, though its a pity tew!" as an intelligent native of Maine once told me. Poor trees! they are chopped and burned, rooted up, and put out of ken with pitiless vigour. Acres of them stand beside railway and carriage road, pointing upwards black and cindered, or in dead barkless whiteness, protesting against agricultural improvements. Since the first pioneers landed in North America, axe and fire have been ever busy upon her forests. Jonathan has cut his way through, reached the open prairie, and rushes westward with unchecked speed. But in Canada the emigrant who purchases Crown lands still struggles with primeval forest. A magically gifted Macduff could make his fortune by transporting the backwood to certain localities in Britain. No such person being found, this process is gone through without magic, but with infinite play of industrious muscle, by lumber-men great and small. Their sturdy strokes make pine and hemlock bow; they organize rafts; supply saw-mills with food, and assist those settlers desirous of getting land quickly

cleared. To English ears "lumber-men" may have a bogy, lumber-room, old packing-case, sound, as though the men in question were grim, dust-covered, guardians of empty boxes and broken chairs. But in America, where lumber means timber, they are looked upon with respect. It would be Darwinian to consider them undeveloped colliers in an early stage of the business.

Gradually the hammers of the Parliamentarians cease to rap. There is putting on of coats and cheerful trudging home, whilst the evening light makes Ottawa city and river glow in many-coloured brightness. A boat rows past in mid-stream. How small she looks! There goes a raft, or rather a piece of a raft, fifty feet long at least, yet seeming, upon the river below me, a mere toy. And there are tin roofs sparkling in the sun; the ground sloping away from Government Hill; the streets, that are such only in name; valuable lots of building-ground freshly reclaimed, and the circle of untouched forest.

What a place of the future it is!—new Parliament Houses, grand in design, though scarcely yet complete, where the fate of half a continent may some day be debated, a new city, with a fine situation and the foreshadowing of all that is to come; lastly, those miles of surrounding forest, where smoke-clouds tell that active pioneers are clearing the Canadian Middlesex. Snug country

seats will spring up among yonder masses of timber, charming "locations" are waiting to be occupied on the north bank, whence a view will be obtained of the whole pile of Government buildings. On that distant hill, before mentioned, will be an exhibition, or a fort, or a cemetery. If I live to visit Ottawa as an elderly gentleman, it will be something to have seen all this in its commencement. They will have done much by that time. The Parliament Houses will have heard debates, the Government offices have become sacred to red tape; and the forest—will it then be visible even on the remotest horizon? More rafts or pieces of rafts—bands as they here call them—float by towards a quiet bay between Government Hill and the Major's Point. These bands are being fastened together into a full-sized raft, and I can hear the cries of the French Canadian lumber-men, as detachment after detachment is guided into its proper place. There is a murmur from the cataract, like ebbing tide raking amongst shingle, and that northerly breeze is delightfully cool at the end of an August day as it comes rippling across the river. It is pleasant to gaze at such a view, even though I should be fated never to revisit Ottawa, when the city has grown as it will grow, and to compare notes with old inhabitants.

An interesting advertisement caught my eye, as, entering Wellington Street, I passed a small stone house called Her Majesty's Theatre. It was an-

nounced on placards outside this house, that Mr. J. Townsend, late M. P. for Greenwich, and lessee of the theatre, would appear next evening with several members of his family in the Lady of Lyons.

Wellington Street is wide and straight. It cannot yet boast of extensive shops or dwellings. It has wooden footways at the side, lamp-posts far apart, and smaller streets branching from it which lead nowhere, and have nothing built upon them. Less than half an hour's walk brought me to the saw-mills and timber-stacks by the Chaudière Fall. Water-power is not here wasted, for, as at Trollhättan in Sweden, the natural wonder is approached through chips and saw-dust, with a strong resinous smell of sawn deal. It is hardly fair, when describing Canada to English readers, to bring Sweden too often before them, and yet, after seeing the last-named country, one cannot but compare it at every turn with portions of British North America. On my first journeying through Canada I was unacquainted with the Scandinavian kingdoms. Canadian lakes and rivers, rocky islets and ship-canals, struck me as forming scenery that was unique. It was not like what was generally found in the United States, and differed greatly from the outward condition of most parts of Europe. When, however, I travelled in Sweden, it became evident to me that Canada had a companion picture nearer home. A chain of inland navigation, available for ships of considerable size, stretches for nearly

four hundred miles between Gothenburg and Stockholm. There are large fresh-water lakes, to wit, Wenner and Wetter, with towns scattered round their shores and lines of steamboats plying upon them. There are rocks and islands, saw-mills and pine-forest, wooden houses in the villages and plenty of attraction for sportsmen both in shooting and fishing. Kung Karl's subjects would be lucky did they possess such tracts of arable land as are met with in Canada, and the Swedes have no North-West territory to open up for future settlement; but there is wonderful similarity of appearance between Sweden and Canada, whilst each has a great neighbour with that inconvenient property for one's neighbours to own—"a manifest destiny."

Although at Trollhättan there are saw-mills fragrant with odours of deal and a cataract more imposing than the Ottawa Chaudière, there is no institution like the "Slides" of Ottawa. Timber rafts are not here allowed to descend from the higher to the lower river level, by a promiscuous tumble over the Fall, but, as already hinted, are broken up into small detachments of eight or ten balks, brought down quietly, and re-united with military precision at the bottom. This bringing down is managed through a couple of artificial channels, lined with timber, in which a strong current pours over dip after dip, and foams along the flat places between them until it mingles with the waters below. The

"bands," which resemble clumsily-made catamarans, drift in succession to the top of the slide and are each guided by two men armed with boat-hooks, so as not to get jammed across the opening. It is interesting to watch their progress. Gradually that awkward, helpless, raft has approached the top of the first dip, a few pushes with the boat-hooks keep it straight, and its foremost end protrudes into space while its centre of gravity reaches the dip. Then the head plunges down, the tail kicks up, and away it goes like an arrow, scudding through the foam at the foot of the dip, with the great balks wriggling to get asunder and the raft-men giving occasional pushes on either side when they can steady themselves sufficiently. Now up flies the tail again, as it takes a second dip, and we may turn to watch the next band which is not far behind. Amateurs are often gratified by a drift down the Slides. What luxury to have this sensation within half an hour of your Parliament Houses—a *Montagne Russe* for summer-time and a means by which over-worked *employés* can shake off their load of care.

The Chaudière Fall is best seen from the suspension bridge, which extends across the river just below: this bridge is free to foot-passengers, though carriages pay toll. The fall is not very great, but the stream comes rushing towards the bridge at headlong speed and pours underneath in sweeping eddies. To the left it leaps into a chasm filled with

boiling white foam. To the right it comes nearer, before falling, and glides over a slanting table of rock, sending showers of spray against the bridge. I walked a little way on to the eastern shore and was in Lower Canada, a fact which did not signify much to one who was unlikely to seek legal redress by the common law of the Western Province, or the *Coutumes de Paris* of the Eastern. But there was a fine view of Government Hill, with the buildings upon it standing out against the clear evening sky, and some of their windows glittering in the yellow light from the west.

Had I been able to remain in Ottawa City until Her Majesty's Theatre was opened to produce the Lady of Lyons, I should have gone to see that famous piece. It would be interesting, when the city has its full sized opera-house, to call to mind the little theatre in Wellington Street with single door of admission and bare side-walls overlooking unoccupied building-lots.

There is no want either of intellectual or muscular refreshment at Ottawa. If its people—what will they call themselves? "Ottawans"? or "Capitalists"?—desire some more practical food for thought than the histrionic art will supply, they have but to purchase the couple of daily papers, sold together at a bargain by juvenile newsvenders, or to join the cricket-club, of whose doings these journals contain an accurate account.

Before embarking for my river voyage to Mont-

real, I wished to invest in the news of the day. "Which is the Opposition paper"? This to a boy who waylaid me on the pier. "Don't know. Better take both!" And both were taken accordingly. Among many advertisements they contained notices of schools, starting time of steamboats, mention of hotels, and of stores in which would be found "choice assortments of recently imported goods." There were leading articles of course, and telegraphic despatches, but the chief topic of interest, as I gathered from my fellow-passengers, was the tour of the Ottawa Cricket-Club in New York State. The Club, by its chosen eleven, had engaged some American Clubs with varying success, a defeat to Ottawa being the latest intelligence. "Our players should practise more," said a gentleman who talked with me about Ottawa cricket; "there are good men among them, but they are not accustomed to working together." We proceeded to discuss training, over-training, and doing Banting. I gave him some figures about sudden reduction of weight, with the ill-health which often followed, and he told me that there was not much of that sort of experiment tried in Ottawa, nor was there any boat-club to test men's training severely.

The steamer had started whilst we were speaking, and glided swiftly away. A mist hung over Government Hill, through which could be seen the towers of the Parliament House, though everything else was

hidden from sight. The murmur of the Chaudière was drowned by the noise of our paddle-wheels. Ottawa City quickly disappeared, and, when the mist vanished, we were speeding forward on a great smooth river, with forests along its banks. Here was room for eight-oar races of twenty abreast, and so little stream running as to make sailing-boats free of the navigation. Pic-nic parties might land in any of those quiet creeks, and an Ottawa Searle might devise twenty styles of craft to meet the future requirements of the capital.

Fast went our paddle-wheels, for the steamer 'Queen Victoria,' running in connection with railways on the direct route to Montreal, could not afford to loiter. She touched at landing-places for a moment, left the mail-bag, and, perhaps, picked up a stray passenger, then steered into mid-channel and made the best of her way towards Grenville. She is a comfortable vessel of a hundred and seventy-five feet in length, by twenty-six feet beam, and draws less than six feet of water. Besides the saloon, in which breakfast was served, she has, on the upper deck, a few state-rooms, that those persons can secure who object to early rising and prefer to sleep snugly on board ready for the half-past six o'clock departure.

A sanguine resident of Ottawa informed me, when I praised the ship, that she was "nothing to what they'd have some day."

"Then you expect rapid progress for the city?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; when Government comes to Ottawa it will make everything move on. We shall have a railway direct to Kingston, another by the river-side to St. Anne's, for Montreal, and a canal that will bring ocean steamers to our very doors."

"Sir, you have the subject at your fingers' ends."

"So would you, if you had bought building lots in the city. What's more, I'm pretty certain that I shall strike oil in some ground that I've got on the bank of this river."

"Oil!" exclaimed two or three listeners, "why we are all looking out for it."

And now followed an animated conversation respecting petroleum, gold, and silver. Mysterious allusions were made to men who knew where these things might be found, to specimens procured from places where land was selling for next to nothing, and to the probability that Canada would become great through minerals. This dream has been a favourite with every American State and colony, since California was discovered to have gold fields and Pennsylvania to be a cistern of rock oil.

But the Ottawa bore as yet no sign of mineral wealth. Huge rafts drifted down the stream, and pleasant clearings could be seen among its bordering forests. A country seat, with well-kept pleasure grounds and private chapel, was pointed out to me as the abode of M. Papineau, the celebrated politician, now retired from public life. Somewhat further

down, on the opposite shore, is a small town called L'Original, where passengers, who wish to restore their health by aid of medical waters, land for Caledonia Springs. At Grenville we quitted the Queen Victoria and went by rail to Carillon, where another steamer, the Prince of Wales, was waiting to carry us to La Chine. There are rapids between Grenville and Carillon, which a raft can descend, but which are impassable for vessels. A canal cut beside the railway enables barges to circumvent these rapids, though its locks are too small for general use.

We were speedily conducted from the train to the Prince of Wales, and she got under way as soon as possible.

It was a lovely afternoon. The river opened out into a broad reach, named the Lake of Two Mountains, whilst settlements grew so plentiful that there was scarcely any forest along the shore. A young Canadian expatiated to me upon fresh-water yachting. He had often sailed up this particular lake, and had witnessed the regattas at La Chine, but Toronto was the place for yachts, and he spoke warmly of Lake Ontario. He had been in a friend's yacht belonging to the Canadian Club from port to port, on both sides of Ontario. They encountered storms which tested their seamanship and had various adventures with American Custom House officers. There was an official at one port who enquired if they knew a little British craft which he named? "Guess she's a *re-*

markable sailer," observed the official. "Why more so than others?" demanded the yachtsman. "Darned if she hadn't got papers from the Thames Club in England, and sixteen tons is small for an ocean voyage." Now the owner of the little British craft, being a member of our Royal Thames Yacht Club, had obtained his warrant in that character and so puzzled the American officer, for it must be understood that his Ontario yacht had never crossed the Atlantic.

My fellow-traveller was in favour of centre-boards, relating anecdotes to prove their efficiency. He stated that a centre-board boat, imported from New York, had performed the eighty miles between Toronto and Cobourg in six hours, which, if the time was accurately kept, is a great achievement. We talked of American hostility to Britishers. "They say plenty in their newspapers," he admitted, "but, when you get amongst them, they are usually quite pleasant." A gentleman whom he knew had bought a yacht on the Hudson, at the time that Americans were excited against England for blockade running and Southern sympathies. This yacht was navigated through the canal to Lake Champlain, and thence, by the Richelieu River and St. Lawrence, to Montreal. The Englishman who had bought her came across rough labouring people during his passage northward, and did not meet with any incivility from

them. Some rowdies once tried to fix a quarrel on him, but he was helped off by two respectable citizens.

Such stories beguiled our way down the Lake of Two Mountains, and we were at St. Anne's ere the many-sided question of American sentiment was more than touched on. Here, whilst the Prince of Wales was taken through the canal lock, we could watch the rapid by its side or look up at the tubular bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway. From St. Anne's our course was by Lake St. Louis, a reach of the St. Lawrence, to La Chine, where we took train for the short remainder of the journey to Montreal.

On Lake St. Louis there was breathless calm, so that sailing craft lay idly drifting with the current, and ripples could be seen spreading to both sides of the lighthouses built on piles. Funny little lighthouses they are, though useful to prevent vessels from charging unawares down the La Chine rapids. My young Canadian thought them unworthy their position. "You should see the lighthouse at Port Hope," he said, "covered with tin-plates and looking something like!" How we came to talk of the red-skin, I forget. I asked my companion whether he had not been delighted, as a boy, with Uncas and the Narraganset Sachem? He replied, "Oh yes, very amusing, only I was tired of Indians wrapped in their blankets. I'd seen so many, and the forest

was so common. What I liked was Sir Walter Scott, with old castles and knights in armour. Mary of Burgundy, too, is a capital book."

This feeling brings thousands of Western tourists to visit Old World ruins. The career of their own nation has been too short to satisfy the craving for historical antiquities; and to rest upon Indian tradition, however poetical, would be but hanging their walls with spurious family portraits.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UPPER PROVINCE.

A chance for Chaw-bacon — The adventures of a church bell — A glimpse at Niagara.

CANADA West has two wants more pressing than any others. It calls for the assistance of those old allies Capital and Labour. If strong-limbed, hard-fisted, agriculturists, accustomed to wear gaiters and smock frocks, and to utter their talismanic "Vileet," or "Come 'ere way!" can raise funds to pay for a passage to Canada West, they need have no fear for their success when once arrived. Wages are good and food is cheap. An unencumbered man can easily obtain employment by the year, where he will be boarded and receive from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* sterling a month as pocket money. Higher rates than this are often given, but I speak of what may be easily obtained. Men with families dependent on them find living hard enough at home, and would be better off in Canada than they are in England. Their children would early become self-supporting, whilst

they might hope to save enough in ten or a dozen years to buy a few acres of cleared land and erect a cottage thereon. Such a career would be almost a blank in the lottery, for, when I enquired as to how this or that wealthy farmer of the Upper Province had begun life, the answer nearly always was, "He came out as a day labourer and has pushed his way into the position which he now occupies." Agriculturists have an immense advantage over town-bred emigrants, because they can get to work at once, with very little to learn, save perhaps the use of the axe. Plodding through mud knee-deep, or spending a winter day in the open air, does not break them down. So to master Chaw-bacon, a facetious title bestowed on him, I suppose, because he would chaw bacon if he could afford that luxury, my advice is, "Westward ho!" Take your stock in trade to a market where it will command the best price. If your back must become bent and your knees rheumatic by the time that you are a gaffer, go where you will, by that time, have earned a freehold instead of a claim to outdoor relief.

"Emigration made easy" may serve in future history as the title of a chapter about the reign of Queen Victoria. In other reigns cities have been taken and kingdoms conquered, but in none have so many hundreds of thousands who had suffered poverty at home been given the means of earning a decent competence abroad. Sailing ships and steamers leave

England every day bound to Her Majesty's different colonies. All the colonies want labour, and all offer inducements to labouring men to come out to them. But Canada is much nearer to England than the Cape of Good Hope, and only a quarter the distance of Australia. A sailing vessel will take emigrants from Liverpool to Quebec in about thirty days, at a cost of say 3*l.* each person, with provisions found by the owners of the ship. A steamer performs the same voyage in twelve days, and the charge for a steerage passage is 6*l.*, provisions again included. At Quebec there is a government emigration agent, and to him new comers, whether labouring men or small agricultural capitalists, should immediately apply. This gentleman will see that they are not victimized by such rogues as hang about seaport towns, and will put them in the way of finding work suited to their capacity. Emigrants with through tickets to any inland town may delay their journey for a day or two to consult the agent at Quebec, as such delay will not invalidate their tickets. There are, however, other government agencies established at Montreal, Toronto, &c., which should be visited if Quebec has been rapidly passed by. The Canadian Government makes a science of receiving new comers. Its agents are thoroughly responsible persons, and an English settler cannot do more wisely than to place himself in their hands. It is like asking your way of a policeman, instead of trusting to an errand boy's advice. You run less risk of being "greened."

I spoke just now of small agricultural capitalists, and mentioned capital, in connexion with labour, at the beginning of this chapter. Canada wants capital. She wants it primarily in large sums, such as gave her that back-bone of the country, the Grand Trunk Railway. She would be glad to see Sir Morton Peto making an iron road from Ottawa to the Fraser River settlement, or the firm of Rigby Brothers improving her harbours. But there is an equal desire among Canadians for small capitalists with a few hundreds or a couple of thousand pounds to invest—men who will watch their money and turn it over as often as they can. Skilled farmers are especially needed. The pioneer who has cleared a farm by hewing down the forest cannot always work his property to advantage. He lacks two necessary qualifications, a knowledge how to start and sufficient money with which to begin. He can drag on in a rough way, obtaining his livelihood from the soil, but he would far rather sell the cleared land, realize what he could for it, and try his axe again. Now here is the opportunity for an Old Country farmer. No outlandish mode of life, no felling of giant trees or hunting of bears; merely a purchase of real estate, with stumps in some of the fields and clumsy fences between them. It is probable that there would be a good wooden house upon the estate, in which our small capitalist could reside until he saw fit to build with brick or stone, and it is very improbable that he

would have to pay more than 8*l.* an acre for his land. He must not expect to succeed without effort, or to find everything go smoothly in Canada. Bad seasons and scarcity of labour will try a settler's patience; but if he will put his shoulder to the wheel and show such qualities as would deserve success at home, he has here an opening that is not to be despised. Let the small capitalist go out in May, spend a summer studying the country and the crops—one can board comfortably in Canada West for three shillings a day—let him "prospect" about until autumn has begun, and then, just when the pioneer would be ready to sell off and commence a fresh clearing, our new comer can buy to the best advantage.

Who should not go to Canada? Are there any Britons of respectable antecedents that had better keep away? I take it that we are not base enough to wish the colony our rogues. Should artisans, or shopboys out of work, or classical scholars, go thither? Certain it is that carpenters and blacksmiths have plenty to do throughout the province, but, as a rule, I should advise artisans who are doing even tolerably well to remain in England. With us, they have much larger wages in proportion to unskilled labour than in either Canada or the United States; whilst, so far as Canada is concerned, they would often succeed better by throwing aside their regular trade and working at something else. Discouraging this to a devoted lover of his craft, yet there are many in-

stances of prosperous farmers and storekeepers who have served an apprenticeship, before coming out, to some art which they found was not required in the backwoods. Once a Yankee sent a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. A fool for his pains, thought the consignee; but, lo and behold! it turned out that warming-pans made the best possible sugar-ladles, and the speculator cleared a handsome fortune.

Shopboys out of employment should by no means expect to find places that will suit them in Canada. If they have friends settled there, or any promise of employment, it is well; but, otherwise, they will be obliged to work on farms and endure hardships for which their health may not prove sufficiently strong. If health be theirs, a new mode of life will perhaps be found enjoyable, and their education in book-keeping and penmanship will give them an advantage over poor Chaw-bacon when both come to the surface as substantial men. The wealthiest citizen of —— was an emigrant shopboy who turned lumberer, learnt how to wield an axe as deftly as an old backwoodsman, cleared a farm for himself, sold it to a small capitalist, set up a store with the proceeds of the sale, and at last found scope for his knowledge of business. There, shopboy, is a bright example which you want nothing but a long head and broad shoulders to imitate. A little learning may be a dangerous, but is, sometimes, a very useful thing.

Classical scholars, here used as a term for describing all who have dipped into the humanities, though with never so little result, should be very shy of the Canadian forest. If they are in professions, or have money to invest, this colony may offer them a field of activity; but, if their plan be to farm cleared land, or to rough it in a shanty, let them consider whether they could conduct an English farm so as to escape the secret contempt of every rustic, and whether they would not be bored to death by cutting down trees when there was game all round to be had for the shooting. Many gentleman-adventurers have succeeded in Canadian agriculture, but many more have failed. They have caught fevers and died, or have grown weary of the life and taken to drinking. I am assured that a number of young men, whose relatives sent them out to Canada with ample funds for commencing their career, have failed miserably, yielded to the temptation which a cold climate and cheap spirits placed before them, and lived to see their hired labourers owning the land.

If the stiff-necked Briton, whatever his calling, will insist upon going straight into the woods to carve out a homestead, rather than leave native-born Canadians to be his pioneers, he may like to know something of the *modus operandi*.

First, then, he must understand that certain conditions have to be fulfilled before an absolute title can be obtained either to free grants or to purchases of

Crown land. These conditions embrace an actual settlement upon the grant, or purchase, within six months of the time that such land is assigned to the settler, who must, within four years from that time, have cleared and cultivated one-tenth part of his property, and erected thereon a log house of sixteen by twenty feet. Free grants, of which many emigrants have heard before coming out, and which strike the imagination by their beautiful simplicity, are only made along certain colonization-roads, opened by Government through districts insufficiently peopled. Many poor men have found these grants a blessing, but others have regretted that they did not purchase land in localities more to their taste. Purchasing sounds very formidable when we have but an Old Country experience. In Canada they think nothing of it. You can there buy unreclaimed property out and out for the twentieth part of a year's rent in England, and buy it to suit yourself, too.

We will suppose that our friend who wishes to possess a homestead aims at a modest lot of a hundred acres. He will avoid the colonization-roads as too remote, will choose his scene of action, with a view to future comfort in the neighbourhood, and will pay down from 15*l.* to 20*l.* for the said hundred acres, and, not troubling himself with part payment and annual instalments, will set to work with all his might to qualify for an absolute title. If a small capitalist, he may prefer to have his property cleared

by contract, at about 3*l.* an acre; but if, as we will suppose, a sinewy child of toil, or a gentleman-amateur in search of something new, this is the career which opens before him.

Off in September to the woods, with a plentiful supply of warm clothing, with a barrel of pork, and a barrel of flour. There must be also a camp-kettle or cooking-stove, a chest of tools, and a fowling-piece. Such necessaries having been sheltered in a log cabin, the process of under-brushing is commenced; bushes and small trees are felled over as large a space as it is likely that the occupant will be able to "chop" during the winter. Then come snow-storms and frosts which, perhaps, make our friend stiff-necked in earnest; but he laughs at hardships, grows familiar with his trusty axe, and clears from seven to ten acres according to his strength. A ten-acre clearing achieved single-handed would be a triumph for any beginner. When spring is well advanced, the occupant sets fire to the timber that he has felled, and perseveres in burning logs and branches until a very unsightly expanse of blackened stumps has taken the place of so many acres of forest. Potatoes and Indian corn are planted, fall (autumnal) wheat is sown by the end of August, and fencing-in can be attended to. Thus has a beginning been made, which, if followed up year after year, will end in the desired homestead, whilst, to win his absolute title, our friend need do little more than vegetate on the ten acres

already cleared, provided that his habitation, the log cabin above referred to, be sixteen feet by twenty. It is estimated that an emigrant family could comfortably (?) settle on a lot of public land, if they had 40*l.* sterling to support them during their early struggles. A father with a quiver full of hobbledehoys would get ahead much faster than a hermit bachelor, although he might have to provide an extra barrel of pork for the rising generation.

I had descended the rapids of the St. Lawrence in 1860, and was now purposed, by travelling up stream, to see something of the canals. There are eight of them between Montreal and Prescott, having altogether twenty-seven locks through which a westward-bound steamer must pass. On first leaving Montreal we had an hour's artificial navigation to La Chine, by which the rapids of that name are avoided. Then, at intervals of a few miles, come two other canals not particularly interesting, and then the Cornwall Canal, which circumvents the Long Sault Rapid.

We look from the steamer, as she moves gently over unruffled water, upon the wild tumultuous stream close at hand. "Easy enough to shoot down it," says an American fellow-passenger, "but hard, sir, to go up, for the current runs at twenty knots." This reminds him of the negro preacher, who, to make sinners understand their danger, told them that "getting wicked was like rowing ober de Falls ob Niagary, bery easy dat way, but tremenjous hard job coming up agin!"

Americans may despise negroes, yet they credit them with no end of good sayings, just as the oppressive Saxon laughs over the wit of the down-trodden Celt. Nay, my simile may be carried still further, for scores of Saxons on the stage imitate old Ireland's brogue, whilst the art of blackening one's face to represent a darkey was imported from America in the days of Jim Crow. We may hope that merriment at the imitation produces, in both cases, a greater kindliness for the original.

That Long Sault would be "a tremenjous hard job" to come up. It is provoking that we see no steamer run down it, but such luck is not destined to be ours. My fellow-traveller shivers. The morning breeze of August is too cold for him, and he declares that the "Canadian summer must be very short, or begin darned late in the fall." He puts on another coat, with the inevitable nigger to help him through. "Did you ever hear Cuffy describe this operation, sir?—'I git in fust one arm, den de oder, and den I gib a general conwulsion.'" A sallow gentleman sitting near us "guesses that he has heard this before," which makes the first speaker give us several additional anecdotes of wit and humour.

It is a pity that the St. Lawrence canals have but nine feet of water in their locks. They can admit a vessel of forty-five feet beam and two hundred feet length, but their shallowness prevents any large craft from going through. Canada has an extensive in-

land trade during the summer, which employs nearly fifteen thousand fresh-water sailors, and, if a canal system were once opened by which ships of two thousand tons could pass from Quebec to Lake Huron, the foreign trade of Milwaukie and Chicago would flow through Canadian ports. Even as it is, small vessels sometimes clear out of the Upper Lake ports for Liverpool direct, so advantageous is water-carriage throughout compared with a long railway journey and shipment at New York. A high authority on Canadian trade has given it as his opinion that nothing would so effectually develope the resources of Upper Canada as a canal on a grand scale from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe, and thence to Georgian Bay, an arm of Lake Huron. This canal would require a proportionate improvement in the St. Lawrence navigation, and would then offer such an outlet to the North-Western States as would rival New York and the Mississippi together. Granted that there would be but six months of open navigation from Quebec, this drawback would not outweigh the saving of transhipment in the one instance, or of a tedious voyage from New Orleans in the other.

After our departure from Cornwall, we steamed between British and American territory, leaving St. Régis behind us, at the southern corner of Lower Canada. There are warlike traditions connected with many spots along this route, but none more stirring than that of St. Régis—how the French mis-

sionaries in early days of border strife persuaded their Indian converts to collect furs with diligence that a sum might be raised in France sufficient to buy a bell for St. Régis church; how the furs were collected and the bell was bought. But an evil chance led the ship which should have taken it to Canada into the power of a New England privateer. She was captured, and the bell, instead of ringing devout Catholics to mass, was hung over a meeting-house in the English settlement of Deerfield. News travelled slowly at that time. The Indians at St. Régis wondered why their purchase was so long in coming, until at length an aged chief dreamt that he saw it among the Yengese, and that the Great Spirit bid him recover it at any cost. That trophy above their meeting-house should have caused anxiety to the settlers of Deerfield, for it had made the hearts of warriors burn and was leading them upon a war-trail of unusual daring. Whilst the Puritan village was engaged in its ordinary pursuits, thinking little of danger, painted red-skins and *coureurs des bois*, scarcely less wild, were filing through the forest intent on a single object. There came an Indian surprise, a tomahawking of fugitives and a scalping of the slain. Many of the people in Deerfield perished, others were carried away captive. The bell was slung upon a pole and borne joyously along with them by the victors in their hasty retreat. It was buried for greater safety near the Lake Champlain, but dug up

next season, and conveyed to St. Régis, where it hangs to this day.

Between British and American territory, from Cornwall to Prescott and thence to Brockville, one side of the river up which we steam is Canadian, the other forms part of New York State. Snug farms may be seen on either bank, whose owners appear to sympathize in matters of religion. It is Sunday morning, and boat-loads of country people are crossing the frontier on their way to church. At this point we must have a better preacher or a more commodious building, for the balance of trade is in our favour, and Americans, in their smartest clothes, are pulling for British soil. But round yonder bend of the stream there has been a small fleet of provincials heading for Yankee-land, so each side has its attraction. What strength that grey-headed farmer puts into his strokes! He has a heavy boat, with three women and several children as passengers, and yet he gains perceptibly upon the little craft in which two young fellows are ferrying over their sweethearts. Artful old man! You creep up the bank in slack water, beneath the shade of those wide spreading trees, whilst hot-headed youth strains energetically in mid-stream, tossed by the waves from our steamer's paddle-wheel and taken far below his destination by the sweeping current. Meanwhile, he of the silver locks, having regained a suitable position, launches out into the sunshine, with steady strokes, and, as we

lose sight of him, is half-way across, bearing down on his port with beautiful accuracy. "He must have done it before, sir," remarks my friend of negro anecdotes; "there's a naturalness about his proceedings that equals the 'possum."

Brockville is a pretty little town, with a cliff along the river, just below it, on which are villas of tempting aspect. Here travellers prepare their minds for a treat, as the Thousand Islands commence only a little way further up. I cannot compare the scenery of this famous group to anything nearer home, without breaking my resolution about leaving Sweden unnoticed in treating of Canada. The Thousand Islands with their mixture of wood and water, of wide channels and narrow channels, running between masses of rock, might apparently be found at many spots near Stockholm. A thousand seems too low a computation for the number of islands passed on our way from Brockville to Kingston. I am persuaded that there must be as many distinct islets in the group as there are Orangemen in the city last named. Such reckoning is of its nature temporary, since the islets cannot increase in number whilst zealous partisans probably will. They were numerous enough to prevent the Prince from landing, when he arrived off Kingston during his American tour, and thus to bring discredit upon a loyal and thriving town. One comfort we may derive from this circumstance: Britannia needs no bulwark against

Erin; fate has given us the bane and the antidote, the Fenian and the Orangeman.

We entered Lake Ontario by night, and were presently conscious of rolls and plunges which showed that the west wind had stirred up a heavy sea. Our steamer made better weather than could have been expected from her appearance, carrying an upper-deck saloon with ease over short chopping waves that were not to be laughed at. The lake shore looked very fertile when daylight came. I had formerly seen something of Durham and Northumberland counties; but they were not then in their full harvest beauty. Now, as we steered towards Coburg, and from Coburg by Port Hope to Toronto, there were corn-fields and farm-houses to be seen that might have stood three hours' ride out of Edinburgh.

Toronto itself is a fine city, less grandly situated than Quebec and less imposing in its water front than Montreal, but yet a fine city with broad streets and busy shops. They did well to change its name from Little York, and better still when they built the handsome University, which, with the avenue leading thereto, is an ornament that may make Torontians proud of their home. There is a cricket-ground here, where Canada played the United States soon after my arrival, and so nearly won the match as to give every hope of success another season. Besides cricket, Toronto had the indoor pastime of billiards

illustrated by a public contest. This contest was not international, so no Canadian laurels could be lost or won, but it brought together many American knights of the cue, and I saw some good play, though only watching a portion of the struggle. Their scores would sound wonderfully high in England, as, with the American game on two red balls, a second-rate player can make sixty or seventy at a break.

Toronto has naval volunteers, and her position, upon such a lake as Ontario, justifies the existence of the force. They can scarcely be called "salts," these inland navigators, but they may be accounted in some sort British tars. I saw them inspected by Admiral Hope in their drill-shed near the railway. The men wore straw hats, blue jackets, and white trowsers. They carried only rifles and bayonets, though cutlasses were hanging round the wall, with which, I understand, they are sometimes exercised. Captain McMaster, who formed the corps during the 'Trent' excitement of 1861, put his followers through all the ordinary manœuvres of company drill, in which the men acquitted themselves very creditably. They were, if anything, too soldier-like at this time, and had not a certain disjointed gait which we connect with the idea of Jack ashore; but, when jackets were thrown off, rifles laid aside, and gun-drill began, there was no want of activity in the gallant Torontians. Sir J. Hope made them a short speech, in which he praised some things and gave advice about

others, using the butter-boat less freely than is customary at volunteer inspections in England. The men, however, were pleased with what he said, and cheered him when he went away.

From Toronto to Niagara is an easy forenoon's journey during the summer. You need not then go round by train, but can cut across the head of the lake, a voyage of thirty-three miles, to Niagara River, and join a branch of the New York Central Railway at Lewiston.

The mighty waterfall has disappointed some visitors. They have expected to see a stream like the English Channel tumbling over a cliff as high as Snowdon; and the reality has not come up to their expectations. How could it? Such people would go to Robert Houdin hoping to find out his tricks, or would rub their chins at night with a "beard-producing compound," and sharpen their razors next morning before they looked into the glass.

Niagara is only the Thames at London Bridge descending abruptly a hundred and sixty feet. So much in point of size; but oh! so different in freshness and in surroundings. The clear blue waters of the river sweep out of Lake Erie with considerable swiftness, as if glad to avoid the smoke and noise of Buffalo. Then there are twenty miles of quiet progress through a flat wooded country, in which may be seen many clearings and groups of blackened trees ready to fall. Then the river, without stopping to reflect on what is before it, moves swiftly again in a calm

unbroken sheet, reaches Goat Island, divides to right and left, grows fiercely tumultuous, as rocky obstructions break it into foam, and bounds forward at headlong speed. There is an instant of pouring over, an instant of unchecked descent, and then a thundering crash on the rocks far below. Foam and spray conceal Niagara River whilst it gathers itself together and eddies slowly away, with steep cliffs on either hand. Under the Railroad Suspension Bridge, between rocks and pine trees, broken into rapids and twisted into whirlpools, the river forces its way to Lake Ontario.

You may fancy that Goat Island is too much thronged by excursionists, or may wish that there were not so many hotels upon both shores, and that engine whistles were forbidden to sound within a certain distance of Niagara; but you will appreciate the grandeur of the cataract more and more with each successive visit. Familiarity does not lessen its charm. I have seen three acrobats risk their fate upon ropes stretched across the gulf, have been to the Cave of the Winds on the American side, and gone behind the descending waters on the English side, as far as my guide would take me, yet I should be delighted to stand again upon the Table Rock and watch that glorious pouring over. What power it has! No wonder that geologists believe the river to have worn back its channel inch by inch until the English Fall attained a horseshoe form.

CHAPTER XV.

OILY ENNISKILLEN.

A coach-drive with a medium — Derricks and speculators — Pontiac's kindred.

A CITY of London upon a River Thames can never seem to Englishmen but as something of which they have heard before, so I will say very little about the young namesake of our metropolis, situate in Middlesex County, Canada West. It is a rising place, with shops which supply the neighbouring townships with all that reasonable persons can desire.

When I arrived in London the citizens were preparing to entertain many guests. An agricultural exhibition was soon to open, and, judging by past experience, the Londoners expected to be well-nigh crowded out of house and home. I may add, upon hearsay evidence, that their expectation was speedily fulfilled. Agricultural exhibitions excite much interest in Upper Canada, where farmers are for the most part paying attention to the improvement of their stock and to the purchase of newly-invented instruments.

Grand Trunk and Great Western Railway managers have had their eyes upon London. The Great Western passes through the city with its main line, whilst the Grand Trunk approaches it from St. Mary's Junction; and each of them offers to do the passenger business to Toronto, by running early trains thither, convenient for those who wish to arrive during office hours. The lines in question have, moreover, keen rivalry for traffic from Buffalo to Detroit, for the south-western corner of the province affords the best highway between New York State and Michigan. Hence it is that our colonists of this district are bound to the United States by strong commercial links. American travellers and American goods are being constantly taken through London by Great Western trains or through St. Mary's by the Grand Trunk. There is a tempting market for colonial products at Detroit, and another still more tempting at Buffalo.

South-western Canadians occupy a political promontory exposed to any storms which Jonathan may stir up. If cessation of trade would be ruinous, what would war be? Their best hope, and that not very cheering, is to be abandoned for strategic reasons, in case of active hostility, and taken possession of *pro tem.* by some American commander. So speak annexationists, or so they are supposed to speak by those who will believe in their existence.

I remained only a short time in London, U. C.,

and then, like young Norval hearing of battles, I heard of petroleum—heard of it as something to be visited at its Canadian outpost. We, petroleum and I, had met before, though only as fellow-voyagers in a steamship, where my companion was viewed askance as a dangerous explosive fellow of whom match-makers should beware. But now we were to become much better acquainted. Enniskillen township was within twenty leagues, and Wyoming Station, on the Sarnia branch of the Great Western, lay conveniently near to Oil-Spring City.

Nevertheless, though the distance is but twelve miles, it was a drive of three hours from Wyoming to the oil-springs. A plank-road, somewhat out of repair, with an evening rendered dark by heavy thunder-clouds, made the coachman very cautious; and our stage-waggon, which had left the Wyoming hotel at a brisk trot, crept slowly forward. We passed between masses of forest, that looked additionally gloomy when the coachman had informed us of two bears lately seen upon this track; and we met waggon-loads of petroleum coming down to the railway station, five or six barrels to a waggon, laid like beer in a brewer's dray. There were sharp corners to be turned; for Canadian roads run at right angles, owing to the plan of selling land in squared lots. There were patches of clearing, and tall rough fences, and wooden bridges with nothing at the side to prevent our lurching over. We sat packed in the waggon pretty

tightly, three on a seat, with four seats one behind the other. Such a load as may be seen any fine summer afternoon leaving Copenhagen for Klampenborg: only the Danish waggons have high backs to their seats and comfortable cushions. This, by way of suggestion to Wyoming stage-proprietors. Understand, however, that I do not complain of my drive to Oil-Springs: twelve miles for half a dollar is a good bargain in a region where fortunes have been made with Californian speed. Our coachman evidently thought so, for he was stern to a fault with one passenger, who demanded credit on alighting and promised huskily to tell the coachman of any good thing he found in oil.

The forest was gloomy enough, whether those bears still lingered by the road-side or no. A black mass of trees to right and left, with a faint grey strip overhead, and lightning that shot fitfully across the gloom. This was just what a spiritualist passenger wanted, to prepare our minds for belief. He spoke of the injured Davenports, misunderstood by ignorant critics, of the wonders which he had seen performed when no scoffer was present, and, finally, announced himself as a medium. The time, the place, those great mesmeric eyes were all, as novelists say, calculated to awaken our superstitious fears. Yet we retained manhood and womanhood—for there were ladies in the stage—sufficient to say politely, "Pray, sir, proceed."

"Now I prophesy," remarked the medium, "that we shan't get to Oil-Springs until ten o'clock."

"Not till ten o'clock!" we murmured.

"Couldn't you make it half-past nine, mister?" said a gaunt gentleman from Wisconsin; "I'm that tired with travelling, I'd like to be in bed before ten."

"Sir," whispered the medium, too low for our coachman's ear, "if I named an early hour, he'd hold back a little to spite me; but, if I put it on late, holding back won't do for him, he'll shove right ahead to show I'm wrong."

"Oh! then it's all hum——?" began a lady, with vivacity.

"No, marm, it isn't; but the spirits are onsartin, whilst you may count on human natur' at any time."

"How is it," I enquired, "that you, sir, who have such a gift, can care about oil? Is there not more money to be made by spiritual séances?"

"Wal," said he, "I don't know—perhaps there is; only I've been caught by the ile fever, and concluded to leave the spirits for a time. See, sir, they're very onsartin."

We breathed more freely. Our mysterious neighbour was possibly joking. He might not be a medium in the true sense of the word, but an unsuccessful exhibitor whose tricks had failed. It is certain that he was right about the human nature of the coachman, for, after stopping at Petrolia to set down some passengers and advancing through deeper gloom

during more that an hour, we reached Oil-Spring City before half-past nine.

Derricks are to oil-wells as horsehair-wigs to English barristers—graceful indications of what is beneath, useful assistants on which a first outlay must be made, and monuments too often placed above ill-success. The flowing well, whose owners are making money so fast that they can scarcely count it, has a derrick which was used whilst they drilled their way downwards to oil. The pumping-well could not be worked without its derrick, for, besides the support which this faithful friend affords to the engine-beam of the pump, there are plunging-rods and other necessary gear to be managed with the derrick's help. Lastly, the deserted well, drilled to no purpose and yielding 0 barrels *per diem*, has a derrick watching over it mournfully, the labour of removal being worth more than the value of the timber. What, then, is a derrick? you may ask; and I will hasten to explain.

Take four strong pieces of timber and erect them at the corners of a stout frame from twelve to twenty feet square. Incline the tops of your timbers together, with another square frame much smaller than that below, to hold them in place. Let the structure be forty, fifty, or sixty feet high, according to taste, having due regard to the superficies of its base, and nail on strengthening pieces from one upright to another, like steps of a huge ladder. Then there will

be an engine wanted, of, say, ten horse-power, which you should place close to the derrick, a beam working from the engine, a supply of drilling tools, and an experienced man by whom the rope to which the drill is attached may be gently turned from side to side. In the middle of your derrick frame sink an ordinary shaft until you come upon rock, then bore steadily an artesian well, about four inches in diameter, until you either strike oil or get to the bottom of your purse. Some men stop short in despair at two hundred feet, others at a thousand, but as petroleum seems to underlie the whole world, I should recommend perseverance when once a derrick has been erected. Why stop short at even a thousand feet, when there is, perhaps, an unctuous lake waiting to be discovered only three fathoms below the drill?

How pleasantly the engine works up and down that greasy morsel of rope whose end is lost in the earth, and how judiciously the greasy-booted man who holds the bar fixed across the rope twists it from side to side. He can feel, by the slightest jarring, what is going on five hundred feet below him, and, though bodily present on the surface, his mind descends, through hard rock and soft rock, through limestone and soapstone, to wherever the drill may be. He has intervals of change, when the sand-pump is sent down to remove the drill-dust, or when, as frequently occurs, there is a breakage of gear and patient fishing up of what has broken, from some great depth. Happy must that greasy-booted operator feel when

oil begins to fill the sand-pump; still happier, when, propelled by subterranean gases, petroleum comes wildly upward and leaps high into the air.

Oil-Spring City was crowded with speculators. They had engaged every room at every hotel, and I slept upon a sofa in the passage of my hostelry, being better off than others who slept upon the floor. We talked of oil, dreamed of oil, nay, more, we reckoned in oil. A man was spoken of as worth so many "barrels a day," just as people elsewhere would say so many "pounds a year." Those who owned land were desirous that it should be thought "oily," whilst those who wished to buy were sceptical regarding this quality and hinted at growing Indian corn upon their purchase. A lot of fifty acres had just been sold for forty-five thousand dollars; an eighth share in a tolerably good well and in one acre of land would fetch a thousand dollars; and the cost of drilling a well was from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars: so, if oil could be found, the original workers might retire a week afterwards with a handsome profit, leaving other people to bear the risks of the future.

It was gambling, desperate gambling, all around. One speculator had sunk sixty thousand dollars in a number of promising wells, which, far from pouring forth oil, were as yet only pumped at a loss. He was resolved to go on and sink sixty thousand more before he gave up. Another man had invested with better luck, and was receiving seventy barrels a day, at two

and a half dollars a barrel, from a well that had cost him six thousand dollars. Most of the speculative visitors to Oil-Springs were Americans. Theirs was the capital laid out upon engine and derrick, theirs were the joint-stock companies established to work certain wells, and to the United States went most of the profits accruing from petroleum. British subjects had disposed advantageously of their land, it is true, and Canadian labourers got good wages for putting up derricks for pumping or drilling; but Americans, with the experience of Pennsylvanian oil, with nerve to risk their capital, and, above all, with capital to risk, cut a conspicuous figure in Enniskillen township.

The city in which I found myself on such intimate terms with petroleum stands upon a stream called Black Creek, an oleaginous stream, smelling like a shop for "inodorous paraffin-lamps." I may mention that the city would seem to vulgar eyes a straggling village chiefly composed of wooden hotels. Derricks, oil-tanks, and engines, are everywhere. Close beside the road, out in the patch of clearing, or half-hidden by the surrounding trees, are these familiar objects. Empty waggons continually arrive, and laden waggons depart; blacksmiths are busied with the repair of drilling gear, and carpenters in putting up still more derricks. There is an active population along Black Creek, where wells may be counted by the dozen. Yet there is nothing of smoke or grime, and

no cinder heaps are visible, for the fuel used at Oil-Springs is wood. That circle of forest might enclose some little agricultural settlement, so far as clearness of atmosphere is concerned.

Nineteen miles by stage-waggon brought me from Oil-Springs to Sarnia. The plank-road was excellent, so we trotted for the greater part of the way. There were few houses to be seen, and at times the trees flanked us in an unbroken line on either side, their branches appearing almost to meet overhead. Sylvan giants were many of these trees, broad-leaved and smooth-trunked, an agreeable change from the monotonous pines of other portions of Canada.

We had an example of what competition will do at the Half-way House, where the passengers by this stage received unlimited beer to encourage them for next time. Yet again did the party "licker" before reaching Sarnia, and we were shown a decayed gentleman who was drinking himself to death. "He can't do more now than just call for drink," said our coachman compassionately. One of the passengers remarked, "What more should he want to do?—and good luck to him!" which produced a discussion on temperance, that lasted us into Sarnia. Then we took the ferry boat of the Grand Trunk Railway plying between its English and American stations; crossed a rapid stream freshly pouring from Lake Huron, and were soon in the cars rattling towards Detroit.

Less of a mushroom growth than are many places in the West, this City of Detroit occupies the site of an old trading station and Indian village well known a century ago. Here Pontiac plotted to drive the pale-faces back towards the Atlantic coast—Pontiac of historical romance, the brave and astute warrior for whom one cannot but feel deep sympathy, although his intentions were of a cut-throat order. He saw what would happen if pioneers continued to creep forward unchecked, if shanties took the place of wigwams, and winged canoes became numerous upon the lakes. He knew that the scattered tribes of red men, divided amongst themselves and wasting their strength in petty wars, could muster a larger force than he had ever seen of whites. Now was the time (we are speaking of a century ago) to make a last united effort, and save their hunting-grounds from the strangers who planted corn. Was not the great Sachem of the Ottawas a patriot according to his light?

Since the defeat of Pontiac the aborigines have retreated a thousand miles further west, and are at present massacring, or, more often, being massacred by white men in the districts of which the Sachem of Detroit had never heard. Uncle Sam has been a civilized Christian, has tried to control his ruffian children on the border, and to deal justly with the rightful owners of the prairie. Commissioners of Indian affairs have made treaties with the tribes, and

Indian territory has been set apart for their residence; but, despite these humane measures, the border ruffian has asserted himself. There have been constant outrages, now by one side, now by the other, in which I am inclined to think that the greater brutality has been exhibited by those who should have set a good example. So much for American treatment of red-skins, where circumstances have been adverse to a peaceful adjustment of difficulties and to purchase of real estate at one looking-glass per square mile. We, in Canada, having, may be, an easier task before us, have succeeded far better.

It is pleasant to reflect upon an enlightened policy thoroughly carried out. The French had established friendly relations with the natives of their colony, French commanders had danced war-dances, uttered war-whoops, and worn belts of wampum, like real Indians. French missionaries had abandoned civilized life altogether that they might convert the heathen. We found after the conquest a satisfactory state of things ready to our hands in Canada. Indian braves assisted our troops against the Yankees, though this was to be regretted, as such allies often brought disgrace upon British arms, and Indian hunters over an immense tract were easily persuaded to supply the Hudson's Bay Company with furs. That Company has spread its stations from Labrador to the Pacific, extended a beneficial influence over

the tribes, and made its territory a striking contrast to what exists beyond the frontier. If you wish to travel through Her Majesty's portion of the American wilderness, take a guide, a few letters of introduction to Hudson's Bay agents, and a double-barrel rifle and fowling-piece for game; but if Uncle Sam's share of the same wilderness be your destination, a dozen armed guides and a belt full of seven-shooters may fail to preserve your scalp. We have muddled with the Maoris, and been hard upon the Kaffirs, so let us take credit for our North American system.

The Indian Department in Canada has lately relieved our Home Government of all care in the matter of the aborigines, save a few trifling pensions. This department rests upon no temporary effort of charity, but is self-supporting, and forms an established branch of Canadian administration. Its object is to maintain and educate the red men, whilst facilitating the gradual absorption of their hunting-grounds into settled districts. A fund arising from sales of Indian land has been devoted to the good work, and nothing is omitted that may improve the condition of the former lords of the soil. If we remember that an honest payment of even two shillings an acre for his heritage would have enabled every red-skin between New Orleans and Nova Scotia to retire upon an independence and live comfortably at Wiesbaden, it will appear very reasonable that a remnant of the tribes should be provided for by sales of land.

Canada has undertaken to do justice. The Indian Department holds more than 300,000*l.* sterling in trust for its *protégés*, and has about half a million acres of land, ready surveyed, to sell on their account at prices varying from 2*s.* 1*d.* to 19*s.* an acre. There are schools in operation, where the Indian children learn to read and write, and zealous missionaries who instruct them. I find it recorded that at one of these schools some children of white settlers also attend, and that the two races exhibit equal capacity for learning. To another school, in which sixteen children are taught to write and twelve study arithmetic, there is a small farm attached, and each Indian boy is required to do farm-work for an hour a day. A third school, with an educated native for its master, affords instruction in reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic; but some of its scholars often go away to hunt with their parents, a proceeding which must interfere with study. Lastly, there is a school in which both the English and French languages are taught, in addition to arithmetic and geography.

It would seem that with proper treatment an Indian may be civilized and enabled to earn his living in such occupations as white men follow. The notion that he wraps himself in his blanket and dies with Roman dignity rather than descend to commonplace life is well enough for those who desire such a result, but is, like other convenient notions, a fallacy. Give the Indian a chance, protect him from wolves in

white skins until he has learned how to protect himself without using the tomahawk, and you will see something less Roman and dignified than the end of the poetic savage, but more consistent with the honour of the Christian Governments who have taken his hunting-grounds.

There must to this end be strict laws, strictly enforced, and officials who will not hesitate between pleasing the white settlers and doing their duty. In Canada it is forbidden by Act of Parliament for "any persons other than Indians, or those intermarried with Indians," to settle upon or occupy unsold Indian lands. The Department vigorously gives effect to this statute, and prevents joint occupancy of farms by white and red men, in which the former has been apt to play the cuckoo. Even where such arrangements are of long standing the Department has given notice that they must be broken off, "because," says Mr. Spragge in his able report, "the system shuts out the younger members of an Indian family from useful employment and enforces upon them idleness with its tendency to dissipation."

"Why trouble about the Indians?" say some. "They are fast disappearing." Another fallacy, worthy friends. Whatever may be their fate when exposed to small-pox without vaccination and to conquest without protection they certainly do not decrease in Canada, but, on the contrary, have increased by several hundreds during the last five years. There

are now about fifteen thousand of them—Hurons, Mohawks, Ojibways, and other clans, whose names have become familiar to us beyond all proportion to their numbers. When Canada shall acquire the Hudson's Bay territory a new field of usefulness will open before her Indian Department, and we may rejoice that the gentlemen who have done so well already will have still more to do. Long may the Department flourish!

What would Pontiac think of Detroit to-day? The medium in the stage waggon told us that he had frequently held communication with the departed Sachem, who especially admired Fort Street, and thought Jefferson Avenue "the tallest thing west of New York." "But then, you see," said the medium, "his spirit hasn't travelled much." Having little faith in this revelation, I prefer to remain conjectural and repeat, "What would Pontiac think?"

Detroit is a fine city, with a water-frontage of bustling trade, and its best streets running parallel to the river. I found the citizens discussing a grievance with asperity. They had a Sunday Beer Law, which some wished to retain, whilst others desired its abolition, and the press on each side reviled its opponents in no measured terms. Men mixed up beer, not physically, but argumentatively, with State rights and Southern reconstruction. The Sabbath was stated to be made for enjoyment, whilst President Johnson was endorsed as a patriot.

"What does all this mean?" I enquired of a fellow-lodger at my hotel.

"Sir," he replied, "it's got up in view of the coming election, and the object is to win the Dutchmen's votes. They'll go for those who'll give them *lager-bier* on Sunday, at least so some of our wire-pullers think."

"And will they get the beer?" said I.

"No, sirree, guess it will stand over till next election. This is a fine country, sir, but it takes a long time to understand our politics."

I was contented to ask no more, and, as I was to sail for Cleveland that evening, abandoned the consideration of politics whilst visiting a money-changer's.

Gold was eyed with suspicion, being something that fluctuated constantly, but greenbacks were of established value. It is true that the money-changer, who seemed to know what he was about, gave 140 dollars in paper for 100 dollars in gold, but people generally distrusted the precious metal. So they did silver, as I discovered in making a payment of ten cents with Canadian coin. "Guess your money's right enough, but I'd rather have currency," said the apple-woman with whom this transaction took place. Arrived at the money-changer's, I quickly possessed myself of greenbacks, giving gold, that worthless drug, in return.

"Now, sir, for you."

The next customer steps up to get silver to go to

Canada. He produces his notes and is handed a heap of coin which they count together, money-changer very wide awake, but customer, if possible, wider.

"What's this?" said he, "A bad shilling?"

"No, it ain't!"

"Yes, it is."

"Don't you suppose *we* understand money?"

"Wal, *I* ought to know bad money, for I was engaged two years making counterfeits, and foreman of the works at that."

The wit of the customer is unanswerable. He obtains another coin.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOREST CITY.

Lodging hunting — A railway banquet.

THE steamer from Detroit arrived off Cleveland at sunrise, and Lake Erie was smooth as glass when we steamed between the pier-heads and entered Cuyahoga River. There were several white-sailed vessels lying becalmed near the shore, and a wall-sided propeller very far from being becalmed, which snorted past us as our voyage came to an end. Cleveland had looked well from a distance, its eastern and western quarters lying upon the table-land of the coast, with a dip in the centre where the river passed out, and a cluster of warehouses by the water-side. But, on first landing, a stranger is not favourably impressed. There are low grog-shops and dingy sheds filled with highly odorous merchandize. There is a wilderness of railway lines and switches, and a dusty hill to ascend before reaching Cleveland itself. Then, indeed, when once upon the higher level, the stranger will

change his opinion, supposing that he has had time to form one. This Forest City, as the natives fondly call it, has streets and avenues lined with shady trees, mile after mile of well-built comfortable villas, and grape-vines flourishing luxuriantly in every garden. There are, it is true, saw-mills, timber-yards, and iron furnaces in the valley, with a solid business corner about the west-end of Superior Street, for Cleveland is the destined rival of Buffalo in Lake Erie trade. Her population has increased from 6000 in 1840 to 65,000 at the present day, and her position, half way between coal and iron districts—the iron brought by water, the coal by rail—promises manufacturing greatness. Yet these things, though they constitute the foundation which supports the neat villas and well-kept streets, are not what a stranger first observes. Cleveland is, to uncommercial travellers, essentially the Forest City. Grant that they arrive, as I did, in broiling weather, how delightful is the shade of Euclid Avenue or Prospect Street, how cool and green the principal square, with its trees and grass plots round the statue of Commodore Perry! Thus surrounded, Commodore, we Britishers can almost forgive you for capturing our fleet upon Lake Erie in 1813. You were a straightforward manly fellow, as the words of your despatch recorded upon the monument prove, and you are not placed so high that indignant foreigners must dislocate their necks to obtain a view of your features.

Hotel life at the establishment where I find myself a guest is anything but monotonous. We are not a fashionable house. Very large trunks and clothes of the newest cut go elsewhere. But returned soldiers, emigrants on their way to the West, and a promiscuous assemblage of labouring men and loafers, may be found at our hotel. Country folk, too, who wish to spend a short time in town for making purchases, flock hither by scores. It is a large building, having many bed-rooms upstairs, with a bar-room and billiard tables, an office where fresh arrivals inscribe their names in a large book, and a drawing-room downstairs reserved for ladies. There is constant coming and going. An omnibus line is worked with unflagging regularity, depositing guests at the door and picking them up when they go away, making itself, in fact, the principal artery of communication. Every one is aroused at 5.30 A.M. by a gong which sounds through the passages with unmerciful clearness. At six o'clock breakfast is announced with rapping and stage whisper at the doors of those who are to start by early train. A second peal of the gong at 6.30 thoroughly arouses all hands, and by eight o'clock breakfast is a thing of the past. Then it becomes very hot. Gentlemen mostly subside into their shirt sleeves, whilst the flies grow tiresomely active. Dinner is ready for us at half-past twelve. The ladies have a few minutes' grace while they enter and take their seats; then comes a tramping of feet

as the main body of guests hurries into action. The dinner on most days is tolerably good. But good or bad, it soon disappears, and before the last arrivals have taken their seats, chairs are being pushed back and persons who got promptly to work are walking away satisfied. Americans, being of a restless energetic disposition, are anxious to get through with whatever they begin, and certainly eat too fast. Why should a man bolt his food that he may enjoy the post-prandial repose of a rocking-chair in the verandah five minutes sooner? Yet this is done by my fellow-lodgers at the hotel, especially by the least occupied amongst them, and, though they drink only water at dinner, they "licker" more than once during the afternoon. Our supper-time is six, when tea and coffee are taken, with beef-steak or mutton-chop to give the meal solidity. No consciousness of that impending gong which is to rouse us next morning seems to hasten a retirement for the night. The guests smoke and play billiards, lounge at the bar or sit at the piano in the drawing-room, until ten or eleven o'clock; then there is the noise and bustle of arrivals by a midnight train; after which all is quiet, and an allowance of about one mosquito a head gives the guests an excuse for looking curiously in their glasses next morning.

Those citizens of Cleveland who decline to pay two dollars an hour for cab-hire are not obliged to go on foot. They have street horse-cars, which take

them east or west at the moderate charge of six cents, and the omnibus line which delivers passengers and baggage anywhere within the city limits for fifty cents a head. I had found nothing so civilized as this omnibus line at New York, where a stranger must either send his baggage by "express" (parcels delivery) and walk to his destination, or pay the demands of the "hackmen." Americans still affect to believe in some remote traditions which hang about their cities of hackmen who have been summoned for an overcharge; but I never could discover at what point, short of a thousand dollars, overcharging was considered to begin. More would I on this theme, were it not for recollections of our exhibition year and of certain Gallic visitors whom I rescued from paying six shillings for a lift from Hyde Park corner to Brompton. "There," said the cabman, ironically, addressing a police officer who had told him to move on, "that's what comes of showing off that a fellow can *parlez-vous*, taking his bread from an honest man!" Can it be that strangers have as much cause to complain in London as in New York? If so, they must pay very dear for their sight-seeing. Also I admit that our cabs are vastly inferior to the hack carriages commonly seen in America. It is a comfort, if one must be overcharged, to suffer at the hands of a being, half swell, half ruffian, who sits upon the box of a stylish barouche and drives a well-kept pair of horses. Who would not be an American

hackman? He is an aristocrat among labourers, and labourers here are at a premium.

I wished to secure quieter lodging than the hotel already described could afford. Some recommended trying a fresh hotel, which might have been just as noisy as the first, others with more plausibility suggested that I should board. But Cleveland was overflowing with inhabitants who had nowhere to live, and the difficulty of procuring such accommodation was very great.

Board in America represents a much wider field of speculation than the word implies to English readers. We have a well understood system of furnished apartments in every town and village. At watering places such apartments stand in dreary tenantless rows during the off-season, and are crammed with lodgers when the watering-place harvest begins. It is specially stipulated in the leases of some London squares that rooms shall not be sub-let, whilst whole streets in quiet neighbourhoods have cards at their windows which announce lodgings. So is it with us; the thing has become a British institution, and may be proudly reckoned, along with hansom cabs, as one of England's claims to be considered the most civilized nation in the world. Though America can boast many commercial triumphs, she is behind us in regard to lodgings. Look at it as you will, board is a poor substitute for the luxury of having your own sitting-room and bed-room, your own decreasing

pound of tea and leg of mutton, and that obliging maid-of-all-work whose tumbles down back-stairs with willow-pattern crockery do not affect the lodger. Americans must either be householders or stop at hotels or board. They have not the class of anxious pale-faced mechanics' wives, voracious widows, and decayed gentlewomen, to supply them with respectable keepers of lodgings. They cannot enjoy small marketings, choice suppers, and the cozy exclusiveness of that sitting-room and bed-room before named. With them, although three courses are open to an intelligent traveller, he will find hiring a house like purchasing a stuffed elephant, and stopping at an hotel exceedingly noisy. He must board. There is no help for it.

Hunting for a comfortable boarding-house is but another form of the Old English sport known as "lodging hunting"—a sport which has moments of bright illusion, when the scent becomes very warm, and you are told that there is exactly what you want round the corner or on the parade, and times of deep depression, when sleeping in a bathing-machine appears to be your only prospect. My search for lodging in Ohio partook of both these features, and had quaint characteristics of its own. Had board been easily obtainable, one might have foregone without a murmur the stately seclusion of the English parlour and bedroom. But such was far from being the case at the period of my search.

The first attempt was at a house in —— street, which looked somewhat shabby, but had a substantial long-established appearance. I rang at the door, and a girl with dishevelled hair bounced out to know what I wished. To the mild enquiry, "Do you take weekly boarders?" she replied, "All right! Come along in;" and bounced away without further parley. My entrance remained unnoticed for several minutes, until at last an aged female tottered forth from regions smelling strongly of dinner, and thus apostrophized me, "Are you the young man that was to have a share of a room?" A consciousness that I was not this young man of moderate aspiration held me dumb, and she added quickly, "There's only a share of a room to be had, but it's got two beds in it, and the other lads sleep together, so you'd be by yourself till we get crowded." I muttered something about taking time to consider, and retreated from the premises. It would have been grossly unfair to deprive the unknown youth of that little which he craved.

My next attempt was at a dwelling of more pretension, on the opposite side of the square. Ringing gently, I remained without answer, but a hard pull brought the dingiest of helps to ask almost fiercely, "What is it?" "The human nondescript!" I felt inclined to say, remembering Barnum, but contented myself with a question about board. "Mrs. Gilberts," cried the help, throwing her voice towards the first floor, "Here's a man wants to

board." With that the help vanished and her employer descended to receive me. Our colloquy was brief. Every detail had been satisfactorily arranged, and I felt that the hunt was drawing to a close, when the lady of the house remarked, "Guess you'll be coming round again in a week or two."

"How so, ma'am? I wish to remain here now."

"Yes," said she reflectively; "thought you did; but the fact is we are filled up for a week for certain."

My hunt was unsuccessful, and a fresh scent had to be followed.

Boarding-house No. 3 was intensely respectable inside and out. No crowding together of boarders, old or young, no impotent conclusion to a discussion of details. I mounted a flight of stone steps leading to the door of this neat abode. I was ushered in with politeness by a young lady whose hair was most carefully dressed, and a group of comfortable-looking children peeped at me over the bannisters. Presently the mistress came. What a pleasant smile she had! It would be just the place in which to feel at home. My stereotyped question is put, and hope is dispelled in an instant.

"Do you take boarders, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, we did, but we don't. Our rooms are all wanted by the family."

Thus baffled, I repaired to Mr. Parsons, who is President of the St. George's Benevolent Society,

founded in Cleveland for helping distressed English emigrants. To him I stated my difficulty, and he advised me to advertise in the local papers.

"Every one in this country make their wants known through the press," said he. "An advertisement will cost you very little and is sure to bring you plenty of answers if you name a high rate of payment." So I went to the offices of the 'Cleveland Herald,' the 'Leader,' and the 'Plain Dealer,' asked what would be more than is generally given, then put in my notice, and waited, as might a conspirator who has fired a mine, for the explosion of boarding-house feeling which a good offer would produce.

Twice I walked across the square past Commodore Perry's statue, and entered the Post Office, seeking answers to X. Y. Z. No answers came, I tried again, and the clerk appeared at his window with three envelopes directed to those mysterious initials. X. Y. Z. was hereby informed, that he and "his party," might "find board by applying at the above address." His party, it should be explained, consisted of two friends who were travelling with him, and who have requested not to be further particularized. Thus furnished with a clue to what he sought, X. Y. Z. was soon established in a pleasant cottage near the line of horse-cars, a white-painted cottage, built of wood like all its neighbours, with green shutters and a grape-covered verandah. There was a street in front, that had shady walks on either side, and there were

gardens round other white-painted cottages which flanked our little domain. Ours, I say, because we felt so much at home as we sat in the verandah with bunches of grapes hanging overhead, and belike a rustic tea spread before us. Advertising had answered well in our case. The outer world might hunt for board and dismally bewail Cleveland's crowded condition, but X. Y. Z. and party, like so many proverbial bullets, had found their billets beyond a doubt.

A stay of several weeks in the Forest City enables me to assert with confidence that its chief social characteristic was weddings. They took place in church or in the bride's home, according to circumstances, but weddings there were every day. Boys returned from the army got married before starting in civil life; and, as if to symbolize American politics, the long engagement was followed by the happy union. We thought nothing of being told by a friend who slipped away from the tea-table at seven or eight o'clock, "I am just going round to So and So's wedding." The remarkable statement would have been, "No one to be married to-day." There was hope and confidence all around, settlements were little thought of, nor did any bridegroom seem apprehensive of finding it difficult to support a family. The nation was going right ahead, so why not its component parts? Plenty of elbow-room could be found in Dakotah, if everything else failed, and then

Cleveland itself had to equal Buffalo in size, so forty thousand more inhabitants were wanted. Did the objector to matrimony upon prudential grounds enquire where house accommodation could be had, the bridegroom might point to many a wooden residence on rollers travelling from one location to another. We can scarcely realize house moving on such a scale. Fancy 85 Fleet Street or any other great man's dwelling going off to the sea-side in the beginning of August. At Cleveland they could take whole streets out of town without injury to the papering on inside walls, for these houses stick together as closely as Peggoty's boat upon the Yarmouth beach. When I was shown over the Home for Aged Ladies, belonging to Trinity Church (episcopal), I was surprised to hear that they had bought the dwelling at some distance from where it now stands and had conveyed it intact to its present site. That same day a little corner house, which I had often noticed on account of its neglected garden, disappeared from the corner and went—we knew not whither!

The city was to experience a State election, and party feeling ran high, if one might judge by newspaper comments.

DON'T LET THEM VOTE.

Every draft skedaddler and deserter, who has sneaked back to his home since the war closed, will try to smuggle a Democratic vote into the ballot-box to-day. Don't let them do it!

Thus spoke a Republican journal, and followed up

its exhortation by specifying the classes who were excluded under Act of Congress. The Democratic organ was equally decisive in its tone, calling upon the people to save their country from misrule. Serious issues were at stake, and nobody could doubt that the politicians were in earnest. But what followed? A riot, leading to broken heads? An ill-treating of policemen, and calling out of military? Not at all. The election went off with perfect tranquillity. I saw only one hack-carriage adorned with some inscription in the style familiar to us as "Vote for Smith. He is the people's friend!" and one or two placards about Republican mass-meetings. Perhaps, though politicians spoke warmly, the voters felt that both parties being eager to endorse President Johnson's reconstruction, it was not worth while to get excited over the question of which men should be in office. But I attribute great virtue to a law of the State of Ohio which forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks within the said State upon an election day. By this law, any person who shall sell or barter "spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors" during elections, shall be fined not less than five dollars and be imprisoned in the county jail for a period not exceeding ten days. What more can be said? An election without beer is quieter than a vestry-meeting.

Public hospitality is well understood in America. The people may deprive themselves of beer when

they think such a course expedient, but they know how to give their friends champagne at a time of feasting. When our Prince travelled through the States he was magnificently received, but he, being a Prince, would have met with such reception in most other countries. The striking point of American hospitality is its extension to all sorts of home-celebrities and to representative men from abroad. The Chamber of Commerce of one city is entertained by the Chamber of Commerce of another. Volunteer fire-companies exchange visits, so do regiments of State militia. Anybody who has a claim of fellow-feeling upon somebody else partakes of that somebody else's good cheer and gives his own in return. It is as though our Inns of Court organized a treat for the Scotch Advocates, sent a deputation to meet them on their arrival in London, chartered omnibuses to take them to the Crystal Palace, gave them a banquet in each of our dining-halls, and escorted them on their return as far as Berwick, with a detachment of the I. C. R. V. In due course of time we should be entertained at Edinburgh, shown something of the Highlands, and welcomed with a monster pic-nic on Loch Katrine. You may smile, reader, at the translation of American hospitality to our grave atmosphere; but such entertainments are useful anywhere, and especially in a vast country where they bring men together whose homes and centres of interest may lie twelve hundred miles apart.

To foreigners this American welcome is constantly extended, though sometimes, I fear, without sufficient reciprocity. Japanese and Tunisian embassies are made the guests of the people as much as of the Government. Mr. Cobden, when he travelled through the States, was told by hotel-keepers and railway clerks that he had nothing to pay; and, more recently, a party of Englishmen connected with railway enterprise were regally fêted in the principal American cities. I saw something of their reception at Cleveland, accompanying them thence upon a portion of their trip, and it struck me that to be a public guest was a most agreeable incident in any man's career. The qualities required to sustain this character with credit, are indifference to fatigue, strong digestion, and unlimited power of hand-shaking.

There was a banquet at the Weddell House, a steamer ready to take the visitors for an excursion on the Lake, and carriages in attendance to convey them to places of interest in Cleveland. At the banquet we had speeches friendly to England, as also to the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, which was a beneficial result of English capital brought home to Ohio. Loyal and patriotic toasts were honoured standing, sound commercial sentiments were received with loud applause, and it appeared as though every one present had resolved that John and

Jonathan should form a partnership for "whipping creation."

Looking down the glittering table and thinking of the city which surrounded us, the Connecticut Land Company and General Cleaveland's party of explorers seemed a very old story. Only seventy years, did you say, sir, since the General found one log cabin on Cuyahoga River? This is, indeed, a progressive country!

CHAPTER XVII.

PETROLEUM AT HIS HEAD QUARTERS.

A muddy exploration — A flowing well — A call to British geologists.

NORTH-WESTERN Pennsylvania bids fair to become the wealthiest section not only of this State but of the whole Union. Gold itself can scarcely compete with mineral oil as a way to riches, for gold must be sifted from sand or crushed out of quartz, whilst petroleum will often bubble up to the surface unaided and fill as many barrels as can be got ready to receive it. This mineral-oil business dates its existence within six years. Pennsylvanian farmers who were worth a few hundred dollars have now as many hundred thousand, and speculators have made fortunes, "smashed up," started again, and grown rich a second time, since Abraham Lincoln was first elected President. We have learnt by King Cotton's overthrow not to dub any article of commerce too promptly with the royal title; but petroleum will certainly persuade men that oil is king if he flows

on much longer. I had seen a mere outpost in Enniskillen, the monarch's head quarters are in Pennsylvania. Here he holds high court, pours wealth into the hands of his courtiers one day and burns them to cinders the next. Sixteen millions sterling is the annual value of the yield of oil in this region, whilst accidents from the ignition of gas occur with terrible frequency.

Meadville had been excited by the visit of English railway capitalists. Its inhabitants had enjoyed an illumination of the hotel-garden and a display of fireworks, with such further gratification as might be derived from knowing that a select assemblage was dancing in the railway refreshment room. Even amongst Republicans it is well to be of the select few for whom floors are waxed and suppers are prepared. And Meadville had subsided into its ordinary business-trim when I took the branch line for Franklin, meaning to pay my respects to Petroleum.

There was heavy rain, which promised badly for the condition of the roads along Oil Creek, and an old gentleman of florid complexion and double chin favoured me with many gloomy prognostics.

"Sir," he cried, "when it rains like this on the Venango—French Creek you see, commonly speaking, but Venango the proper name—when it rains like this, sir, down here, depend on it there's much worse weather up among the derricks. Ever seen an oil-derrick?"

I told him of my Enniskillen experience, and he related the adventures of a former trip to Pithole, in which mud played a conspicuous part.

"If Oil City is as dirty as it was when I went there before," said he, "darn'd if you catch me out of sight of the cars."

This old gentleman was a Democrat in politics, as he presently announced, adding that he rose at five every morning and had found no Republican who could "beat him at that."

"How about negro suffrage?" said I, wishing to hear more.

The old gentleman choked with indignation.

"Call a coloured man my equal!" he exclaimed. "Soap can't do it, and Abolitionists shan't!"

Then he went over some threadbare arguments for slavery, and afterwards mentioned three or four darkeys whom he had known to possess first-rate intelligence.

"But they were exceptions, sir. Once let the nigger think he's to be your equal, and you'll have such exceptions increasing in number. They'll all take to learning and be d——d to them!"

Seeing some young soldiers a few seats in front of us who laughed at what he said, my elderly Democrat administered a blow to their self-esteem.

"Sad thing, sir, this war."

"Yes, indeed, for those who have lost friends or relatives."

"Wal, I lost both, and what seems hardest is, that while so many fine boys have been killed, all the useless cusses have got safe home again!"

Oil Creek is a tributary of the Alleghany River. Oil City stands at the junction of these streams, and a short line, which runs by the river-side, connects Oil City with the Franklin branch of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway. Now you have geographical data that will enable you to find His Unctuous Majesty. Take a ticket at New York, per A. & G. W. R., travel about five hundred miles *viâ* Salamanca and Meadville, and expect to be knee-deep in mud at the end of your journey. It is, perhaps, sometimes baked dry or frozen hard, but, as I saw it, Oil City was smeared with mud from top to toe. Not a common mixture was this of earth and water that may be brushed off next morning, but such mud as will require benzine to take the stain out of your clothes. People splashed through it recklessly or skipped from stone to stone, hoping to preserve a decent exterior. No matter which course they adopted, mud left its traces upon them. Yet there was more wealth hereabout than near many a well-drained promenade.

The Seneca Indians long ago discovered that Oil Creek was a peculiar stream. Every year the medicine-men skimmed petroleum from its surface and inaugurated a feast by kindling the sacred flame. Even when the Indians were removed to their re-

served lands in New York State they continued to make excursions to the Creek for the purpose of enjoying a Great Medicine. No one noticed this custom, save as a curious specimen of native superstition. Time passed on, a scanty agricultural population occupied the Seneca hunting-ground, and steamboats from Pittsburg occasionally came thus far up the Alleghany. Then rock oil was found to have a market value. Wells were sunk, towns arose as if by magic, and, when the Indians returned in 1862 to have another feast, they were so disgusted at what had been done that they declared this to be their last visit. Three years must have increased the mud and the derricks. Medicine-men wading in the Creek would now have been knocked over by long shallow barges laden with barrels of petroleum, and chiefs who remained upon the shore would have been in danger from waggon-loads of the same precious liquid. Three dollars a barrel for freight from Pithole to the railway was enough to bring a thousand teams into the service. Waggon-wheels sunk deeper into ruts at every journey, yet no one repaired the road. If a man of enterprise did fill up some profoundly inconvenient hole, he remained near his handiwork asking contributions from passing teamsters.

What a road it was from Oil City to Pithole, and what a journey by the Pithole stage! I started on an "express line," so called, with twelve bone-breaking

miles before me. The city was traversed at a foot-pace, and several complete blockades, caused by empty waggons going one way and full waggons coming the other way, provokingly delayed us. There was rain which soaked the passengers, and mud which impeded the horses. Poor brutes, they had the worst of it after all! Such steep pitches to ascend! Such ruts to drag us out of! Now we turned impossible corners among stumps and derricks, and now took to the bed of the Creek. Barges drifted past us and threatened collision with our stage-waggon, their nine-inch draft enabling them to navigate the channel through which we splashed. Darkness came on. The obstacles which had been sufficiently serious by daylight grew still more formidable, and we were glad to halt for the night at Cherry Run Hotel, four miles from Oil City.

A snug tavern this, where supper was laid to greet the hungry passengers by the stage, and in which not only newspapers but billiard-tables were provided for the amusement of the guests. The billiard-table is an unfailing accompaniment to American hotel-life, from the large establishment that has ten or a dozen boards of green cloth to its humble imitator with one worn-out table. I met a gentleman at Cherry Run well acquainted with its neighbourhood, who informed me of two murders and half-a-dozen robberies lately committed upon the road to Pithole.

"Don't go through the woods alone," he said,

"unless you aire armed, for many men loaf round who have been ruined by speculation and grown kinder desperate. They might ease you of your money, if not of your life."

A cheerful prospect truly for any would-be pedestrian, but I thanked my informant, and told him proudly that I had a ticket to Pithole by the stage.

The well-acquainted one smiled. "Guess you'll find the road above here pretty hard to travel, sir, and let me advise you to watch the motions of the driver, and hold on when he does. There aire some big places that might jerk a man out of the stage and hurt him."

He was right. There were some big places. At fifty yards from the hotel-door we plunged through an oily pool so steep-sided as to threaten a capsize, end over. Then appeared chasms to right and left, which made the stage lie down like a sailing-boat in a squall. We crossed a bridge of slimy logs with chinks three inches wide between them, and wallowed in tracts of mud that would have received a young hippopotamus and concealed him from sight. A railway was being made through the valley, and future travellers may pass swiftly by Cherry Run. Not so the stage in which I rode. We dwelt long upon each view of the tree-covered hills, and crept with seeming reluctance towards fresh scenes of interest. Derricks stood beside the Run, and were thickly planted on every available spot. Successes and failures could be

seen at a glance upon one and the same half acre—weather-beaten erections left to rot over oil-less wells, or frameworks kept in good repair, with brimming oil tanks near them and engines steadily pumping. There were barrels just filled being rolled into waggons, and others waiting for their turn. There were teams of weary cattle straining down the valley with completed loads, and teams scarce more fortunate struggling upward to take their cargoes on board; all covered with mud, which looked even muddier in this morning's bright sunshine than it had during last night's rain. I was glad, for the horses' sakes, to hear that, besides the railway soon to be finished, some wealthy oil-owners were laying down pipes between their tanks and the mouth of the creek.

As we advanced there were fewer derricks to be seen, then only a well here and there, and then the wood became picturesque enough to inspire thoughts of gipsying. We stopped at a village called Plumer, where the coachman repaired his harness which had been damaged *en route*. Here we were ballasted with two ponderous trunks containing theatrical properties for Pithole, and here I perceived how great a mistake I had made in not hiring a saddle-horse for the day instead of trusting to the stage. My well-acquainted friend, having taken his time over breakfast, and probably smoked a couple of cigars before starting, cantered by as we were leaving Plumer,

with the inquiry, "Hard road, sir, ain't it?" Then he added, over his shoulder, "Told yew to expect some big places." The journey was again through wooded scenery, among oak trees that would have graced an English park, and quagmires rendered passable by logs and branches. Our driver cared nothing for stumps, but ran against them with edifying calmness, or, turning aside to avoid an apparently bottomless rut, would guide the stage straight on to sturdy saplings, which bent beneath us, brushed along the bottom, and sprang up behind as though they were accustomed to such treatment. We passed the highest point upon our road, and, after a few more excruciating jolts, reached the crest of the hill overlooking Pithole Run.

Was it a city or a camp spread out below us? To the left of that dark group of pine trees upon some rising ground in the centre of the valley, were huts and houses of unpainted deal, tents and sheds, horses and waggons, with men hurrying busily to and fro, as if some large army had just taken up a new position. The breeze did not flutter a hundred streamers, but it brought an odour of petroleum dear to speculators in oil. We were gazing on a city of three months' growth, yet which now possessed two theatres and twenty hotels, with an income of fifty thousand dollars a day, and a population already computed at eight thousand. When Gladiateur won the Derby Pithole was unknown to fame, and when he won the

St. Leger a half-acre lot on Pithole Run could be sold for eighty thousand dollars. Enniskillen was child's play to this carnival of speculation. Men came from all parts of the country, if only to see others growing so marvellously rich. Oil shares were dealt in by merchants and artisans, by rowdies and theological students. Some must have profited by such dealing, whilst those who burnt their fingers at the game quickly vanished into outer oillessness. I doubt whether any but trained foot-pads took to the road to retrieve their fortunes, though it is certain that crimes of violence occurred nearly every day, and that revolvers were carried for self-defence by the most peaceable-looking persons.

To prevent confusion the oil wells are numbered, and, although some have proper names in addition to their numbers, it is by these last that they are generally known. Well "54" was an object of attention to every visitor at Pithole. Happy might Jonathan consider himself in receiving the tax of a dollar per barrel on crude petroleum! Happier the proprietors of "54" who could realize five dollars per barrel after such tax had been paid! No pump was necessary in working this splendid possession. As a jealous neighbour phrased it, "they had only to stand clear and let the critter work itself." "54" did not flow, that would be too mild a term, it spouted oil at the rate of fifteen hundred barrels a day. There was more fencing in and a greater show of tankage about

the wells on Pithole Run than about any which I had yet seen. Huge tanks, like brewers' vats, surrounded "54." They were enclosed by palings and roofed over to guard them from ignition. Yet not many hours after my departure a stray spark caused the destruction of several thousand barrels in a conflagration that threatened to scorch up the newly-built city. This is, however, going on too fast. I must return to what I observed of the tanks while they were as yet unburned and ask you to accompany me.

From Pithole City to the Run was but a step, though a step that required discretion in the taking. Here was a critical passage from one dry patch to another, with mud oozing round the logs on which I trod. Then came a stump to afford momentary rest. Sometimes a waggon blocked in the line of teams served as a bridge to cross very bad places. How slowly those waggons moved! Yet they each carried but five forty-gallon barrels, which, allowing for difference of weight between oil and water, would make the waggon-load little more than half a ton, driver included—certes, a load that a pair of horses would draw upon good roads without knowing that they had anything behind them. In Oildom the said pair of horses must tug with energy before they can move forward a single foot.

At length I reached the slimy entrance of No. "54," and found that strangers were thronging to

see the "fifteen hundred barrel well." All new arrivals were questioned by a man who guarded the bottom of the stairs, as to whether they had matches about them. This must have occasioned a shocking amount of prevarication, since all seemed to pass on though nine out of ten were smokers. Beyond this too courteous guardian was an ascent of wooden stairs, slimy from contact with Pithole boots, and then a platform between two large tanks. The loft, for so it appeared, in which we stood, was filled with gas. There was a noise as if the hose of a fire-engine at full work had been turned upon the left-hand tank. That iron pipe, pointed downwards close to the bubbling surface, splutters forth petroleum at the rate of forty gallons a minute, and much more than forty gallons of liquid, for there is water mixed with the oil when first it comes. But as such an alliance cannot long continue, means of speedy separation are provided. Whilst the water sinks down and drains away from the lower portion of the tank, the oil runs out at a higher level and gurgles into another vat-like receptacle. Here is pure rock oil, looking dark and thick—the best cure in the world for bruises or sprains, and, if outwardly applied, for sore throat.

"What sum should I ask to induce me to swim across the tank?"

"Stranger, you aire joking. No swimmer could keep himself afloat for three strokes on petroleum. It would cure all his ailments, viewed as ailments, but it would extinguish the individual."

Jonathan and the owners do not trouble their heads about miraculous oil cures, nor will we. No. "54" is worth a long journey to see, without any thought of rubbing our throats with petroleum or dipping our limbs in the tank.

I have spoken of artesian well-boring and briefly described a derrick in the chapter called "Oily Enniskillen." No material difference exists between Canadian and Pennsylvanian Oildom. Both rely on manual skill for giving the twist to the descending drill, on squarely-framed wooden derricks, and on engines of an average ten horse-power. The Pennsylvanian business is far greater in extent than, but bears a family likeness to, what goes forward in Canada. Thus thinking, and having said as much about bad roads and mud as will satisfy most readers that Pithole was by no means accessible to glass coaches, I feel at liberty to quit the Run without further adieu, though other wells were visited besides No. 54, and more perilous scrambles over mud-chasms were effected.

I met a gentleman who tested oil in the palm of his hand with a rub and a sniff. "Ah, ha!" said he; "Good! very good! but there's better near Franklin." Then fortune threw in my way a party of pleasant jovial fellows from the Blood Farm district. We became friends, and they insisted on my dining with them at an hotel which was being roofed during our repast. "Repaired?" you suggest, will-

ing to give me a chance of retractation. No, reader; it was being roofed. But that was nothing at Pithole. Men traded in unfinished stores and slept in unfinished bed-rooms. They ate well-roasted meat, it is true; but sprang away to speculate before they had finished their meals. Telegraphs were constantly worked—opposition lines, they told me, which are always a great blessing and secure punctuality. Messengers rushed to and fro. A million of dollars might be made or lost in half an hour. Can you wonder that Pithole was extravagant? As I mounted the horse on which my jovial friends had resolved that I should ride with them, a newsboy ran past with the announcement that oil was "held at six dollars!" Its price had an upward tendency, as all admitted, and Pithole might be richer than ever without any increase to the yield of her wells. How things had changed since the produce of Tar Farm, on Oil Creek, was sold at twenty-five cents a barrel! A flowing well which yielded three thousand barrels a day at that price was then thought highly remunerative. Men lived to grow wiser. The well in question—at Tar Farm remember, not at Pithole—would now be worth an enormous sum; but—it has ceased to flow. Pithole, beware!

We rode merrily through the woods, our horses picking their way like squirrels among logs and stumps. My companions laughed at the notion of lurking foot-pads, though they confessed to carrying

pistols, ready loaded, in their pockets. Over the central ridge of the oil region we went and down by a picturesque country track, innocent of waggon wheels, to the shore of the Creek, a little above the junction of my old acquaintance and Cherry Run. We were once more among derricks, brimming tanks, and shallow barges; the hills on either side looking just as they did when this was all a Seneca hunting-ground, and the valley as few valleys ever have looked. It might have been a coal-mining district, but that no black heaps were to be seen; or a region of manufacturing activity. Only, where was the smoke?

After spending an agreeable evening with my friends at their quarters on Blood Farm and enjoying a night's rest under their hospitable roof, I strolled up Oil Creek, past Petroleum Centre, to Shafer railway station. Thence I took the cars for Titusville, and, having seen that ancient city—a place dating back before 1860—I left Oildom behind me. But the smell of a naphtha lamp might still bring visions of tank and derrick.

Reader, you should visit that curious oil region, if ever you travel in America. From Titusville to Corry is a short railway journey, and at Corry a traveller is again on the national highway: he can return to New York with his carpet bag full of oil shares, and cut a figure in Wall Street as a man who "knows the ropes," or he can go West, as I did, in search of

novelty, my shares taken out in a share of amusement, the oil brought away on my clothes.

It may comfort those with a yearning to bore for oil in England to reflect upon the fact that petroleum of various quality underlies not only Canada and the United States, but almost every part of the world. I call upon British geologists to come forward like men and tell us where to go to work. "Britons strike home" will have a new signification when they are striking oil. Are there no suspicious pools of unctuous surface to be found in England? No crevices apart from domestic arrangements whence gas escapes? They say that between shale and limestone is the "likeliest place on airth for ile." Have we not shale and limestone in our very midst? I do not say that we have, but I demand a full investigation by competent persons, and I give this dark hint for the benefit of all concerned. Where there is cannel coal, there might, with equal propriety, be derricks. Let me, however, caution my reader against being deceived into purchasing "oil land" merely because such territory should smell of upset naphtha lamps. Two Yankees, who thought themselves 'cute, came to an old Pennsylvanean and asked for how much he would part with a certain field of his. They had been sniffing around and had discovered such a strong "show of oil," that it was a relief to them when the farmer named as his price only four times the value

of the field. With eager haste the money was paid, and in a little time these artful speculators had sunk a well five hundred feet deep. No petroleum rewarded their enterprise, and there was nothing to encourage them but surface indications at one particular spot. "How do you get along, gentlemen?" said the farmer meeting his new neighbours. They replied that they had pumped up nothing but water from the well, though there was a very likely place on their lot near the big stump by the corner of the road. "Why," exclaimed the farmer, "I really think that must be jist where my boy broke a pitcher of ile he was bringing home."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BORDER-LAND.

Commerce and Catawba.

In the bright October weather, when a whole summer of "reconstruction" had passed over America, I stood upon slave-soil and looked across the Ohio at Cincinnati—upon slave-soil, strange as it might seem, for Kentucky had temporized between North and South, had never formally seceded, and was not affected by Lincoln's famous proclamation. The first cause of all the national troubles here lingered, tenacious to the last, leading to foolish conflicts of civil and military authority, while peaceable citizens were robbed with impunity and government officers were "bushwhacked." General Palmer, the Federal commandant, had caused deep offence by granting passports to coloured people, and Kentucky was slow to comprehend a change which South Carolina, after fighting bravely for her supposed rights, had been forced to acknowledge. At the very time of

which I speak, the Palmetto State assembled in convention was declaring slavery abolished, while Kentucky petitioned against General Palmer for acting as though the domestic institution could not revive within his district.

On one side of the river there was trouble and contention, neutrality claiming its reward and being met with the small thanks which neutrals usually receive; on the other side was wealth and industry, a great city overflowing with all that men most covet, and a population that had unanimously supported the Union cause. At Cincinnati that tide of prosperity which flowed over the Free States, despite their warlike efforts and their heavy debt, seemed to reach its highest point. Prices were firm, orders came more thickly than the workshops could execute them, immigrants continued to arrive. The cry was for more houses and fresh means of communication. Out beyond Cincinnati the Ohio counties flourished by peaceful labour. Regiments which came home and mustered out were speedily absorbed amongst their fellow-citizens, so great was the demand for bone and muscle. If crimes occurred, they were not more startling or outrageous than such as are common amongst ourselves. Nobody thought of putting a purse of gold on the highway and hoping that it would not be taken; first because gold was but a dimly remembered equivalent for greenbacks, and secondly because human nature will not stand so

severe a test. Depend on it there were bill-men concealed hard by, if a purse was ever safely exposed to public cupidity in Merrie Englande. But without exacting any extravagant proof of virtue from Cincinnati or its free-soil neighbourhood, the place was a quiet, well-ordered, specimen of civilized life—of civilized life, I say advisedly, as a counterfeit bill was there passed upon me and a ragged urchin demanded ten cents for cleaning my boots.

But, Kentucky, with its fruitful climate and variety of products, with its blue grass to sustain a capital breed of horses and its reputation of raising the finest men in the country, was not a promising residence about October, 1865. Before quitting the pretty little town of Covington and crossing by the steam-ferry to Cincinnati we will glance over our shoulder at what is going on in the neutral State. One item of intelligence is to the effect that a guerilla named Greenwade, with his band of outlaws, has taken possession of a cave in Morgan County, from which he sallies forth to rob Unionists and to prevent the collection of taxes. Another gang infests the Highlands of Bath and Fleming Counties.

Here is a specimen of news from Lexington, Kentucky, at which no one seems surprised:—

"The troops sent out to Morgan County have returned, bringing with them Mr. Geardon, the U. S. collector. Captain Johnson reports that on his approach the guerillas scattered in all directions, but

that, in the night, he was bushwhacked and his pickets driven in."

We further learn under the same date that Williams "has forbidden the collection of any more United States taxes, and that Mr. Geardon says he cannot go back without troops to protect him." There is somewhat of dignity about this Williams who forbids his country to raise a revenue. It is only a pity that such glimpses which amuse a traveller for half an hour, and are perhaps jotted down in his note-book, cannot be followed up to their proper end. When do we have the satisfaction of knowing what becomes of the many phantoms conjured up before us while the broad newspaper sheet hides our faces from curious eyes? After that defendant, by whom the fine was immediately paid, "left the court with his friends," did he swear to dance on no more policemen's heads, to prove himself reformed and full of good? The young lady whose "mysterious disappearance" is stated to have thrown gloom over the village of Littlehurst may never have returned, and the village may be gloomy still, but as the daily journals make no further mention of her, and the next edition of 'Lloyd's Weekly' knows nothing beyond the fact that she disappeared, we are left for the remainder of our days in uncertainty respecting her fate. Modern life, telegraph, newspaper life, is full of these dramatic *culs-de-sac*, these stray threads of human

experience. We seldom hear how anything ends, though we know that the particular page on which it appeared has long since been turned over and forgotten.

"For a distance of thirty miles in East Kentucky the Union men have fled." This is yet another scrap of news from Lexington, and it bears the stamp of gross exaggeration. The Union men are not so timorous as to fly whilst General Palmer is in command of the State and has an army for their protection. But the Montagu and Capulet story which follows may explain some of the drawbacks of remaining where your relatives are unpopular or in a minority.

Two families of Garrard County, Kentucky, had a quarrel of long standing. Whether it arose through difference in politics does not appear. The newspaper account merely informs us that, being thus hostile, they met at Drake Creek Church. It then gives the sequel with blunt simplicity:—

"Mac. Adams fired at and wounded Dan. Anderson, who, returning the fire, shot Adams in the arm. Then the difficulty became general, causing a great deal of excitement. A young man named John Sims, brother-in-law to Adams, was killed, and young Mat. Anderson was stabbed very seriously by Quincy Adams, receiving one wound in the right breast, another in the stomach."

Sad doings between neighbours at the church-

door, and enough to make Williams seem a less exceptional character than he at first appeared. Kentucky may be blessed with a rich soil and a warm sun, but these social difficulties and the habit of bushwhacking must be got over before settlers, with money to invest, will turn aside from their westward march and bring free labour to the whilom border-land of slavery. Come they will, however, though not yet. Kentucky has doubtless bright days before her. It is, to take no higher ground, an "eligible site for a villa residence." The forest is broken by park-like openings and the trees attain a stately growth. An Englishman who might wish to become a stock-raiser, without going so far as Australia, and to live among scenes that would often remind him of home, with a climate as soft as that of Italy, should do as Mr. Alexander, breeder of so many race-horses, has done. He saw, when he settled in Kentucky, that its pastures were favourable to the improvement of stock, and by judiciously importing a few choice animals, he became celebrated for the excellence of his cattle. You cannot converse for six sentences about these things with any one on the border without hearing of wonderful colts and bulls which Mr. Alexander has sold for long figures. When tranquillity is re-established on this side of the river, there will certainly be an opening for some young Caxtons, and no need to go home in search of pretty heroines for their romance.

Neither bushwhackers nor slaves are to be seen in the streets of Covington. The only noises which disturb them are wafted across the Ohio, as a murmur of voices and a hammering and rattling from workshops, with frequent whistles of locomotive and steamboat, show that Cincinnati is not far away. The river is low and we have to descend the shelving bank for some distance to reach the ferry boat. A huge pier of the unfinished suspension bridge is passed, with a group of coloured soldiers, who spring up sharply to salute their white lieutenant, and we pay three cents for three minutes voyage to the opposite shore. These sloping river-banks which contain a vast body of water in flood-time resemble the sea-beach in their hard stony character. Omnibuses, carts, and waggons zig-zag up and down them, so that, if a stranger stood pondering how the stream, that is seven or eight feet deep in early October, can have forty feet in mid-channel at certain periods of the year, he would probably be run over. It is a bustling place, where nobody is expected to stand still and reflect until he has locked himself into his room at some tavern and is out of harm's way. Permanent wharfage would here be impracticable, owing to the great rise and fall of water. The best thing that they can do is to moor the river-steamers, stern-on, to the beach, like so many wherries, and then put planks ashore from their bows.

A battalion of steamboats closely wedged shoulder

to shoulder is drawn up in front of the busiest part of Cincinnati. They are genuine Western river craft, with very shallow hulls and light upper decks. All have twin smoke-stacks, one to each side, and all are painted white. The only difference between them, except in point of size, is, that some are propelled by a pair of paddle-wheels, and others by a single wheel fixed at the stern. "Stern-wheelers" rank lower than "side-wheelers." It is condemnatory of a shop or an hotel to call either "a stern-wheel concern," though for navigating small creeks such vessels are preferred. They have their sphere of action, and should not be despised by the more swift and fashionable side-wheelers.

Passengers hurry down that sloping beach before mentioned to take their places on board outward-bound packets, or plod slowly up knowing that the city will wait for them. Merchandize is conveyed to or from the fleet, with plenty of holding back or straining forward as the case may be, with cracking of drivers' whips and shouts that only horses can understand. Now a fresh arrival may be seen upon the stream. She goes ahead, drops astern, and, after a prudent show of hesitation, runs in among the other vessels, putting her nose quietly on the beach. Perhaps the new comer takes a decided course, and, with one loud whistle of warning, thrusts herself into line. But whichever plan be adopted, the battalion of river craft is strengthened, so that

its losses when steamers back out and slip away are made good, and there is something for a stranger to see, come when he will.

Read the placards upon a few of these closely-wedged steamboats, if you wish to understand what inland navigation means at Cincinnati. Here lies a vessel taking on board cargo for New Orleans. That little stern-wheeler is bound to Nashville; her next neighbour to Pittsburgh; and the powerful craft beyond is advertised for the Upper Mississippi. They could not any of them ply safely between London and Margate. Their hulls are only a foot or two above the water, and their deck-houses would break adrift in a sea-way, yet these steamers have voyages of immense length to perform. Some will travel over nearly four thousand miles before they run their noses again on the Cincinnati beach. Many will pass between desert shores where settlement is just beginning, while others are intended to visit comparatively old cities that have noise and smoke enough to rival Birmingham; but none will go to foreign ports, their long journeyings will be through United States territory. . . . . There, my friend, self-introduced upon the river-beach, I have heard with interest your amplification of this theme, and would "fly the eagle" for others' benefit, as you have flown it before me, did not too loud a flourish of trumpets over the "mighty West" here seem inexpedient. It *is* a wonderful country, and our readers

shall appreciate the fact if they come far enough with us. As to doing it justice in a single paragraph, or in twenty paragraphs for the matter of that, why, we should require large type and notes of admiration at every word to satisfy your patriotic instincts. American citizens have done much, but they will scarcely claim to be more than the improvers of a region bountifully favoured by nature; and few of them would be pleased if, to gratify your craving for homage to the West, I should call it, with increasing emphasis, "a great, majestic, tremendous, section." Here the white-headed eagle, if he were bodily present, would flap his wings, soar above the line of steamers, and perch, it may be, upon one of those massive piers which stand ready to bear the strain of a suspension-bridge between Ohio and Kentucky.

The suspension-bridge will be a fine work. Already it spans the stream, not with a regular footway, but with the lightest and giddiest of paths, a mere cobweb of rope and wire, that stretches from shore to shore. One is reminded of gazing up from the Bristol Hot Wells during the transition period of Avon Bridge building, when the towers of Clifton Down and Leigh Woods had ceased to be regarded as follies, though our old acquaintance from Hungerford had not as yet been triumphantly secured in his new berth. I cannot push my comparison any further and am almost resolved to withdraw it from

notice when I remember that little more has been done than to suggest that the first stages of an English suspension-bridge resemble the first stages of an American. True that both the structures in question are over muddy rivers, but the Ohio at it deadest dry season is broader than the Avon when a spring-tide has brought thirty feet of water to Cumberland Gates; while, though there is high ground near Cincinnati, and a circle of hills behind Covington, there is nothing for many miles from these places to equal the St. Vincent Rocks.

It is needless to dwell upon the fact that Cincinnati had advanced in every respect since 1860. All that I could recollect of my former visit, and compare with what might now be seen, pointed clearly towards a great increase of wealth. Nothing had grown out of use or been left to get rusty and ruinous. Small houses had vanished that large ones might take their place. Immense shop-fronts stared at the passer-by where private residences had formerly stood. There was plenty of work for masons and carpenters on buildings in course of construction, and people wished that twice as many of such artisans would seek employment in the city; for house-rent was very high, indeed, a comfortable house could scarcely be obtained for any money. Everything told of prosperity. Here was a new railway terminus completed with the luxuries of the best in Europe, there the massive buttresses of the sus-

pension-bridge built during the war. Merchants on 'Change had a thriving, contented look, they were doing a heavy business, not only between East and West, but with the partially reconstructed South. Old Southern customers came to them, and said "We have tried secession and failed; will you let us open the connexion again, and let us have goods on time?" The South had to be fed and clothed, its houses fresh furnished, and its farms supplied with agricultural implements. There was a high tariff to check European competition, and Cincinnati was prepared to meet every want of her customers and to supply all that could be needed.

My walks through the city were pleasant, because I met smiling, well-to-do, citizens. Those haggard desperate faces which flit past us in London or Paris, and which are apt to haunt our dreams, had not their representatives on the banks of the Ohio. Passers by might be wicked, but they were not starving, and the superabundant villany of New York had not apparently travelled so far from its beloved Bowery. About the worst person to be noticed in the street was some coarse-featured rowdy, more fighter than thief, lounging near a bar-room. The poor had no occasion to suffer want if they chose to work, and the rich flourished as Dives will almost everywhere if you give him a chance. Good luck to such of the class as I came across for a hospitable gentlemanly set of fellows. They were chiefly of Yankee origin and not

ashamed to hail from New England. We in the Old Country may have a lurking preference for proud Virginian blood, but it is your Yankee who has civilized North America, and I hate the affectation of certain dwellers in the Far West who declare emphatically that they are not Yankees. Unless they have recently immigrated from Europe, why this denial of the most thoroughly national type in the country? Ask the history of the leading men in any North-Western town, and you will be told that this one came from Vermont twenty years ago, or that this other was brought by his father from Rhode Island. There are Germans who have thriven in their adopted land, and native born Englishmen doing well across the water. But for successful commerce and bold speculation, for everything in fact which has so wonderfully developed the West, "Yankee Doodle" stands unrivalled. Soldiers and diplomats were supplied in great measure by the cultivated families of Virginia; whose position more resembled that of our land-owning gentry. It was the *rôle* of Lancashire, Sheffield, and Paisley, that New England played on the national stage. A manufacturing career, in which nothing came amiss when dollars were to be turned over, fitted New Englanders for their civilizing mission. They had a mission, and though Europe has often laughed at their inflated talk about "manifest destiny," events are justifying that talk every day. No amount of elegant ease combined with skill in field

sports would have made the Pacific Railroad a work of the immediate future. Such progress required the pushing instincts of trade. Yes, there is no help for it, I am drawn by my subject into a worship of statistical greatness. Individually I prefer a gallop with the hounds to being shown over the best cotton-mill in existence. But, when we come to think of what has made England the country that she is and has fed our teeming population, we must give those ugly smoky factories and dull counting houses their due. John has thriven by the same qualities of invention and perseverance which he is fond of underrating in Jonathan. This last, though perhaps a "cuter critter" than it is quite well bred to be, has in his westward course carried churches and schools along with him and has kept Sunday with almost too much severity. The West need not blush if every one north of Mason and Dixon's line* should be called a Yankee by foreigners.

Real estate is the thing to hold in Cincinnati—not a bad thing anywhere, but here especially profitable. What a feast there would be in Ohio alone for conveyancers, did not land registry simplify the transfer of real property. Land is constantly being sold, and as constantly rising in price. First comers, if they can but keep their footing, are elevated from

* The boundary line between the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, surveyed in 1766-7 by two English engineers, Mason and Dixon.

competence to wealth as their possessions double or treble in value. Farms near Cincinnati, which might have been bought for ten dollars an acre within the memory of unmarried ladies, would now fetch two hundred dollars an acre or much more if suitable to building purposes. On a hill above the city, called Clifton, many plots of building ground have realized sums that would do credit to Sydenham. There are handsome houses in this Cincinnati Clifton, with gardens splendidly kept and a gatekeeper's lodge to some of their carriage entrances. Those which stand on the crest of the hill overlooking Spring Grove, have a delightful view across the Mill Creek Valley. Spring Grove itself is a model cemetery, laid out by a German named Strauss with excellent taste, and has every variety of surface; ponds in the lower part, sweeping carriage drives on the ascent, and little ravines to break its monotony in rear. This cemetery will compare favourably with Greenwood or Mount Auburn. It has not so commanding a position as Père-la-Chaise, but there is enough about Spring Grove to tempt any reasonable person to die at Cincinnati. He would not seem to be buried out of sight, but merely laid in a pleasure-garden over which Herr Strauss watches with fatherly interest. There are no cumbrous monuments to afflict a hovering spirit like nightmares; the management discourages anything beyond plain head stones as likely to become ruinous, and Herr Strauss, whose taste every one

relies on, is consulted as to each fresh erection. He has made the place his home, and lives in a pretty cottage at the cemetery gate. He told me that with fourteen men and three female gardeners, Spring Grove—containing nearly three hundred acres—was kept in the state in which I saw it. Go reader, when you are at Cincinnati, to the burial ground. Take the horse-cars thither, unless a friend drives you out, (the cabmen are extortionate, and should not be encouraged), and enquire on your arrival for Mr. Strauss (locally pronounced "Strorse.") Tell him that you are a stranger in the city, and he will be glad to explain all matters appertaining to his garden.

Italy has produced in good years a hundred million gallons of wine, and the United States has not yet reached a higher figure than one and a half million gallons. But this branch of industry is steadily developing. With their eager look ahead, the Americans see themselves outgrowing all Europe before the year nineteen hundred. They have already one vintage, which has achieved a name: sparkling Catawba is thought by many connoisseurs better than Champagne, and Catawba has its head quarters round Cincinnati. I was not fortunate in my view of the products of the Border-land. An awe-stricken waiter did point out Mr. Alexander to me at the hotel, but I missed, by a few hours, seeing the close of the autumnal race-meeting in which Kentucky horse-flesh was tried. I came a little too

early in the season to witness the great pork business of Cincinnati—New Yorkers call its people Porkopolitans—and the grapes in the neighbourhood had been destroyed by blight. The grapes had been destroyed; yet, happily, their cultivators survived, and to visit one of these gave excuse for a pleasant excursion out of town.

Punctual to our appointment, my friend's buggy drew up at the hotel door. His horse was tethered to a lamp-post or to a ring in the pavement—such fastening does this ingenious people persuade its cattle to put up with—and he came in search of me. Presently we sallied forth together; the buggy was found as it had been left. Those shoe-blacks who charge ten cents a pair scorn to push themselves forward as holders of your honour's horse. We climbed between the high wheels to our seats with accustomed difficulty, for getting aboard is the worst part of American traps. No whip was needed to obtain a rapid trot from the horse that had stood so quietly. Away we went, across Fourth Street and the canal several blocks beyond, and into the German quarter, known as "Over the Rhine." "All Dutchmen here," said my companion, pointing to the frequent inscription, "Wein und Bier Wirthschaft," and to the German names upon the shop-fronts. We turned to our left on leaving the Rhineland, passed the line of horse-cars for Spring Grove, and, crossing Mill Creek, proceeded by a gentle

ascent towards the grape-growing district in which Herr Werk has his farm. Mosquitos were forgotten for a while, the city disappeared behind a curtain of dust and smoke, and the air grew cooler as we rose to the level of a plateau that stretched away beyond our sight. Trotting up the wide macadamized road, we dispersed a group of German school-children who ran and shouted after us. One flaxen-haired little Gretchen proffered me a sugar-plum, as she clung to the back of the buggy, and then swallowed the morsel herself with a derisive grimace. She had evidently been "smartened" by contact with Young America. At the most cumbrous of turnpike portcullises there was toll to pay for maintaining the road. We sighted the "Three-Mile House," the "Four-Mile House," and the "Five-Mile House," caravansaries of moderate pretension, where holiday folk can have *lager-bier* to their heart's content. A little more up-hill beyond the "Five-Mile House" and we came to a snug-looking farm, well situated on a spot whence there was a fine prospect over vineyards and orchards towards the city.

It was just cool enough to be pleasant, and the evening light threw a mellow effect upon the scene. Two young men came out to receive us with frank cordiality. Their father was away, superintending his grape crop by Lake Erie, but they would show everything we cared to see, and we "must really taste a bottle. Should it be clear or sparkling?"

I may mention that we chose the "sparkling" and advise others to follow suit. We visited some gloomy cellars, in which I forget how many thousand bottles were stored, and saw the clever contrivances imported from France for corking and wiring. Our hosts were not discouraged by the bad crop of this year, and they could laugh at a discussion as to whether their largest butt would hold half as much as the monster at Heidelberg. Of course in an unguarded moment I learnt the secret of how Catawba wine is made, but that secret, though most interesting, it would not be fair to divulge. I must respect the hospitality of Herr Werk's establishment and deserve another bottle of "sparkling" next time.

Without trenching on any secret, it may be mentioned that when some Catawba grapes were submitted, unannounced, to a committee of German gentlemen, these seemed much puzzled to decide what they were tasting and finally declared that Hungarian grapes must be before them. The Catawba has a thick skin, and, like all American grapes, a stiff pulp, which renders it less pleasant to eat than commoner kinds from Europe. Its wine deserves to be better known among our dinner-givers, and should be imported along with canvas-back duck by those who wish to entertain in American style. The erroneous notion that Catawba will not bear a voyage has doubtless been encouraged in the interest of South African vintage. But the Cape has

nothing to fear from Ohio; their spheres are different.

They managed things wisely at Pike's Opera House* in Cincinnati. High charges and empty seats did not suit Colonel Pike. He preferred to see every part of the building crowded, though only fifty cents were demanded for an ordinary seat and seventy-five for a place reserved. I had last seen the Opera House when its pit was boarded over, with Cincinnati beauties gathered thereon to welcome Lord Renfrew. No beauty did I now behold at Pike's, save such as sat with its back to me in the reserved seats. Heavy melodrama reigned supreme for the moment; the plot impossible, but that mattered little; the scene laid in England; and a military character in undress uniform, who played with spirit, well received by the audience.

Military characters were popular in Cincinnati. The war had not been a circumstance vaguely heard of and far away from its inhabitants. They were on the right side of the border, yet they knew what an alarm of hostile invasion meant. There had been earthworks thrown up round Covington, and volunteers called for to defend their State, when Morgan was marching through Kentucky, and it seemed as though Confederate cannon might soon be thundering from the opposite river-bank.

* Since destroyed by fire.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WORK OF MERCY.

"Wimmen's wit"—The Soldiers' Home—Sambo in uniform.

BACK again I come to Cleveland in mid-October, when the weather has made a rapid change and has caught up our own climate of the same season. Not many days ago we enjoyed heat enough to fit out a respectable English July. Now there is frost at night and the leaves of the Forest City are quickly falling. If we look towards Lake Erie there may be seen sailing craft listing down before a strong northerly breeze and waves leaping up raggedly along the horizon as on an open sea. It is time for those who dislike cold to imitate the swallow and take a southern course. They need not carry messages for gentlemen of song, whilst perching upon golden eaves might prove uncomfortable to human-shaped travellers; yet southward they must go or be prepared for winter very speedily.

Down at the railway station by the Lake great-

coats are coming into fashion, men stamp their feet to keep them warm, and the "cars" are pleasantly supplied with stoves. Near this same station is the Soldiers' Home, maintained by private charity and managed—listen, ye disbelievers in female efficiency, —by a committee of ladies. "God bless their kind hearts!" has been the cry of many a sick and weary soldier returning to be mustered out of service. Cleveland is a centre of railway communication, so that homeward-bound regiments are constantly passing through. They cannot stay long in the Home, and indeed it could scarcely afford shelter to a whole regiment, but it can and does give them good cheer. Breakfast, dinner, supper, no matter what the meal may be called, there is always something to eat at the Home. Here too are beds for those veterans who remain in Cleveland waiting until they hear from their friends or secure some employment. Wounded men hang about the place, performing such little services as they are able. One, supported by crutches, has decorated the dining-room with paper flags and fly-catchers; another, whose right sleeve is folded empty across his breast, runs hither and thither on errands for the Home. It is good to see a warm parlour with books and writing materials for the veterans, as also a dormitory in which they can rest. All honour to the generous women who have, by their energy and skill, provided these things!

I am speaking of but a branch of the great Sani-

tary Commission, which, throughout the war, distributed the patriotic fund of America and to which many less associations lent their support. This Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio, owning the "Home" on the lake shore, is attached to the chief office at Washington, like a State to the Federal Union. It is locally independent, but, when abroad, acts under the guidance and with the help of the Sanitary Commission. There are still smaller branches, like counties in a State, which sustain the resources of the Soldiers' Aid Society. In Northern Ohio nearly five hundred such branches, all voluntary and self-supporting, have contributed every imaginable necessary for the comfort of the boys. Supplies have been sent, through Cleveland, to Wheeling, for the hospitals of Western Virginia; bandages and dressings, with two car-loads of fresh vegetables, to Camp Dennison; boxes of clothing and bedding have gone to Nashville; barrels of pickles to Atlanta; and clothing of different kinds to the Federal prisoners in the Confederate States. But the bulk of the goods despatched from Cleveland has been taken to Louisville, Kentucky, the head quarters of the Western Department Sanitary Commission, and so admirably has the distribution been carried out as to have cost less than three per cent. upon the value of the goods distributed. Thousands of dollars have passed through the hands of the ladies who manage the Soldiers' Aid Society. They systematised their

book-keeping at an early stage of the undertaking, they printed their reports with a small press in the office, and they held regularly filed receipts for every pound of grapes and pair of mittens despatched to the army. A committee of grey-headed city men could not have organized a charity more completely than have these Cleveland ladies, and such a committee would have demanded turtle soup as an encouragement.

I always believed in what Artemus Ward styles "wimmen's wit," yet it is surprising to find an office with books of solemn business import, wherein receipts, disbursements, and balances in hand, are familiarly entered by the weaker sex. On glancing down the columns in these books, may be seen such inscriptions as "corned-beef, 32,546 lbs.; eye-shades and arm-rests, 622; towels and handkerchiefs, 8,786; and gallons of pickles, 21,937." There were disbursements, too, under the head of "bringing soldiers' bodies home from the front to their friends." Nothing seemed to have come amiss to that energetic Soldiers' Aid Society.

A Soldiers' Home was established, that some of the good things hitherto dispensed far away might be made available in Cleveland itself, for those returning sick or wounded. Thousands were thus relieved during the end of 1864 and the beginning of 1865. Then followed peace and disarming, with a corresponding rush of troops to be mustered out. A

"front" to which supplies could be sent no longer existed, the army was melting out of sight, and the maintenance of the Home became more important than the sending supplies to a distance. By October, 1865, both branches of usefulness had well-nigh had their day. Fewer regiments passed through to be "mustered out," there was no active army to be sustained with barrels of pickles, save General Weitzel's forces on the Rio Grande or General Connor's Indian-fighters on the plains. The committee of ladies was actively engaged seeking work for its military *protégés*. Here again the Sanitary Commission came forward as a Federal head to its independent States, sent books and printed forms, gave information and encouragement. I do not profess to comprehend State rights, so, if my simile is far fetched, Americans must excuse me. The Sanitary Commission sent books with tabular statements which were to be filled up and returned to its office; gave advice which might be taken or not as the local societies chose; and collected material for the advancement of charitable statistics.

Curious wishes might be gathered from the pages of the employment books.

"John ——, aged nineteen, having served four years and being lame from a wound, desires the post of breaksman on a train." Poor lad! no wonder that he has not succeeded in obtaining his wish; a breaksman should be strong and active, able to jump off and on at a moment's notice.

"Edward ——, bred a farmer and who has served two

years, desires to become clerk in an Insurance Office." He, too, has not yet found any one to take him.

But many have been provided for, and such as cannot find work to their taste may, for a while, seek refuge in the Home, where no soldier applicant, old or young, white or coloured, is refused admittance.

Much wonder was expressed in Europe that anarchy and bloodshed did not follow the return of a million of armed men to civil life. Perhaps trouble would have come, despite the resources of America and the great demand for labour, had not private charity taken hold of every waif and stray from the war, given him food, and assisted him to lead an honest life. To the worst-disposed of Grant's veterans a sojourn in some Soldiers' Home was pleasanter than trying his hand at bushwhacking in the Northern States. For those who were not waif or stray and who easily resumed their former occupations, there was a warm welcome when they came back in blue coats and with sun-burnt faces. American gratitude did a cash business with the defenders of American union. No long-deferred payment of prize-money such as I have heard of in Japan (after the Japanese took Lucknow), no sending distinguished corps straight into dull country quarters when they returned from abroad, instead of giving them a march through the capital. It is well known that the Tycoon has difficulty in recruiting his army. Has the system just referred to anything to do with it?

Fewer regiments passed through Cleveland in October, 1865, but they had not all gone by when I went to the Home on a certain cold and windy day, that shall be taken for example. Hard work in the kitchen, busy laying out of tables in the dining-room! What does it portend? Nothing very dreadful you may be sure, for the dusky beauty who presides over kettle and saucepan is beaming with satisfaction. The ladies are here directing their staff of veterans to pour out coffee and dish up vegetables. Cold meats in abundance are upon the board, where, to use an elegant phrase, five hundred covers have been laid. There are bunches of Catawba grapes, apple and custard pies—a spread such as would tempt Barry du Barry himself to abandon for the nonce his delicious Revalenta Arabica Food. All present are expected to help, for it is an interesting moment in the Home. The 102nd United States Coloured Infantry is telegraphed to be but half an hour's journey from Cleveland, and the Home resolves unanimously that this, the first coloured regiment which has passed, shall have a proper reception.

The 102nd is to proceed immediately after dinner, either by railroad or steamer, and a fierce dispute arises between the agents of land and water-carriage as to which system their coloured friends shall patronize. Contradictory reports concerning the orders of the War Department are rapidly circulated. An officer at the door of the railway station is set upon byboth sides and asked to declare which course

he will take. The officer, a fine broad-shouldered fellow, looks hungry and dishevelled, says he "doesn't know how they are going on," and seems to care very little.

"How many of you are in this train?" is the practical question put by a committee lady.

"About five hundred and seventy-five," replies he of the broad shoulders, brightening up at sight of tables groaning beneath good cheer. I cannot aver from personal observation that the tables groaned, but suppose, in view of the usage of our language, that they did.

The excitement is at its highest. Like a ship cleared for action, the Home is prepared to do its duty. The coffee cups are full, the vegetables are dished, and "Now let them come!" is murmured by those who have prepared the feast.

A straggling column wheels out of the station and tramps in the heaviest marching order on to the wooden roadway before us. No pomp and circumstance is there about this 102nd regiment. The men have voyaged from Charleston to New York in tempestuous weather, one wing of their corps has been blown out to sea and not heard of since, they have come a thirty hours' journey by rail, and may be excused for appearing somewhat rough and ready on first alighting from the cars. How worn and faded are their uniforms! How quaint the covers in which their rifles are mostly carried! Is it possible that nybody can expect men to take the field with such

huge packs on their shoulders? Then for the colouring. To me a soldier who has served his country needs no whitewash, and in the regiment drawn up before the Cleveland Home I see only two things worthy of notice. Physically, it is a collection of English-speaking Christian Turcos, without the turban and loose trowsers, but with strength enough to give the Algerine a hard tussle, should they ever come across him. Morally, it is a triumph over centuries of cruel oppression—a proof that the hand of the clock has moved forward since Northern Americans concurred in the Fugitive Slave Law. Look down that line which has been dressed into perfect order, observe the bold merry glances of the rank and file, and note how promptly and steadily they obey their white officers. There is good stuff yonder for making regular troops, and no trace of that "ineffaceable curse of Cain" about which Copperhead and Southern clergymen have discoursed so eloquently. The negro is a thoroughly good-natured creature. He did not rebel against his master during the war and cut that master's throat, though, by the terror of servile insurrection expressed down South, we may infer that the whites knew that they had been rather hard on their slaves. And when contraband regiments were formed of Southern blacks, the negro, who had abstained from throat-cutting, showed that he was not afraid to meet his former master in a fair fight.

Look once more along the line of the 102nd, see the smile which flashes from end to end as a tipsy

spectator runs against the sergeant-major and holds on to that dignified personage for support. A broad grin of merriment is called upon every face. Teeth glisten and eyes roll, as though "negro delineators," not real negroes, were before us. Has any one a banjo, and will the bones presently rattle? Can these men possibly retain their firm military attitude and not break into a double shuffle? Another cause of amusement, which would scarcely reach the duller susceptibilities of white men! Some musical instruments piled by the band against an adjoining wall are blown down. Young Sambo notices the accident and grins. Once more every man from right to left flashes out his teeth and rolls his eyes. Still not a foot is stirred. No banjo or bones are disported. The regiment remains firm as a rock, whilst the detachments sent to wash in rows of bowls laid out for the purpose come regularly into place until dinner is announced as "quite ready." Then the broadest grin which even coloured features can achieve may be seen upon the 102nd—such an expression as would make a "delineator's" fortune could he produce it on Ramsgate sands.

The dinner is capitally managed. Company after company file in and take their seats without any perceptible confusion. The officers are provided for at a table of their own, though it is an invariable rule with the Home that all ranks shall fare alike, and committee ladies glide hither and thither superintending the refreshment of their guests. An English-

man has no prejudice to conquer, and may hand round bread or potatoes with a strong recollection of similar service at school feasts at home. It matters nothing to him whether white or black skins be under the blue coats whose wearers utter a gruff "thank you, sir" for everything they get. But to these American ladies colour has been an insurmountable barrier from childhood. They have been accustomed to see their country's republican institutions made ridiculous by deliberate inequality of law, and have been taught to despise, however gently and humanely, the inferior race. All this has been overcome by patriotism and Christian charity. The negroes, whose woolly heads are gathered round the dinner tables of the Home, have brought with them tattered Stars and Stripes. The uniform hides the colour, and American women do not feel ashamed of hospitality to American soldiers.

Out into the cold air again. "Form companies!" "Attention!" The senior officer present delivers a short speech in which he claims credit to the coloured portion of the U. S. army, for the fifty thousand comrades whom they have lost in the service. "We went South," he continues, "expecting very little friendship, and we found none. The regiment had to fight its way, trusting to courage and good discipline. We came North among loyal people, and have been welcomed with wonderful kindness. This greeting at Cleveland we shall never forget." He pauses for a moment, then calls on the men to give

three cheers for the Union, and "three times three for the generous ladies who have entertained us!" A burst of cheering rises in answer to his words, caps are waved, and faces lighted with smiles. The three times three is given with boyish enthusiasm, and we can understand how those black soldiers would charge a battery.

There is music from the band of the 102nd, which plays several popular tunes. I am shown one musician, dark as ebony, who has been picked up at Charleston—a contraband—and whose talent enables him to perform without knowing minims from semiquavers. Other followers brought from Charleston are coloured women of forlorn aspect and an aged nigger of the Uncle Ned stamp, whose wardrobe is so defective that the Home undertakes to improve it. Two or three lads arriving bare-headed from New York have hats bestowed on them. The guards and supernumeraries are fed when those who have been first seated make place, the officers take a polite leave of their hostesses, and the regiment moves off slowly to a monotonous tap of drums for keeping the men in step. There they go, towards the steamboat pier, looking very war-worn and practical, with heavy knapsacks and coarse blue overcoats.

"Don't talk to me about niggers," says a sturdy looker-on at my elbow; "I've seen them skedaddle."

"And I've skedaddled myself," remarks his companion, drily; "so have you, Bill."

The sturdy looker-on, with a badge to show that he

has been in the army, nods his head profoundly whilst uttering this oracular sentiment:—"Sir, the principle I agree to, though it's pretty steep to come down on me with nigger equality, but if he and I skedaddled at the same time and bust ourselves with running, it wouldn't make him white nor me black."

As a fact in nature his position cannot be disputed, nor is the prejudice of my sturdy neighbour against colour anything intolerable. He admits, you perceive, the "principle," which we will suppose to be "freedom," and merely contends for his superior quality of whiteness. The man may not be open to conviction all at once, but he is likely to think with more liberality of niggers when they have been free for a generation. As yet he represents a great number of Northern workmen, being anti-slavery in opinion and no Copperhead, though enjoying the sense of superiority over some one else. He thinks better of the negro since Cuffy has shouldered a musket, and will gradually be educated to the idea of giving every man a fair chance irrespective of colour. The war has done in four years the work of a long lifetime towards consistent freedom in America, and it has given scope to heroic valour on both sides of the quarrel, whilst calling forth such benevolence as erected the Soldiers' Home of Cleveland. With all its horrors there may be worse things than war, and I shall wait to become a member of the Peace Society until several outstanding points have been settled among our continental friends.

CHAPTER XX.

WESTWARD TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

Chicago granaries and Illinois farms.

I ARRIVED at Chicago on November 14th, having travelled from Cleveland in a very commodious sleeping-car. Not a good way this of seeing the country, where any objects of interest are likely to be passed, but Western Ohio and Indiana, along the route to Chicago, offer no peculiar attraction in any one spot. No mountain or river, with a great name, demands the stranger's attention, the forest at this time is deprived of its autumnal tints and reduced to a reddish brown, while the fields are mostly covered with stubble of Indian corn, far higher than an ox's shoulder, amongst which large golden pumpkins lie waiting to be gathered. This country is interesting to an emigrant from the very fact of its monotony. The forest may be changed into many more such farms as grow the corn and pumpkins, and there is room in the small towns, and

villages through which we passed for plenty of new comers. A friend residing thirty miles west of Cleveland told me of some Germans who came to him a few years ago and bought land at fifty dollars an acre. They prospered so well as to be able to purchase another lot at the same price, and, when they were refused a third lot, the father of the family exclaimed with energy, "If you sell even at a hundred dollar zen I buy. Remember zat!" The sleeping-car, with two stoves and double doors at the end to keep out draught, may become as hot as an oven, although it be a November night; children may cry with doleful persistency, and people brush past disarranging the crimson curtains at your bedside; but I maintain my admiration of these cars against such wakeful beings as prefer to sit upon their journeying and see the lamps reflected in the windows. Might not every drawback here mentioned be found in ordinary cars, save the closeness of the double-door arrangement, and that is perhaps better than alternate heat and cold with the dust blowing in at a single door each time that it opens.

We stopped at Elkhart for breakfast, having twenty-five minutes allowed in which to refresh ourselves—a more reasonable time than the quarter of an hour at Stafford with the Scotch express, or the cruel mockery of ten minutes at Swindon to those coming from South Wales. And this when the Englishman is emphatically a slower sailer as re-

spects his food. "Why, sir, you Britishers about get through your soup when we've begun to use our toothpicks!" said a candid American in speaking of railway meals. Yet the slower sailer is allowed a shorter period of action. Such a state of things is unfair both upon the public and upon the cooks at railway refreshment rooms.

From Elkhart to Chicago our journey was disagreeably warm. The mild, hazy, weather, known as Indian summer, rendered stoves superfluous. But conductors are men of routine. Was it not November, and do not cars require in that month to be artificially heated? Besides, we had newspaper accounts of sleighing at Montreal, which was enough to make travellers feel chilly. So our stoves burned on, and the children, noisy during the night, grew pale and inclined to sleep. One sturdy boy of three, booted like a trooper, who had declared that "he would be a man" and not sleep till he got "up West," sank beneath the influence of the atmosphere and peacefully dozed. There were sand-hills to be seen as we approached Lake Michigan, with small trees growing upon them, and swampy tracts covered with coarse brown grass. The lake itself, of which a glimpse was presently obtained, looked calm and blue. We rattled along its coast for a few minutes, then crossed some other lines of railroad, and kept more inland as we entered the outskirts of the city. Everything was dim and smoky, not only

because of Chicago chimneys, many as they are, but on account of the Indian summer haze before mentioned. This haze is unlike a fog with us, and more resembles those mysterious over-cloudings which, in Europe, are said to have preceded great pestilences. The streets through which our locomotive moved at half-speed were coated thickly with dust; the shabby wooden houses and small hostelries that promised "*Deutsche Gesellschaft*" were covered with dust; and dust lay everywhere around the railway-terminus, ready to rise in suffocating volumes at the first breath of wind. We had not come to the best station in Chicago, the Central Union Depot near the harbour's mouth, but were deposited in a quarter susceptible of great improvement, whence an omnibus-line on the same plan as at Cleveland conveyed passengers to their destination.

November 15th.—A pleasant breezy morning in Chicago. The fog had rolled away, and, though it was very dusty in the streets, there was a fine view of the lake and surrounding country to be obtained from the top of the Court House. This Court House stands in a square which bears its name, and in which are several handsome buildings. They range as high as six stories, but the Court House tower overlooks them all, commanding an unbroken prospect in every direction—inland, a wide expanse that once was part of the lesser prairies, and lakeward, a sheet of water that stretches as far as the eye can

reach. Time was, within living memory, when good sport might be had where the city now flourishes; then, it became necessary to go some miles out of town for a bag of prairie-hens; now, the sportsman must make a railway-journey ere he can find anything to repay his trouble. Even since 1860 Chicago had grown perceptibly. In a bird's-eye view from the top of the Court House it presented more chimneys and monster warehouse-roofs, more smoke and more grain-elevators, than it had five years ago. The circle of suburban hovels seemed to have stretched further on to the surrounding plain, whilst the houses about the principal square had become much grander. Remnants of a former state of things could be detected here and there in looking down upon the city, such as small wooden shops and tenements squeezed up between giants of later growth. There were horse-cars passing along the northern side of the square, and vehicles of every sort cutting across from street to street. Men were so busy that they drove fast and walked fast, hurrying intently forward as in London or New York. Chicago has to keep her place at the head of Western trade, to pack so many million pounds of beef and pork, to elevate so many million bushels of grain into those strange-looking barns worked by machinery, and to spout forth the said grain through hoses, as water might be spouted, when customers are ready to receive it. In a place of which so much is expected men needs

must bestir themselves. True, there are upwards of a hundred thousand citizens dwelling within sound of the Court House clock, if the clock had only a fair chance of being heard; but there are resources in the North-West that will employ half a million of people at Chicago and yet leave room for other cities to spring up not far away.

"Why did they fix Chicago exactly here, can you tell me, Mister?" said an inquisitive gentleman on the Court House.

His neighbour replied, with gravity, casting a glance around as though to solicit every one's approval, "See, sir, this place got started first, and the property-holders spread an idee that it was gwine to be a bully city. Thar's great force in spreading an idee for sending up town lots."

"But," said I, "surely a position at the foot of Lake Michigan, with water-carriage to the heart of the grain-country, has something to do with it?"

"May be," answered the second stranger; "only I attach much vally to them idees."

We were facing towards the harbour's mouth and could see a brigantine just getting under canvas. She had been towed past the lighthouse by a little tug-boat which was now returning to port, and her large white sails were filling prettily enough as she kept away before the breeze.

"Wal, now, really, these fresh-water sailors have some nice craft tew," remarked the inquisitive gentle-

man, who further told us that he had built a schooner and taken her to the West Indies, but had "concluded" his "inside warn't fixed for seamanship," so took to lecturing on phrenology.

The brigantine glided away, and I watched her until, with everything set, she looked a mere speck on the horizon. She would be late for going out of the St. Lawrence this season and would encounter biting weather even across Lake Huron; but, at a proper time of year, such a vessel might sail from Chicago to Liverpool, supposing her dimensions to be within the 150 feet by 26½ of the Welland Canal locks and the 9 feet draught of the St. Lawrence locks. Vessels have performed the voyage between Europe and the Upper Lakes, as I mentioned when speaking of a ship canal through Canada West. It only requires increased size of locks and depth of channel to open a large direct trade with the North-Western States. If ships that could profitably perform transatlantic voyages and maintain a high rate of speed—which ships Mr. Scott Russell would tell us must be large ones—were able from Liverpool to reach Chicago, thither many of them would be sent. As to yachting-men and pleasure-excursions on the lakes, I recommend those who possess yachts of sufficiently easy draught and have already exhausted the charms of the Baltic and Mediterranean to try a summer among fresh-water waves. Six months from home would allow time for a smart craft to visit

every place of note on the Upper Lakes, even to the copper-mines and Hudson's Bay Company's stations on Lake Superior. Cavillers may suggest that no English yacht whose tonnage fits her for an Atlantic voyage could pass through canal locks nine feet deep. To these cavillers I reply, Wait a few years, if you will not essay the enterprise with vessels of nine feet draught, wait until there be larger locks for avoiding the St. Lawrence rapids and Niagara Falls.

My former impressions of Chicago were political in character, as of a city which swarmed with Republican Wide-awakes. I had arrived there at the conclusion of a great Republican convention and had caught a glimpse of the tall hard-featured candidate who was destined to become President of the United States, making himself thereafter famous in history by the force of an honest purpose. Chicago has been often excited about politics since the period just referred to, but it was now politically stagnant. The recent Union triumph in State elections had left nothing for Republicans to do but continue "endorsing" Andrew Johnson and saying "We knew that we should win;" or for Democrats to do but likewise "endorse" Mr. Johnson and explain how they were less whipped than might appear. Party strife was reduced to its normal condition in civilized countries—a newspaper skirmish. There are first-rate journals in Chicago, for the distance from New York prevents competition by the prints of that city, while the latest telegraphic news can be readily secured.

I said that Chicago was politically stagnant, but have more than once alluded to its busy trade. From wealthy merchants to small huxters all were going ahead. Croakers had it that the currency was unsound and that the bubble would burst. Perhaps it would; yet, even then, thought I, the men who have made Chicago out of a desert will make something very handsome out of an exploded Chicago.

Here is a dealer in wearing-apparel selling his stock by auction. He has lungs that would enable him to address the electors of Belfast.

"*At* five dollars and a half this elegant coat; going at five-fifty! Now, gentlemen, here's a chance for you! *Is* any gentleman going to bid more than five-fifty for this elegant cloth coat? *Six* dollars bid! Six dollars bid! Six dollars bid! *At* six dollars going!—made expressly to fit. At six dollars going! *Will* no one say six-fifty to help me on?"

The sing-song is interrupted by an ancient Sucker,* who guesses that the coat might suit him if he tried it on. The auctioneer consents, the coat is tried on, and the ancient looks dissatisfied.

Auctioneer, like lightning, to gain a point by the delay:—"Wal, if this ain't a coat! Why, sir, it makes that humly cuss look quite the gentleman. *At* six dollars, going at six dollars!" &c., rings forth louder than ever, while the won't-be purchaser retires amid general merriment.

* An Illinois native.

For the benefit of old clothes dealers and to excite their envy, I must add that six dollars and a half is ultimately given for the coat.

Colonel Wood's Museum, the Western rival to Barnum's, had a happy family, a giant of respectable altitude, and a theatre wherein dramatic pieces were nightly presented. For thirty cents one might see wax figures of Lincoln and Davis, bones of a great sea-serpent, and a model of the Merrimac. These attractions, with "five hundred thousand curiosities," which I cannot pause to describe, brought crowds of sight-seers to the Colonel's ticket-office. Other crowds were hearing La Traviata in a spacious opera-house, or watching the performance of Madame Celeste at McVicker's theatre. There was a classical concert at one music hall and comic minstrelsy at another. Chicago seemed resolved to amuse itself when work was done, when the ledger had been shut, and the patent safe locked for the night.

November 16th.—I chiefly pass the day in railway travelling across Illinois. The country is not quite flat, yet never rises into anything which can be called hills—whilom a rolling prairie, and now a fertile cultivated district, swelling into ridges a few feet above the plain or sinking into hollows a few feet below it, with so gradual an inclination that it is difficult to distinguish where the rise begins or the dip terminates. There are trees along the water-courses, with an occasional grove of several acres in extent. Some of the fields are as big as English farms, and large farms

too, presenting their Indian-corn stubble in an unbroken sweep of several hundred acres. Quiet looking oxen have succeeded to the pastures of the buffalo, and villages of peaceful aspect straggle indefinitely away from the different railroad stations.

We were not taken very fast through this Illinois scenery, but rumbled steadily forward in a long train of cars half filled with German emigrants. These simple folk make excellent colonists. They come out from a land of repression in politics, of low wages and over-crowded towns, intent on winning homesteads for themselves in America. Although Germans, they do not stop to theorize on abstract human perfectibility, but go to work with a will and soon establish their fortunes upon real-estate basis. Jonathan's "Dutchmen" are divisible into two classes. The first class comprises those of good education and with a little capital, who choose the United States for their home as offering them an unfettered career with a good chance of wealth and distinction. Such men have been active grape-growers and wine-producers on the shore of Lake Erie and about Cincinnati; they have business firms in every city of the North, and form a more important element of American population than people in England generally suppose. I recollect noticing that there were five German newspapers published at Buffalo, and other places have quite as many, not to mention New York City. The second class of adventurers from the Fatherland is composed of industrious peasants, and

is very numerous. Since 1820, a million and a half of Germans have betaken themselves to the United States, whilst only nine hundred thousand Irishmen and three hundred thousand Englishmen have gone thither during the same period. The stream of emigration now sets steadily beyond the Mississippi, which will account for the presence of those guttural fellow-passengers across Illinois, who were evidently travelling with a purpose and had no thought of a speedy return.

Again let me allude to the comfort with which we railway travellers were allowed to refresh ourselves. At a station called Galesburg half an hour was given us for the despatch of a hearty meal, and, to prevent delay through consulting watches, some one at the door cried out, "No hurry, gentlemen, twenty minutes more." "Plenty of time yet. Ten minutes more." "Now you'd best hurry up, there's only five minutes." That warning voice at Saladin's feast, though grander in its aim, could not have been so soothing to the guests as was the official statement which relieved us from all responsibility. The Germans, however, did not much care, for they were provided with basket or bag well stored with provision. They had both hams and sausages, as also dark-coloured bread, first cousin to *Pumpernickel*. I wondered whether these supplies had been brought out from Europe mellowing in emigrants' wooden chests, or whether kindred spirits at New York had catered for the wayfarers. To live roughly on the

road and advance in heavy marching order was a fit preparation for the Far West, and our German companions will doubtless succeed in earning their coveted homesteads.

It is not necessary for all settlers who aspire to success in life, to hurry out of Illinois in search of more distant locations. The Sucker State has splendid soil, strong, black, and slimy, that will grow almost everything worth growing, save rice and sugar-cane. Land is here sold in lots of forty or eighty acres, at about thirty-five shillings sterling an acre, and has seldom to be cleared of trees. When it must be cleared, the timber fetches a higher price than in Canada, owing to the scarcity of wood in most parts of Illinois. A settler will find that he can purchase his small farm, at the price above named, from the Illinois Central Railway Company, which advertises largely its million of acres * for sale, and offers liberal terms, as regards credit, to those who buy. We cannot easily realize the notion of a railway company having such immense possessions to sell. How buoyant London and North-Western stock would be, if even a hundred thousand acres of arable land were at the disposal of that Company. But land was next to worthless in Illinois without means of communication, and the State Legislature granted the Illinois Central two millions and a half

* Congress has voted grants amounting to 125,000,000 acres to the Union Pacific Railroad.

of acres along the line of the proposed railway, on condition that the Company should complete its works from Cairo, in the extreme south of Illinois, to Dunleith, in the north-western corner, with a branch running to Chicago. The Company having fulfilled its part of the bargain, at a cost of six millions sterling, became a great landowner, disposed of a million and a half of acres to twenty thousand different purchasers, and has still, as I have said, another million of acres on sale. An intending settler can, however, secure a farm in any part of the State, without having to dive very deep into his purse. He may make a better bargain, say some, than with the Illinois Central, though of this I am doubtful.

We hear that small proprietors, working in a small way, are more likely to succeed "out West" than are capitalists who take up an extensive track of land and employ hired labourers. The farmer and his son on a forty acre lot, with no wages to pay and all that they earn clear profit, have certainly done well in most cases; but those vast Illinois cornfields speak of another system as existing side by side with the peasant proprietor. They suggest thoughts of capital and intelligence, of steam ploughs and model reaping-machines. There lately died a Mr. Jacob Strawn, of Illinois, who was famous for his strength and skill in agricultural pursuits. With a common sickle he had been known to reap bind and shock

sixty dozen bushels of wheat in a day. Though heavily made, he could vault the highest fence, and had put to flight three robbers who attacked him by blows from his cattle-whip. This man achieved great wealth from a humble beginning, and, at the time of his death, had under cultivation a patch of thirty-five thousand acres. Nor was Jacob Strawn a solitary instance of extensive farming, for there are many persons in Illinois who approach, though they may not equal, his scale of doing business.

November 18th.—I spent it at Quincy on the Mississippi. Even thus far from its mouth what a river it is! The ferry boat comes puffing across from West Quincy and makes quite a voyage of her ferrying. A strange little craft she looks, all deck and handrail, deck-house and funnel. Her hull has seemingly been omitted from the builder's calculations, and she runs the edge of her deck on to the levee (or river-bank) as though grounding were the last thing to be feared. The river is low at this time of the year and has an extensive beach, such as I had observed by the Ohio at Cincinnati, sloping down on each side. This beach is used as a landing place not only for the little ferry boat but for larger vessels which ply between St. Louis and Keokuk. One of them has just called here and created a stir upon the shore. Baggage waggons and hack-carriages with an omnibus or two have crunched over that sloping beach, while people on foot plod up it and the barrel organ in the

raree-show close by plays louder that ever to attract public attention. There is a glow in the western sky which makes the river shine like gold and flash with each ripple from the departing steamboat. How tempting an evening for a pull in a four-oar! Not warm enough to make sitters enjoy the water, but perfect for taking moderate exercise. I suspect that society at Quincy must be too much occupied in remunerative pursuits to develope its amateur oarsmen, for I see only clumsy small craft upon the stream.

Quincy is a prosperous town. It lies on the direct route from Chicago to northern Kanzas and Nebraska, it has a rapidly increasing population, now about twenty thousand in number, several good churches, and three daily papers. The place stands on a plateau much higher than the river-shore, so that it catches whatever breeze may be blowing; no advantage perhaps during mid winter, but desirable until very late in the autumn. I found the November climate of Quincy delicious, yet it was a climate in which one might easily take cold, being hot at noon-day and frosty at night. When compared with Canada, as a field for emigration, Illinois and the neighbouring States have the decided drawback of a less healthy climate. They undergo sudden changes of temperature, sometimes having the thermometer at 80° in the shade one day and down to freezing point the next. A friend living in Quincy told me that he kept

a great-coat at his office during the warmest weather, to be ready for a cold walk home. Now in Canada he could have left the coat behind until the warm season was over, but then, for six or seven months, there would have been no mistake about wanting it.

November 19th.—After hearing a good sermon at the Episcopal Church in Quincy, I strolled down in the afternoon to look at the river. There were family parties in light waggons trotting through the public square in place of its week-day bustle and trade. German was spoken by every other group that one met upon the pavement, so as to give the impression of being in a continental town. There were white citizens in their Sunday clothing, seeming all the whiter, some of them, for a Sunday wash, and coloured people, neatly dressed, seeming all the blacker from a similar cause.

Two sable damsels, escorted by a lad of thirteen, were walking just in front of me. They laughed and talked with the gaiety of their race, but appeared to be of a sober, well-conducted, household. Presently some urchins are espied—white urchins you must understand—trying to balance themselves on their heads in the middle of the footway. "Now boys," says the young darkey; "get off the track, or somebody will be tumbling over you." The urchins took no notice of this warning, the darkey stepped aside to avoid them, and a gaunt white man, of hang-dog aspect, swore fearfully at what he called the "d——d impu-

dence of coloured cusses" in telling white children to get off the track.

"Sir," said he, "if those darned niggers had been in reach, I would have kicked them over."

Receiving no answer to this remark, he drew near me as I descended the hill and enquired sternly, "Wouldn't you have kicked them over?"

I naturally answered that I would not, and, without taking further notice of the stranger, moved forward.

"Ah," he cried tauntingly, "I'd flay every saucy nigger if I had my way. I'd not only kick them over, but, by G—, I'd kick over those that said they wouldn't kick them over."

In a land of boxing this would have been the right moment to tell him to come on and try it, but where knives or pistols are generally used, a contest, if once commenced, must be carried out *à l'outrance*. It was not a case for drawing a pocket companion and firing at the offensive stranger, yet between this course and complete forbearance there was nothing safely to be done. I accordingly forbore, and feeling that a traveller should let curiosity triumph over resentment, approached the undesired associate of my ramble and questioned him as to his experience of coloured impudence. This elicited that he was an ex-Confederate from across the river and hated Abolitionists worse than darkeys. On our coming to a grog-shop door he left me abruptly with a muttered curse against nigger-worshipping.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN.

Whom I should like you to meet some day.

NOT many leagues out of Quincy, in which direction it matters little, lives my friend C——. His home is upon the Illinois side of the stream, where also is his place of business, and he takes great interest in Illinois politics. Yet C—— is by no means Americanized; English feelings are uppermost in his mind, recollections of the Old Country are very dear to him, and in speech he has retained the fashion of his youth. Of all the emigrants whom our teeming bee-hive has sent forth few have been more creditable specimens of what Britain can do in "raising" men than is my Illinois friend. The readers of John Halifax would probably compare him to that hero, and in many respects such comparison would hold good. C—— has originality of character with strong practical sense, which makes him succeed in worldly concerns among the shrewdest of his American contemporaries. As John Halifax has been mentioned, it is only fair to say that my friend began life with greater advantages

than did J. H., Gentleman. And now let me quit this introductory paragraph, lest those who dislike introductions should weary of the Anglo-American before his story has been sketched.

C—— had worked as a miller in England, receiving what were considered high wages. But he found that to bring up a family on the income earned by him would need a life of the most pinching privation, nor could his children be better clothed and taught than those of common labourers. There was no room for him if he stayed at home, so, with many regrets, he and his wife took ship for New York.

They did not remain in the Atlantic States, but travelled westward to seek employment. "I knew that I understood my business," said C——, in speaking of his first arrival, "and I felt sure of being able to earn a living." He was not disappointed, for, on reaching one of the Mississippi ports of Illinois, a flour mill was found which required more hands. To require more hands is the normal condition of every concern out West. C—— walked boldly into the office of this mill and asked to speak with the master. "I didn't expect to begin at the top and have the key of the safe handed me the first day," observed my friend; "but I hoped to win a good place before long. Now, thought I, these gentlemen will be more likely to put me in their office at book-keeping and headwork if they see that I understand a miller's business;" and here is what followed between C—— and the proprietor of the mill.

"Where are you from?" said this latter, eyeing his visitor closely.

"From England, sir, and I hope that won't count against me."

"No, it needn't count against you; only English millers can't dress a stone properly, and then they may stay here twenty years without learning to work American machinery."

"At that," remarked C——, "I up and looked him straight in the face. 'Sir,' said I, 'dressing a stone is my particular pride; and as to Englishmen not being able to work machinery, I wonder which was the more simple, the man who told you that, or you for believing him.'"

Unmoved by this bold answer and really requiring additional hands, the proprietor engaged C—— next morning at a somewhat better rate of pay than he had ever yet obtained. Having come there on Saturday my friend was at work on the Tuesday, and has not lost an hour, he assures me, from that time to this, except when he was "down with the fever in getting acclimatized."

"If Englishmen when they come out here expect to find a set of fools who want teaching they will discover themselves to be mistaken." Such is the opinion which C—— has formed after a long residence in the country. He has no prejudice either way, no suppressed bitterness against Yankees, and no wish to fling over his birthplace, acquire an American accent, and denounce the bloated aristocracy of Europe. His notion of Utopia is something between England and the States, perhaps without universal suffrage, which he has found to have grave

drawbacks in matters of immediate concern, like voting for school-rates and municipal officers. It is refreshing to hear C—— talk of his early home, of trips to Hastings and rambles on Beachy Head. These days are so fresh in his memory that Illinois and the Mississippi, with all the new forms of life around him, seem to be but a panorama unfolded for the moment which will presently roll up again, leaving us by the white chalk cliffs with the smell of sea-weed and the dash of breakers on the shingle.

There is good sport to be had not far from C——'s abode. He is keen as any boy in pursuit of the wild-ducks which haunt a swampy district across the river, and I am shown the great boots for wading knee-deep through morasses, and the long gun with which he does execution upon his feathered prey. A six miles pull up stream in one of the country boats, a day spent in wading about the swamp, and a return voyage by starlight, are exercise enough for anybody. My friend takes such exercise whenever his business will permit, and will teach his son to do the same. "Far better," he says, "for a lad to be out shooting than idling about the town on holidays learning billiards." So brought up, his son should be as hearty and unsophisticated as is C—— himself. But the youth will become an American, as will his pretty little sister who trots to school with him in the morning. They have American class-mates and use quaint words unknown to their parent's vocabulary. Their career must be laid in Illinois or even further west, for the lad will find employment easy

to obtain in the New World though out of his reach in the Old, and the lassie will have an American sweetheart and plenty of offers to spare, should she fulfil the promise of her childhood. Thus thinking, I am disposed to doubt whether C—— will realize his favourite dream and return to occupy a snug villa in Kent or Sussex. "Give me England," he says, "for spending money, and this country for making it." Yet the West grasps him very firmly. Not only has he the brother and sister just mentioned to provide for, but younger ones who are destined to take their turn at the school, to become Americanized, and to bind my friend still more firmly to his adopted home. Honest, stout-hearted, C——, with your athletic figure and firm concentrated gaze, with your longings for an English life and frank appreciation of the good things in Jonathan's character, you are effectually caught by a chain of circumstances that cannot be shaken off. You may visit us, as our alien next of kin, but the little people are sure to want "Grandpapa" in their future Rocky Mountain settlement, or Illinois to claim you as a prominent citizen and send you to Congress when politicians have a better reputation.

I might tell many incidents of domestic life on the Mississippi shore which I gathered from C——, and which relate to the difficulty of obtaining help or of managing it when obtained. As a practical man, my friend is in favour of small houses.

"Emigrating comes hardest on women, and the less they have to look after the better for them.

Then," he adds, "the wages are so high for outdoor work that to have a good-sized garden, properly kept, would ruin any one who was not very rich."

So house and garden should both be small, the former within the strength of an active housewife to attend to single-handed on emergency, the latter not more than *paterfamilias* can work in his spare time. "Help" is the torment of American matrons. With an income four or five times greater than curates receive with us, "Mamma" must act as her own nurse, cook, and housemaid, while Papa lights the stoves and blacks the boots. Under such circumstances, a stately dwelling would be but gilded misery. There are exceptions to this rule amongst people of wealth in the States, who can afford to obtain efficient help, cost what it will; but that which we should call middle-class comfort, the ease familiar to our suburban squares and terraces, where two maid-servants watch over Jones's household gods, or three maids and a boy in buttons render Mrs. Brown luxuriously comfortable, that comfort is beyond the reach of many in America who could buy up Jones and Brown together.

It happened that C—— and his wife were once looking out for a servant, and that they succeeded in finding a girl who felt rather inclined to accept the place. "I've heard a good character of you," said she to her would-be mistress, "and I guess I'll come and see how I like you." At another time my friend gave up in despair the keeping of a help. He didn't mind waiting on his own family, but when it came to

waiting on an extra person, he found the work too hard for him. This condition of independence, with a class which we are accustomed to consider as greatly favoured in being employed, speaks well for the prosperity of the West. Labouring men are not there so pinched to make both ends meet that they must send out their children to service; and although I should be sorry to have a prospect of getting up at six to call myself and of blacking my own boots through life, yet these disagreeables might well be borne as the price of seeing less abject poverty in England. Now from theory to fact, and let us enjoy the thought that those prosperous Western settlers who have boundless elbow room, who invest their money on good security at twelve per cent., and who can afford to pay five shillings sterling a day for the commonest digging and chopping, have less home-comfort than we dwellers in the tight-packed little island. They have absorbed a million of soldiers and still clamour for labour, and we are puzzled what to do with able-bodied paupers; but, at any rate, we can secure freedom from drudgery more cheaply than they can. This applies far down in the social scale, for very humble families hire help with us, whilst, if it were not that Americans will always lend a hand to their neighbours in case of sickness, the middle-class emigrant would have a cheerless prospect before him.

Hospitality could go no further than did C——'s, for, when he heard that a visitor from England might be expected, he at once prepared to add a room to

his house. The builders must be prompt in their proceedings when a week's notice is thought sufficient for such an extension. "But then," as my friend says, "it is only knocking a few planks together, and there is no mortar to dry." How happy he is in the possession of his town lot, and how proud of the fruit and vegetables which it has grown! "I wish the folks at home could see it, though it is but a small place," is his exclamation when we talk of the little freehold.

He has risen in trust and authority since the proprietor twitted him with Englishmen's not understanding machinery, the key of the safe has been trusted to him, and the books placed under his care. I am one day taken over the mill where C—— displays with pride the economical adaptation of power to a particular end. Here the farmer discharges his grain into a truck upon iron rails; at this point the truck is weighed; further on it lets the grain drop through a trap-door; then comes an artistic interval of grinding, during which the grain is lost to sight, and presently a stream of white flour pours into certain barrels which stand ready to be headed up and rolled away when full.

"Do you find them easy people to get on with?" I enquire, after hearing a brusque dialogue between C—— and some agricultural gentlemen with new wheat to sell.

"Very easy," replies my friend, "if a man will keep his temper and speak plainly at first, without slipping into an argument. I never had occasion to

be rough with any one since I came here, except once, when a tipsy loafer would interrupt me whilst I was dressing a stone. He spat upon it several times and that was more than I could stand, so, having warned him in vain to go away, I caught the back of his coat-collar and dragged him off in policeman's style. 'What's the matter?' said Mr. —— who was standing near. 'Nothing, sir,' said I; 'but please open the door;' which he did, and I flung my man into a pool of mud and water that happened to be handy. About three months afterwards I met him in the street; 'Was it you,' he said, 'that threw me out of the mill?' 'Yes,' said I, quite pleasantly; 'and would do it again if you spat on a stone that I was dressing.' He looked puzzled for a minute, and then cried, 'Darn me, let's go and licker!'"

C—— is not quarrelsome or he might have had worse difficulties. But his is too earnest a character for disputing over words and fighting on a point of so-called honour. He cares not, to use his own phrase, "what people say, so long as they keep hands off," and he goes straight forward in the course that he has chosen, winning respect amongst those with whom he lives. But it is hard for him to see another starting on a journey that is to end before long in England, while he remains behind. When I go, there is a warm shake of the hand, a suspicion of a tear in his eye, and C—— strides away to the counting house. I turn to gaze after him, but he never glances right or left; business must be done, and it is no use looking back.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOWN STREAM TO MEMPHIS.

High-pressure boilers — St. Louis — By the mark, twain!

WITH every prospect of a pleasant voyage, so far as the weather was concerned, I took passage at Quincy on board the steamer Jeannie Deans bound to St. Louis. It was a lovely afternoon for November 22nd, and Quincy looked very imposing on its range of bluffs as the sun shone brightly over church-steeples and red-brick warehouses.

American fresh-water steamers, whether plying on the Lakes, the Hudson River, or the Mississippi, have certain features in common. They are uniformly painted white and steered by a wheel in their elevated pilot-house; but, while lake-steamers are so far ship-shape as to exhibit more of hull than of upper deck, and the Hudson River boats present the two parts in about equal proportion, it is observable on the Mississippi that hulls are reduced to the smallest possible size, and that deck-houses become

all-important. The Jeannie Deans had her cargo and furnaces, her fuel and machinery, upon the main-deck, with a shallow hull, like a flattened-out pontoon, beneath them, and the upper deck, with saloon and state-rooms, passing above them, supported by strong stanchions. Over the saloon were some lightly-built quarters for the ship's officers, and over these again the pilot-house. There was an engine to each wheel, which gave our pilot the power of backing with one and turning ahead with the other when it was necessary to swing round in a narrow space, and there were furnace-doors opening towards the bow, that every breath of air might be caught as the vessel moved forward.

Away we puffed, our high-pressure engines snorting as though they were inclined to quarrel with each other for not doing their share of work, while the glasses jingled in the saloon at every stroke of our paddle-wheels. Quincy disappeared from sight at a bend of the river, and we glided on between low shores thickly covered with trees. Though the trees grew in plenty, they had a wintry look, which the sunshine of an Indian summer could not remove, for they were bare and leafless and bore muddy circles round their trunks, to show how high the water had risen at its last overflow. We passed timber-rafts drifting down with the current, and met the up-boat from St. Louis steaming against it. Many corners were turned, and, as on all unknown

routes, a greater distance seemed to have been traversed than a reference to the map would justify. Then some bluffs could be seen on the western bank, standing out in relief against a yellow sunset sky—their yellow sunsets are far from boding rain in this part of the world—and presently our vessel ran her skimming-dish bow on to the levee at Hannibal.

It is amusing to watch the deck-hands of a Mississippi boat taking in or putting out cargo. Assume that they are coloured men of every shade, with a stray Paddy here and there amongst them, or a Teuton of sandy beard who is working his passage. Then picture the first and second mates urging forward their subordinates by voice and gesture. Planks are thrown out, a cable is made fast to some convenient stump, and the deck-hands rush ashore like a boarding party or a forlorn hope. Busy are the mates with thumps and curses, busier the crew in rolling casks before them or heaving bales on to their shoulders. They pass out by one plank and in by another. They tug and strain, lift weights which appear wholly beyond their strength, and dispose of a mountain of goods in a few minutes. The bell rings. She will be off directly. "Now, hurry up there!" from the mates. "Yah, yah! git along! Hurrah!" from the deck-hands. There is a quick tramping of feet over the gangway, one plank is hauled in, the paddle-wheels begin to turn; "Come on board all of you and haul in the other plank" is shouted by the

first mate, whilst the second mate explains to somebody on the beach, that "we can't wait all night for his things." A dusky figure casts loose the end of the cable and scrambles on board as best he can. That last plank has been withdrawn, and we are backing into the stream to let the vessel's head swing round. So ends our momentary excitement. The mates can recover their voices and the deck-hands can enjoy a little rest before we reach another landing-place.

There was a fog in the night which delayed our journey very much after we left Hannibal, although it did not prevent the shipment of live stock at several villages by the way. Cattle were dragged on board by main force, ten men pushing and ten men pulling at each refractory ox. Our deck-hands would have brought an elephant into the steamer with those mates at their heels. They did what was, perhaps, more difficult, they brought dozens of pigs which struggled desperately not to come. And all this while there was a substantial tea served in the upper-deck saloon and a musical evening enjoyed by the cabin-passengers. Gentlemen "lickered" at the bar or sat smoking round a stove in the fore part of the saloon. Ladies gathered near a piano in the after part, where patriotic songs were sung until a late hour, with children to swell the chorus. It was not a fashionable assembly, and the songs might have been better rendered, but it afforded a striking contrast to the rough scenes enacting below. The

cattle driven into pens, the heavy packages dragged hither and thither, and the firemen toiling like sable river-demons at their furnace-doors.

November 23rd. — When morning dawned there was still a fog upon the Mississippi, but soon after breakfast we were able to move ahead at full speed, and by noonday we had passed the mouth of the Illinois River, had skirted a line of picturesque bluffs, touched at Alton, a town which has fine stores along its water-front, and reached the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi streams. No lofty mountain or towering cliff marks this important spot, and not a vestige of human handiwork is observable among the sand-banks, the muddy water, and the surrounding woods. There is no beacon or lighthouse, no fort or landing-stage, but only the union of the two mighty rivers which flow together with scenery suggestive of wild-duck shooting. The Missouri brings thick yellow water to mingle with the clearer stream of the Mississippi. For some distance they may be distinguished by their different hue, and then the whole river becomes tinged with Missouri colouring.

I was surprised to see, that, after receiving its great tributary, the Mississippi looked no larger than at Quincy, nor was it much deeper, so far as could be judged by appearances, for now we came to a shallow sandy reach called the Graveyard, from the frequency of wrecks there occurring. The ribs of one vessel were visible above water, and fourteen others had

been lost in the same locality at various periods. A little beyond the Graveyard we sighted some straggling houses among the fields on the western bank, then a dense cloud of smoke could be seen, a suburb of work-sheds and factory chimneys stretching far back from the river. Here was St. Louis with its grimy atmosphere and tall warehouses, as another Manchester; with its crowded levee and fleet of strange-looking steamers, peculiar to the West. There were drays and hack-carriages, cotton-bales and barrels of flour, mixed together upon the levee in seemingly hopeless confusion. A Babel of sound floated over the water. Shouts from labourers, black and white, the ringing of bells and blowing off of steam, were distinguishable above the murmur which comes from every great city. St. Louis was hard at work and cared not who might hear the noise that she made.

Since my former visit the city had increased in size and wealth, though not with such giant strides as Chicago or Cleveland. This comparatively slow progress was because the river-trade had been injured by four years of war, and the commerce with South-Western Missouri crippled by the hostilities in that quarter, yet St. Louis had escaped without capture or bombardment, and its usefulness as a base of operations had secured Missouri to the Northern cause early in the struggle. Missouri was now governed by a legislature bitterly adverse to Secession,

and, though exempt from the effect of Lincoln's proclamation, the State had emancipated its slaves.

St. Louis had been smoky when it stood on slave soil, it was even smokier with freedom guaranteed as its birthright. From the top of the Court House dome could be seen a few principal buildings, some chimneys and spires, and then all was obscurity. Inside the dome were historical and allegorical pictures, De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi being one piece, and the four seasons or the four quarters of the globe being represented in others. I incline to believe that they are the seasons, on account of an autumnal-looking personage amongst them, but am open to conviction if anybody wishes to prove that they are the founders of American liberty.

There has been a company formed for working a first-class steamboat line between St. Louis and New Orleans—the line, as its promoters hope, of future travel. This Atlantic and Mississippi Company has twenty powerful vessels in its service and carries the United States mails from Cairo southward. The boats drop leisurely down to Cairo, with a full freight but not many passengers. Here they connect with trains on the Illinois Central Railway, and begin the more important part of their voyage. I embarked in one of these handsome craft and was soon steaming away from the crowded levee, the tall warehouses, and the cloud of smoke. Loudly sang our deck-hands, who had gathered on the bow.

They waved the flag of the Company above their heads, while their voices blended not unmusically in a serio-comic farewell to the coloured ladies of St. Louis. A few strokes of the paddle-wheels, a few minutes upon the swift current, and we had left the line of high white vessels out of sight. It was not a picturesque city that lay behind us, but it would have astonished the small French colony that was struggling on that spot less than a century ago against an incursion of red men, and it will probably be large enough to astonish its present inhabitants in less than a century hence, when the Pacific Railroad shall have made it the centre of a continent.

"Good-bye Marianne, good-bye old gal, we hope that we'll see you again," is trolled forth by our deck-hands, as the steamer Atlantic sweeps forward over the glimmering river where the long twilight shows us villas and gardens upon the western bank, with a little steamer ahead which we speedily overtake. She may puff and strain as she will, and drive round her stern wheel until a shower of spray flies up in her wake; but has not the Atlantic been known to make three hundred and fifty-five miles up stream in twenty-four hours, and shall any small competitor keep ahead of us? No, sirree!

November 24th.—The day is spent in descending the river. After what I said of the Jeannie Deans as a sample of Mississippi steamboats, I need only remark that the Atlantic had a loftier saloon and

more commodious state-rooms. She was of 700 tons (nominal) burden and her boilers might be used at 140 lbs. pressure on the square inch, while the Jeannie Deans was of 500 tons and had boilers that were calculated to sustain a pressure of 125 lbs. on the inch. These facts could be easily ascertained from the certificates of the respective vessels which hung framed and glazed in the fore part of their saloons. It is a mistake to suppose that Mississippi steamers are worked hap-hazard at the will of any reckless speculator. Laws have been passed of late years for regulating the steamboat traffic. Certain channels or "chutes," as they are called, may be navigated by vessels sailing down stream, whilst other chutes are forbidden to them; vessels coming up stream may go where they like, for there is less chance of an accident with the current under their bows. Then there are rules to be observed by all steamboats, whether sailing up or down, in regard to signalling each other as they meet. One sound of the whistle means helms to port, two sounds signify helms to starboard. By the way, that fossilized term "larboard" is still used on the Mississippi in place of the modern "port," while the letter of the law quits technicality altogether, speaking in landsman's phrase of the right-hand and left-hand sides. Lights must be carried when under way in much the same manner as with sea-going ships—a red lantern to port, a green to starboard; and at anchor, one white light

must be displayed. These regulations seemed to be carefully attended to both by our own craft, in which everything was done with smartness, as befitted a mail steamer, and by the vessels of every sort that we passed. With us, moreover, great attention was paid to sounding the depth at critical places, and our engines were stopped when it seemed likely that we might touch bottom. The Atlantic drew nearly seven feet on this voyage, so there was reason to think grounding possible when the lead, which had been heaved at "three fathoms," gave "by the mark, twain" as its next cast, then "a quarter less twain," and, a moment afterwards, by sudden change of term, "eight feet," chanted in the same sing-song voice, with strong emphasis on the second word.

Between St. Louis and Cairo there are several ranges of bluffs, now on one side now on the other—spots that look charming for a country seat or for the encampment of a pic-nic party. At one place two bluffs confront each other on the opposite shores, and here the stream is narrowed to a quarter of its ordinary width. A little lower down is a cliff on the western side equal to anything that the Wye can boast, but dwindled to insignificance by having to frown over so vast a river. Then come broad reaches, with sand-banks and snags to test our pilot's skill. We often seemed to be nearing the ocean, as if those groves of leafless trees on the furthest point before us would be succeeded by wave-washed rocks and the

next sand-bank would have breakers rolling in upon it. The point was reached, the sand-bank passed, and again nothing but fresh water—fresh water of muddy tinge, though fresh enough to drink, as we learnt when we were thirsty—that went gliding on for twelve hundred miles before it met the real salt spray and was disturbed by larger waves than our paddle-wheels could make.

Sometimes, convenient piles of firewood having been espied from the pilot-house, speed was slackened, that we might draw near the bank and make a bargain. "How much a cord?" was shouted by our captain. "Three dollars" or "three and a half," as the case might be, was returned for answer by the woodcutter. If he said "three dollars," the vessel presently rounded to, put her head up stream, and edged in against the shore. Out went the planks and the cable, away rushed the mate-driven deck-hands; a young officer with a pole for measuring the wood led them as he might have led an assault, and they scrambled up the bank with joyous cries. It had seemed to be a low bank that anybody might ascend at two steps, until we came quite close, but then the top of the crumbling earthy rampart was found to be as high as the roof of the steamer's saloon. Men slipped back and fell over each other amid bursts of laughter, before they could gain a footing on the summit. The mates roared "hurry up" and "move along," while firewood began to tumble on board in

connexion with deck-hands. How they kept their footing and avoided breaking their necks I could not tell, nor was it easy to believe in such wind and endurance, save amongst trained athletes or British tars. "Fifty dollars a month, sir, hardly earned," said an American near me; "but see how cheerful they are all the while!" And so it was. The more the mates shouted, the louder laughed the men. Jokes flew incessantly from those returning empty-handed to their laden comrades floundering down the bank.

"Yah! yah! dere goes young Pompey wid a little stick he call a log; he ain't worth a cuss!"

"No," says Pompey, showing his rows of ivory as he staggers under an extra heavy load; "no, I ain't worth nothing now; but before 'mancipation I'd have fetched thousand dollar any day. Yah! yah! git along, ole hoss!"

They laugh and press forward faster than before, the mates become perfectly stentorian, and the bell rings as a warning that we cannot wait.

November 25th.—It is very obliging of this Atlantic and Mississippi Company to entertain us at Cairo on board their fine vessel for a whole day free of cost, though impatient souls may grumble at being kept until the mail train shall arrive. Things are managed liberally by the Company. A bill of fare is presented to our notice which would do honour to the best hotels and attendance could not be better pro-

vided in a Belgravian household. The coloured waiters are so prompt and dexterous in supplying every want, so ready to anticipate the desires of the guests, that Mr. Jeames himself could find little to teach them. They appear to take a pride in their arrangement of plates and dishes. The furniture seems to be their especial hobby, and if a chair slips out of place it is put back before you can look round. So much for a steamboat interior. As to the town of Cairo, a more wretched place could scarcely be found.

On a low swampy point where the swift stream of the Mississippi is joined by the sluggish waters of the Ohio stands the Western City of Victory—of victory over fever and mosquitos, more than any human antagonist, and not much success to boast of then, if report speak truly. A fort which any determined assailant could have ridden into upon a donkey, despite a board with the inscription "Positively no admittance," was placed in what had once been a commanding position, but the Mississippi, having worn its channel westward, had left many acres of marsh land between it and the fort. There were other traces of war at Cairo than this inefficient citadel. On the top of the levee was a heap of old iron guns, apparently invalided, whilst anchored in the middle of the Ohio were three monitors painted white and looking dangerous, snaky, craft. They were still in commission, so that naval uniforms mixed with the threadbare soldier's garb worn by every second person,

black or white, in the streets of Cairo. The streets, indeed! I was reminded of Pithole at every turn, though here we had dry weather. Except the river front, where an hotel and railway station with some respectable stores might be observed, everything was chaotic squalor. New buildings going up, old ones tumbling down; the roadway undulating into hillocks, the footpath full of holes; grog shops flourishing more than was wholesome, and bad smells reigning undisturbed over vacant lots. If any officers are quartered at Cairo they must find it rather dull in winter. And in summer?—well, they might even then seek comfort through such an advertisement as I saw in a St. Louis newspaper:—

WANTED.—HERE WE ARE, FOUR gay and dashing young officers of the Illinois Military Academy, not less than two hundred miles from home, good looking, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, plenty of loose postage-stamps, and know of no better way of squandering them than by opening correspondence with as many young ladies as read the Journal —and more too. Address, Captains L. C. Greggs and Peter Mellowes and Lieutenants Fred. Blandford and Harry Beauchamp, Illinois Military Academy.

It is possible that these gentlemen are still willing to correspond and they may have postage stamps for Europe in their collection. This to my fair readers, though without venturing to advise that they should follow up the hint.

The Atlantic, having received her complement of passengers by Illinois Central Railway and taken in

the U. S. mails, quitted Cairo soon after dark, or rather when the gloaming had given way to bright moonlight. Our deck-hands sang "Old Bob Ridley," with a libretto of their own composing; our saloon was thronged with company; and the principal part of the voyage had commenced. Ladies and children were in great force, which gave the saloon a very domestic look. As to men passengers, we had them of all sorts. There were Southerners on board going home to reopen their former business, after visiting old customers in the North; whilst a crowd of Northern men were travelling South to establish new firms in the reconstructed States, to rent plantations, or merely to "prospect a little" with a view to future settlement.

We steamed on, through clear frosty air, the moonlight showing us plainly both banks with their covering of timber and lighting up our course until it seemed as if a fleet of frigates could safely navigate so broad a stream. Yet soundings were frequently taken, and, "by the mark, twain" was more than once chanted in the bow. A raft was overhauled with its lantern showing like a beacon upon some small low-lying island. Presently another light appeared, this time burning on the Kentucky shore. It was a signal of firewood to sell, and our vessel rounded to so soon as the price had been ascertained. By aid of flaring pine knots, which illumined the scene of action, those inexhaustible deck-hands were again at work.

"D—— you!" cried a reeling Kentuckian, who had stepped into the boat to "licker" and now watched what was going forward from the top of the bank, "D—— you, I say, for a gang of niggers that ought to be well cow-hided. I'd lash you if I got a chance and send you all to h—l!"

"Go there yourself, sar, if you wish, but nebber mind us," growls the nearest darkey emboldened by "'mancipation."

Then they take no further notice of this specimen of the dominant race, whose yells and blasphemies ring out over the water long after we are under way.

November 26th.—Island No. 10 was passed while most of the passengers were asleep. Its capture by a Federal expedition in 1862 had been a great event of the war and had opened the way to Memphis, so we might well regret not seeing No. 10. I must here pause to remark, that, if islands are to be numbered instead of being named, there is a certain little territory, lying north-west of Calais and within sight of the French coast, for which I distinctly claim the title of Island No. 1.

The Atlantic made good progress during this forenoon, albeit we had shoal water at one place, and sent our long-boat ahead to take soundings. The weather was delightful, with such a breeze as you would feel in the early part of an English September, and warm sunshine to thaw us after the frosty night.

Autumn leaves might be noticed on many of the trees, which were not quite bare like those passed higher up. Altogether there was an expansion and geniality about nature, as we saw her on the shores of Tennessee and Arkansas, that would have justified any number of swallows in flying south. "How cold it must be in Chicago to-day!" was the comforting thought of my fellow-passengers, while they basked in noontide sunshine; but when a few hours had gone by, and the sun was slanting westward, it began to be cold in Tennessee. There was a keenness in the air that savoured of October rather than September, as we touched for fuel on the Arkansas side, a few miles down stream from Fort Pillow—Fort Pillow of evil reputation, where the Confederates under General Forrest massacred their prisoners, now utterly desolate and showing no sign of having been a military post.

Nothing could be more peaceful in aspect than this Arkansas colony which lived by wood-cutting. Peaceful scarcely describes it, stagnant and forlorn would give a better notion of the spot. Our vessel was moored beneath the crumbling bank, our deck-hands were busily at work, and I went ashore along with other passengers to search for an intelligent native. We found him standing near the firewood, a grave sickly-looking man, with high cheekbones and hollow cheeks, shivering in the fresh evening air. He was not very formidable in appearance, did

not carry an Arkansas toothpick, and spoke courteously to those who addressed him.

"What's the distance to Memphis, Mister?" cries one of our party.

"Reckon it may be fifty miles," returned the hollow-cheeked wood-cutter; "but I was never aboard a steamer in my life except the ferry boat lower down."

"Why, really now!"

"No, sir; though I've often wanted to go, only I never seemed to feel quite like it. I've been kinder sick for most seasons since I was a boy."

"Where were you raised, then?"

Wood-cutter (with a motion of the thumb over his shoulder), "Out there, West, in Arkansas."

"What sort of a place is this in summer?" say I.

The native looks doubtfully round, as though to gather an appropriate simile from nature, but, in the desolate condition of things at this time, he is foiled, and reverting to hard facts enquires of me, "Do you know Buffalo gnats?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Wal, they're worse than 'skeeters, and the air's so thick with them at times in summer we can hardly see. They kill the cattle right off, kinder eat them alive. But sometimes we have more trouble with water than anything else. In the floods it'll be knee-deep over here, and rush away for miles up the country." He points to a spot thirty feet above the

present level of the stream, as indicating what it can do when flooded.

"Do you get through much work, sir?" demands a youth from Philadelphia, gazing towards the diminished pile of firewood.

"I could work harder," replies the native, "only I have intermittent fever, you see, in summer. This is the best season, a man can enjoy himself now, except for ague, and get a deal of chopping done. Irishmen can work hard. They'll do more than Americans, for they've been bred up to it, all but knowing how to use the axe. Give them a spade, sir, and they'll dig from morning till evening. We've had many come here, but then they die off, you see. I reckon, if they were all alive at once, we'd have quite a city; as it is, there's only me and that gentleman."

"This reminds me, sir, of Martin Chuzzlewit," exclaims the young Philadelphian, as we return on board together. Then, he adds, "I like Mr. Dickens in his novel about America better than in his book of travels; but he *is* a smart man, don't you think so, sir?"

END OF VOL. I.

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